

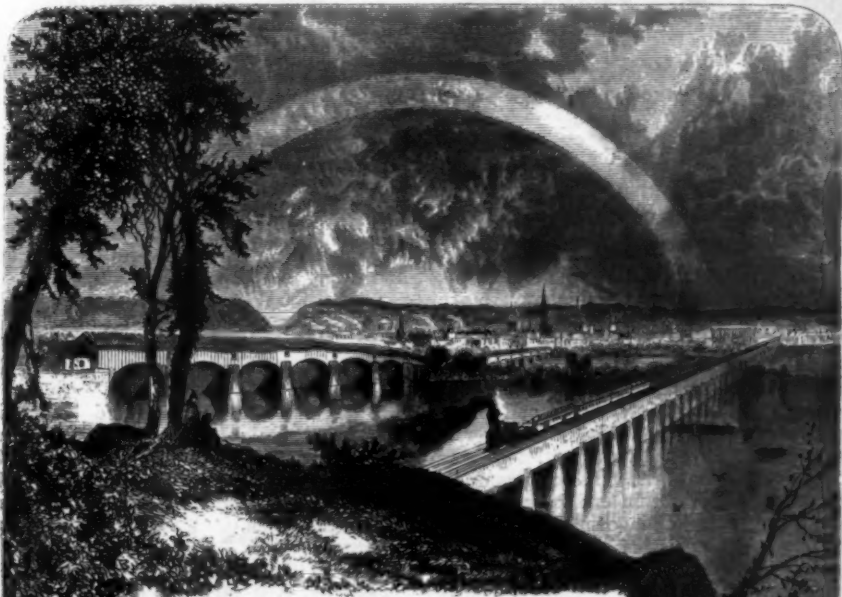
# SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

VOL. IV.

JUNE, 1872.

No. 2.

## TRAVELING BY TELEGRAPH: NORTHWARD TO NIAGARA.—II.



HARRISBURG FROM WEST BANK OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.

"Up in the morning's no' for me—up in the morning airly!" chants the Jolly Man, as we roll from out the shadows of Harrisburg across the long bridge over the Susquehanna.

"But I'm inclined to think it would be, if Dame Aurora (is that her name?) would only make a habit of breaking the day in this glorious fashion."

"Perhaps she does," some one suggests.

"Possibly; but I doubt it. Still, to tell the truth, I really can't say positively what her custom is. There's not much to encourage a sleepy man to leave a comfortable bed to see the sun rise over a lot of tin

roofs and smoky chimneys, and I confess I haven't tried it lately. Have you?"

The entire party has crowded into the open section of the car to drink in the clear frosty morning air, and to see how the day promises; and everybody appears to be too intent on his personal sensations to give heed to the Jolly Man's inquiry.

"I saw some magnificent sunrises in Switzerland," the Traveled Man asserts at last, as though unwilling to be thought absolutely unfamiliar with the phenomenon now receiving our unaccustomed homage.



FAIRVIEW NAIL WORKS.

The sun, still lingering behind the eastern  
hills, sends his skirmishers,

"The red streamers that herald the dawn,"

slanting upward over the valley, touching  
with crimson the tops of the gray smoke-  
wreaths sent up by the early fires of the city,  
and flooding with warm light the summit of  
Kittatinny just risen into the day.

Down the river, where the sunbeams strike  
a lower level, the misty shores and islands  
seem floating in a sea of shimmering radi-  
ance, tinged with the faintest tint of rose-  
color. The water is very low, and the  
stream, wasted in a vain endeavor to cover  
the broad channel it overflows in more  
abundant seasons, is less a river than a tis-  
sue of braiding streamlets woven around  
innumerable spaces of mud-stained rock.  
Between the level lines of the long railroad-  
bridges, the ancient weather-beaten post-  
bridge fords the river on rambling arches,  
pursuing the uneven tenor of its way with a  
delightful disregard of straight lines and all  
the other niceties of modern engineering.  
Beyond, the river, half hid by rising vapor  
and broken by numerous islands, stretches  
northward to where it pierces the double  
wall of Blue Ridge, and passes out of sight  
beyond the second sharp-cut mountain gap.

The moment the man of Alpine expe-  
rience breaks the silence of our admiration,  
the rest take courage to speak, and at least a  
dozen sunrise reminiscences are immedi-  
ately forthcoming. Not one but has seen  
the sun rise in beauty time and again; yet  
all agree that the present manifestation is  
peculiarly lovely, and possible only under a  
rare combination of circumstances.

A thousand conditions, visible and invis-

ble, conspire to make this morning unique  
to us—scenery, season, air, sky, easy mo-  
tion, genial company, and, more than all  
else, a happy frame of mind; for after all  
Nature is what we make it, or as Coleridge  
says:—

"We receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does nature live."

We have set out determined to enjoy  
everything, and enjoyment follows as a  
matter of course. Still, absolute truth com-  
pels the admission that we are not all  
supremely satisfied. The Junior is a trifle  
sad. He has been a week from home. Our  
sudden change of programme upset his epis-  
tolary arrangements; and for three whole  
days he has not had a word from his wife.

"Letter for Junior," flashed over the wires  
as we passed through Harrisburg night be-  
fore last.

"Forward it," was the eager response:  
but alas! it was forwarded to Philadelphia,  
and we left before its arrival.

"Send my letter to Harrisburg," was Ju-  
nior's parting injunction on leaving the City  
of Brotherly Love. "It will come by the  
night mail," he said, "and I'll get it in the  
morning, sure."

Our early start has cheated him again.  
His joyful anticipations are blighted, and  
all the Quiet Man's sympathy, with the  
assurance that the precious missive will be  
brought on by the conductor of the early  
express, is insufficient to assuage his disap-  
pointment.

Slowly the country rises as we speed  
along; or, as it seems to us, the upper sea  
of light descends, creeping down the moun-  
tain sides and lighting up the valley, until it  
floods river and island, city and farm-land  
with all the rich hues of Indian summer  
morning.

"Fairview Nail Works," the Executive an-  
nounces as we rumble over the crooked  
Conodogwinet. No matter how charming  
the scenery—and the view here is well  
named fair—the Executive never suffers the  
attractions of nature to blind him to the  
work of man.

"This is one of the largest establishments  
of the kind in the country," he continues,  
finding an interested listener in the Traveled  
Man; and for the next five miles their con-  
versation is loaded with figures and techni-  
calities, and abounding in praise of those  
enterprising men who are planting centers of  
productive industry like this in every nook  
and corner of the State.



DAUPHIN BRIDGE AND COVE MOUNTAIN.

But the most inveterate worshiper of enterprise could not talk business in the face of the scene that bursts upon us as we halt on the fire-proof section of Dauphin bridge and look down the river. For once the Artist is forced to admit that a railroad bridge may be beautiful—even exquisitely beautiful.

Skirting the western shore of the river we have entered the Gap, crossed the gorge-like valley that separates Blue from Cove Mountain,—or, as they are called on the other side, First and Second Mountain,—and have struck diagonally across the stream in the face of the overhanging front of the latter.

Midway we stop and look out from the shadow into the morning land beyond the mountains. Just at the portal of the twilight region the slender bridge of the Pennsylvania Central, half enveloped and wholly glorified by swimming, sun-lit vapor, joins the dusky shore on the east with the illuminated western bluff. Like a web of golden gossamer it seems to float and flicker over the misty water, lifted up by the refracted sunbeams and suffused with glowing color. We know that it is made of massive timbers bolted with iron and sternly useful; but no effort of reason can straighten its waving lines or put strength into its lace-like beams and braces. It is transformed, transfigured, shorn of reality, unsubstantial as the mythic bridge of souls which spans the unseen gulf between the barbarian's gloomy present and the shining land of the hereafter.

Beneath us the river quarrels with its rocky bed, impatient of the obstructions which keep it back from the broad, bright valley to which it is hastening. Up stream the river, crowded with islands, makes a

sharp curve westward to where it breaks through the wall of Peter's mountain,—the fourth of the terrestrial waves arrested in their surge against the flank of the higher Alleghanies.

The scenery in the curious trough-like valley which we enter on passing Dauphin, is peculiarly interesting, and, to those unfamiliar with mountain scenery, grand. Toward the north-east we look up attenuated grooves between the ridges which the river crosses nearly at right angles. Through each of these grooves—too narrow to be called valleys, too softly curved to be ravines—runs a slender, branchless stream; and now and then, as between the ridges numbered two and three, a line of railroad serves as an outlet to the wealth of the coal-fields among the mountains. West of the river is the cove, a curious *cul de sac* inclosed by an angle of the mountain ridge—one of those singular flexures which give the characteristic zig-zag line to the western edge of this portion of the Pennsylvania mountain system. The river is so shallow and clear that we can easily trace the colored lines of sandstone and shale connecting the strata that form the opposing bluffs.

As we are rounding the point of Peter's Mountain, from whose foot has been carved a passage-way for the railroad and the Pennsylvania canal, the Executive points out the extensive Duncannon iron-works, whose smoke-clouds curl up from under the picturesque wall of the opposite shore. Beyond we see the Juniata, crossed by the piers of a ruined bridge. A still longer bridge joins our shore from Duncan's Island, lying at the junction of the two streams.

Below the last a long low dam sets back the water of the Susquehanna, making a navigable pool for the commerce of the canal which crosses the river at this point; the tow-path running along the bridge. Above Duncan's Island lies the larger and higher Haldeman's Island, formerly Big Island, so often mentioned in the early annals of the Susquehanna Valley as the halting-place of expeditions to the Western wilderness. Still earlier it was the site of a large Indian village, the rendezvous of war parties from the North and West.

Anciently, as now, the Juniata valley formed the easiest route through the mountains, the line of the great Central Railroad of Pennsylvania following in the main the well-worn Indian trail. Naturally, our conversation turns upon the fate of the dispossessed, exterminated aborigines, and the wonderful closeness with which the shriek of the locomotive followed the last lingering echoes of their war-cries in these mountain valleys. More than one "oldest inhabitant" remains to tell of the hazardous planting of homesteads in this now populous and wealthy region.

At Clark's Ferry we catch the first glimpse of actual navigation on the Susquehanna,—a broad flat-boat working slowly over to the other shore with a picturesque load of men, women, children, household goods, and cattle. The sight diverts but for an instant our comparison of to-day with yesterday, and then only to illustrate the inevitable tendency of the course of empire westward.

"There is something pathetic in the wiping out of a nation, after all," the Quiet Man remarks, "even if it is a nation of savages."

"The higher supplants the lower always," replies the Traveled Man. "That's the law of life."

"We build the ladder by which we rise," you know; and among nations the ladder is

very apt to be built of the bones of the people who stand in the way. It's a hard fate for the races that are exterminated; but the world gains by it in the long run."

"Are you sure of that?"

"All these cultivated farms and thriving villages are evidence of the fact. You surely will not assert that the world would have been as well off to-day if this country had been left a wilderness,—if the Indians had been permitted to pursue unmolested their cheerful customs of hunting and fishing and scalping one another? Individually, they would all have been dead by this time, any way,—that is, all who were living a hundred years ago. The irrepressible conflict of races merely determined their demise so as to prevent their leaving any descendants. The unborn lost nothing, and the world has in their stead a generation of a higher type, capable of nobler life and greater enjoyments, living in a manner that enables a hundred souls to reap the benefits of civilized existence where before not more than one miserable savage could manage to live. The gain has been tremendous."

The Traveled Man indulges occasionally in what he calls the "unsentimental logic of facts," with a gravity that would touch the heart of an Arizona settler.

A few miles of rolling country, with pleasant views of broad river reaches, interspersed with numerous wooded islands; then another plunge through a mountain gap, and all the wild scenery of the Cove is repeated. At Millersburg the canal—which all the way from Dauphin has afforded us a diversity of quiet water views and not a few comic scenes of canal boat life—comes to an end; and here diverges the Lykens Valley Railroad to the rich coal mines in the re-entrant angle of the mountains. In a few minutes we come to the fourth gap, where the river breaks through the Mahantongo Ridge. Curving sharply round the point of the mountain opposite Liverpool, we enter on



CATHEDRAL MOUNTAINS.



a long stretch of straight road along the northern flank of the ridge. The Engineer is evidently in a hurry, for he bowls us forward at a furious rate.

"Sixty-two seconds," says the Little Man, intently studying his watch; "but we are slowing up now. *Sixty-five.* I thought so! We must have made the first mile from the point inside of a minute."

The locomotive screams, and we come to a dead stop: a long coal train has passed the switch ahead of us, and has the track. Our Conductor storms, but he is the only one who takes the delay seriously. We have all the more time to observe the scenery, and we improve the occasion by a stroll along the river-side.

The day fulfills the promise of the morning. Bright sunshine tempers the cool air, and enlivens river and valley, hill slopes and mountain crags with every variety of contrasted light and shade. From under an arching tree on the river brink the Artist sketches the distant gap. The Quiet Man essays to navigate the shallow water in one of the long canoe-like boats peculiar to the Susquehanna, while the Jolly Man disturbs the serenity of his efforts by pitching flat stones so as to spatter him. The Little Man and the Geologist make frantic but ineffectual efforts to dislodge from a scraggy apple-tree a couple of frosted apples, and suddenly discover that they wouldn't be good for anything if they did get them. The graver members of the party walk up and down the track, gradually working themselves into a lively state of moral indignation at the negligence of the local authorities in allowing the outrageous and illegal fish-traps so numerous in this region to continue their work of destruction.

Speeding along once more, across the broad valley above the Mahantongo Mountains, we have the shifting hill country on our right, the ever-changing river on the left.

The extreme low-water leaves exposed innumerable tables of low flat rock which, taking to themselves our rapid motion, seem to be drifting sea-ward like cakes of ice,— "as though the river were bearing in visible masses the solid strata it has carved from interposing mountains by slow erosion," the Geologist remarks.

"Do you think that all those gaps we have come through were cut entirely by



A COAL BREAKER.

water? that the river has worn down the mountains from the very top?"

"That is the inference. On both sides of the river the exposed bluffs are composed of the same strata in the same order. The intervening space simply shows that a section of the mountain-ridge has been cut away. All those inclined strata were originally horizontal like the leaves of this guide-book. They have been subjected to the pressure which has caused them to form wrinkles or ridges, as these leaves do when I squeeze the book. Now if I cut a notch in one of these paper wrinkles, I shall have a likeness in miniature of the river gap. On examining this notch in the roll of paper, you would say without hesitation that a portion had been cut out. The same line of reasoning convinces us that a section has been cut from the mountain ridge; and knowing the power of running water to do such work, and knowing of no other agent that could have done it in this case, we give the river credit for the result."

"May there not have been a break in the strata, a separation, so to speak, which the river has merely taken advantage of?"

"The continuity of the strata is unbroken, as you saw, along the river bottom where the upturned edges of the rocks have been planed to a common level."

"But," interposes another, who has been studying a map of our route, "suppose the gaps closed up, and the mountains extending as unbroken walls across the course of



JUNCTION OF NORTH AND WEST BRANCHES OF THE SUSQUEHANNA AT NORTHUMBERLAND.

the river. They would dam up the water, making the river valley a lake whose outlet would be where the dam was lowest. Now I see by this map that five or six miles to the west of both series of gaps the dams suddenly stop, the mountains curving back upon themselves. Long before the valleys in either case were filled to the height of the ridge, the water must have found an outlet further west. The river would necessarily have gone round this salient mountain angle instead of cutting through the double walls as you say it has done."

"That presupposes what the conditions will not warrant, that the river valley was then in existence,—that the contour of the country has always been the same. You leave out of your reckoning the fact that a process of denudation more or less rapid is, and ever has been, incessantly changing the face of the continent. Every rain-fall washes sand and mud into the water courses; these carry it to the main rivers, which bear it away to the sea. By this process the land is steadily lowered, valleys are carved out, leaving the firmer rock formations jutting out as peaks, bosses and ridges. When the Susquehanna began to carve its way through these mountain barriers, the river level was as high as, perhaps much higher than, the present summit of the hills."

"Worse and worse! That requires the river to *make* the mountains, as well as to dig through them."

"Indirectly, yes; by plowing out the soft earth around and between them."

"But these mountain-ridges are seven or eight hundred feet high, and the valleys correspondingly deep."

"Very true; yet that is no measure of the

total erosion the surface of Pennsylvania gives evidence of. Near Chambersburg is a 'fault'—a shifting of the strata—which brings into juxtaposition formations separated originally by twenty thousand feet of solid rock. The over-lying mass on one side has been planed away; in other words, a mountain four miles high has been worn down—"

"Too steep, too steep! The fault must be in your theories. To accept all you geologists assert would require the faith-power of a bushel of mustard seeds: you don't stick at one mountain, you cast whole continents into the sea!"

"Pity we cannot utilize some of the wonderful forces you tell about in grading our railroads."

"So you do," the Geologist insists, "every time you take advantage of a river-valley in projecting your lines. The little scratches you make in the dirt afterwards are nothing to the cubic miles of grading that Nature has already done for you."

"Come," the Quiet Man intercedes; "it tires one to think of such prodigious labors. You must be in need of refreshment by this time."

"The very thing," assents the Jolly Man. "We shall feel better after eroding that mountain of pickled oysters Robert has piled up. It's a blessing we can get something back from the all-absorbing sea."

The Geologist enters upon the new discussion with undiminished ardor, without dropping the old one. A fearfully rapid denudation of the ham-bone goes on as he demonstrates his theories; but we have great confidence in Robert's resources, and let science have her way.

At Sunbury we leave the Susquehanna for a hurried excursion to the coal region. For a while our course is eastward up the shallow valley of Shamokin Creek, passing many well-tilled farms with ample barns and comfortable dwellings. After half an hour's riding we turn abruptly with the stream, and ascend the narrowing valley southward into the mountains, entering through a double gap like those of the Susquehanna in everything but breadth. Within the canoe-shaped trough between the mountains the country presents a scene of wildness without grandeur or beauty. The hills are rough and barren. The original forest of pines and hemlocks has been broken into irregularly, but none of the land has been brought under cultivation, the rugged valley offering no soil worth reclaiming. Everywhere along the rocky hill-sides and in the valley is a confusion of half-burned trees and upturned, fire-scathed stumps, looking all the blacker for the patches of early snow among them. The stones and logs in the brook-beds and along the creek are yellow with iron-rust, giving the streams the appearance of sewers from some immense chemical laboratory. All the trees within reach of the acid water from the mines stand stark and dead, their rusty roots contrasting miserably with their blackened boles. At frequent intervals, especially above Shamokin, vast shapeless wooden structures, black with coal-dust, generally weather-worn and ragged with age, tower above our course, or stand perched upon small mountains of coal waste, higher up on the rough hillsides. On every hand long trains of coal-cars move slowly through

the woods, or crawl in and out from under the huge coal-breakers, taking in their loads of consolidated energy. Above our heads square cars traverse lines of trestlework without visible motive power, dump their dusky freight, and return to the dark openings whence they came; or are drawn back and forth by much-belabored mules. The pulsating throbs of escaping steam beat through the rumble of machinery and the harsh thunder of falling coal, as it descends the long inclines to the discharging shutes, while over all rises the spiteful yell of steam whistles and the forceful converse of numerous locomotives. The whole aspect and atmosphere of the region is strange, uncanny. Outlandish intonations salute our ears wherever we stop,—mixtures of Pennsylvania Dutch, Welsh, Irish, and uncouth English. Whatever colors the miners and coal-heavers may affect when their clothes are new, a few days' wear reduces them to a uniform hue of unmitigated mourning. The few clean faces we see are not remarkably beautiful; the multitude, covered with coal dirt and streaked with perspiration, have a look that even the uniform courtesy manifested toward us by their owners fails to make inviting. The prevalent expression is one of stolid displeasure, perpetually on a strike against every symptom of cheerful emotion. And it is not surprising when one considers the character and surroundings of the life they live.

"Look here!" cries the Geologist, as we are passing the abandoned opening of Mine Ridge, above Mount Carmel. "Earthquakes and volcanoes!"



SUSQUEHANNA BELOW WILLIAMSPORT.



THE CLIFFS OF MONTGOMERY.

The Geologist has a habit of seeing wonderful things where no one else can; so we are proof against surprises. We obey his call, however, curious to see what new trifle has arrested his attention.

"The old waste is on fire, that's all," says the Executive, with the prompt decision of a man who knows all about such things.

"This is not ordinary combustion," insists the Geologist. "This is genuine volcanic action."

"Not a very severe attack," remarks the Traveled Man, who saw an eruption of Vesuvius while abroad, and naturally measures all volcanic phenomena by that standard.

"What makes it?" queries the Junior, who has not traveled enough to learn the art of feigning omniscience.

"Just what makes all volcanoes—chemical action," replies the Geologist. "It seems to be particularly lively to-day. The drippings from that melting snowdrift have filtered through to the decomposing sulphurets of the coal-waste. The result is heat enough to induce on a small scale a spontaneous combustion of the coal dust. The steam and sulphurous fumes have burst the crust, making these miniature mountain ranges and radiating earthquake fissures. Here's a vent-hole; there's another,—regular active volcanoes. Notice that deposit of sulphur where the broken crust is coolest. We can study right here all the processes and learn all the secrets of mountain making."

"Thanks for the opportunity, but we have no intention of going into that business at present; besides, we have no time to spend

here if you wish to see the mine. It's past noon already."

The Geologist's enthusiasm subsides, and we hurry on to where the huge breaker marks the entrance to the pit. Every one is familiar with the general characteristics of a coal-mine: one or more narrow shafts dipping at any angle from horizontal to perpendicular, as required by the location and slope of the coal-vein—radiating galleries at different levels—cavernous excavations—dripping waters—unpleasant odors—blackest darkness made visible by faint gleams of light—half-seen forms of men and mules, breaking down the coal and dragging it into the deeper darkness,—all these over and over again in endless combinations. One view is as satisfactory as a hundred. To most of the party it is an outworn sensation; so none but the Untraveled Man and the Geologist trust their lives and their clothes—the last being chiefly considered—to the uncertainties of the depths. Bearing a letter to the "inside boss," the two adventurers mount the dirty car, and are speedily let down into the darkness, returning in a few minutes smeared with coal-mud, and apparently well pleased with their experience. From the mouth of the shaft we follow a car-load of coal to the first slope of the breaker, and see it shot downward. By a long stairway we descend to the first stopping-place of the coal, where it is assorted. The largest blocks of pure coal—steamboat coal—are passed directly into the discharging chute for that size. The larger fragments of slate are shoveled through holes into cars waiting to carry them away to the end of the waste

heap. The rest goes through other holes to the breaker, where it is crushed between cylinders armed with stout teeth. The breaker proper we do not see, it being securely enclosed in obedience to legislative enactment, called forth by the too frequent slipping of small slate-pickers into its remorseless jaws. From the breaker the coal descends to the screen, a revolving framework covered with strong wire-netting, the meshes so graded as to sift out first the dust, then the nut-coal, then the other sizes in order to the largest furnace coal, each size falling into its particular chute.

So far the operation has been agreeably interesting; but the next level presents a scene that makes one almost forswear all further use of coal.

At the mouth of each chute below the screen sits a child, watching the slowly moving stream of coal and carefully picking out every splinter of slate. Hour after hour the dusty stream flows on; hour after hour this unkempt, grimy, ragged splinter of humanity works on like a machine. And there are hundreds, thousands like him, wasting their childhood in these dusky, cheerless barn-like structures, seeing no color but black, hearing nothing but the harsh cracking and sliding of coal and slate, knowing nothing but the need of constant watchfulness.

"Is there no possible way of doing without the labor of these children?" asks the Junior?

"None has been found yet," the Superintendent replies. "No machine can tell slate from coal. People won't buy coal with slate in it, and we could not afford to pay men for



"THE OLDEST RESIDENTER."

doing what these boys do quite as well, if not better. So the boys have to do it. They rather like it."

"Do they never have any schooling?"

"Not much, and what they do get is of no particular use to them. They're a hard lot, I assure you."

"As well they may be."

If those who marvel at the savagery which breaks out from time to time in these semi-subterranean mining communities, could only see the life these incipient miners are bred to, much of the mystery would disappear.

Given an infancy passed in the rudest, most unhome-like of dwellings, in the midst of squalid discomfort and the unloveliest of scenery; a childhood spent in the joyless drudgery of slate-picking; a youth prolonging the toil, looking forward only to promotion to the pit: Are these elements likely to produce a high type of character, a cheerful, fine-grained manhood?

"Nobody compels them to adopt a miner's life," replies the Superintendent to a remark of this sort.

"But fate does. Take these slate-pickers. How can they choose what life they will lead? They have no means of knowing any other; so they fall to this as irresist-



BERKIE HOUSE.



ibly and with as little volition as the coal of a particular size falls to a particular shute."

"You look at this matter from a wrong point of view entirely. Because you would not like a miner's life, you think that everybody must feel the same dislike to it. The miners, on the contrary, prefer it. Ask the first one you meet to quit the mine to work on a farm or in a factory, and see what answer you will get."

"So the mole prefers to burrow in the dirt; but ask the squirrel how he would like it. The fact that men can lead a miner's life with any sort of satisfaction, is simply proof of their ignorance of a better. But it was not a question of liking or disliking that I had in mind, so much as the evident connection between the hard life the miners are born and bred to, and the hard character they so commonly develop."

"Well, all men can't be gentlemen and scholars. If they were, the work of the world would come to an end fearfully sudden; then what would become of the gentlemen? The civilization we brag of would not last long if there were not some men willing to live and labor underground for the power that keeps it going."

Dinner awaits our return to the car, and we are amply prepared to do justice to it. This rushing, exciting open-air life is a wonderful appetizer, and though Robert's generous provision disappears with a speed that rivals our rapid descent from the coal region, we are out of the mountains and half-way down the valley before we rise from table.

Arrived at Sunbury, the Junior breaks for the office of the Northern Central. His return is more deliberate.

"Did you get your letter?"

"No: the stupid conductor must have forgotten to leave it."

While we are commiserating our disappointed companion, a dispatch is brought in telling him that his letter arrived too late for the morning express, and that it will be sent on by mail to Williamsport.

"All right," says the Executive, cheerily; "you'll get it to-morrow morning."

But the Junior is in no humor for such cheap consolation. He wants his let-

ter now. His wife may be sick, or dead—who knows what?

"Can't you communicate with her by telegraph?"

"I don't know where she is," is the plaintive reply. "She thought of visiting some friends in the country this week. If I send a telegram home, she may not be there to get it. If I send to the country and she isn't there, they won't know what to make of it."

Out of this dilemma there is clearly no escape. The Junior must wait; and that is the one thing he does not want to do.

Just above Sunbury the Susquehanna forks. The North-Branch,—famous in poetry and history for the charming scenery along its banks, and the terrible scenes of war and massacre enacted in its beautiful valleys,—comes in from the eastward after a zig-zag course from the far north, where it takes its rise in Otsego Lake. The shorter West Branch comes down from the north, draining a large tract of mountain country to the north-west still largely unsubdued by man. Settled at a later day than the country watered by the North Branch, its mountain valleys with their inclosing wilderness have been brought less frequently and less prominently to public notice. Nevertheless its history is replete with heroic adventure, and its attractions in the way of wild and picturesque scenery far greater and more diversified than anything its better known sister can offer.



SAW-MILLS, WILLIAMSPORT.

For the next forty miles our course follows the line of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad, along the banks of the West Branch. At the junction of the two streams lies the pretty town of Northumberland, to which we cross. Passing the range of sandstone cliffs just above the town, and further on the higher Montour Ridge, with its inexhaustible stores of iron-ore, we enter a broad open country richly cultivated and apparently of great fertility. Above Milton the wide river valley affords an endless variety of pretty scenery, rolling hills and quiet dales, full of pleasant farms and comfortable homes.

On the opposite side dark heavily-wooded mountain-spurs are thrust out from the upland country like the spread fingers of a gigantic hand, with broad webs of lowland between. To the north, Bald Eagle Mountain pushes its steep wall straight across our course, ending abruptly some miles to the eastward. As we approach its flank, the river makes a sudden turn to the right. We keep straight on, crossing to the western bank in full view of the bluffs that deflect the stream southward; and passing the little town of Montgomery enter upon a belt of deeply eroded country full of conical hills, narrow on this side, but amply developed on the opposite shore. In a little while we strike the flank of the ridge, already black with evening shadows, and swing round the end of the mountain, the high rock-wall on our left, the majestic curve of the river on our right. On the further side the picturesque Muncy Hills show their graceful outlines to the best advantage, bathed in a glowing flood of purple light. Bending to the west, we plunge into the last wave of sunset glory that fills the river valley, and brightens the mountain side above us; but it is soon past, the cold shadows chasing the light up the ridge until, as we cross the river at Williamsport, the last ray leaves the tree-tops along the summit, and the burning clouds alone retain a trace of the brilliant day departed.

"What sort of a place is this Williamsport?" exclaims the Geologist, as we enter the hotel adjoining the station.

"A very thriving place indeed," replies the Veteran. "A great lumber market—you must see the booms and mills in the morning—growing rapidly, and altogether one of the most enterprising boroughs in the State."

"So I have been told," is the unsatisfied rejoinder; "but what is there here to sustain a hotel like this?"



"TAKE THE REAR CAR—A W-A-Y BACK!"

The Geologist is not the only person who has asked that question, and felt the same surprise, on entering the Herdic House for the first time. Thanks to increasing travel, good hotels are making their way—especially along lines of popular summer travel—into the most retired parts of the country. Still one would scarcely expect to find here among the mountains a house planned and constructed like this after first-class metropolitan models. In the matter of external advantages the Herdic House is peculiarly favored, having extensive park-like grounds, with charming lawns for croquet, flower-beds, shrubbery, and shade-trees; and standing in a beautiful suburb of the town, surrounded on three sides by elegant dwellings, each with its shaded yard and well-kept flower garden. Behind the house is the railroad station; but, owing to the system of silent signals employed, the trains come and go unheard, save as they are announced in the general hall of the hotel. Here we are seated after supper around the steam radiator, talking over the incidents of the day and enjoying the genial warmth, for

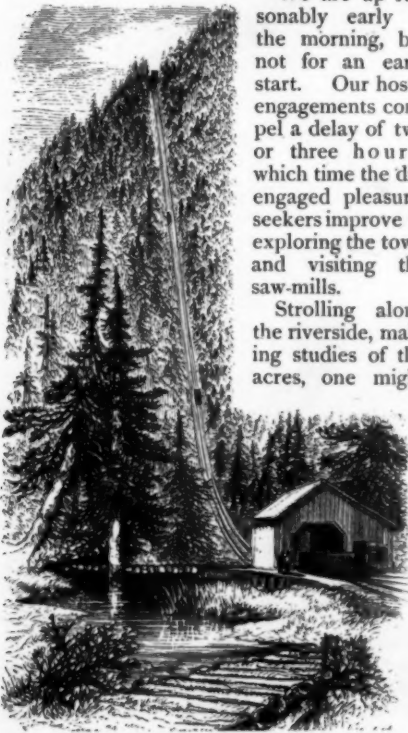
the night is chilly. Suddenly a burly figure flings open the door, shouts something so loud we cannot hear it, and disappears.

"What's that old fellow bawling about?" inquires the Junior.

"*Erie Express West*," replies the Executive, looking at his watch.

With something of the spirit that draws together the crowd of lookers-on that always gathers in country places to see the arrival and departure of trains,—a general curiosity rather than any special personal interest,—the younger members of our company fall into the tide of departing travelers and drift over to the station. The gate-keeper stands at the fence, staff in hand, guarding the passage-way and shouting, with stentorian voice:—

"Passengers for Trout Run, Ralston, Canton, Minnequa, Troy, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, and Niagara Falls take the forward cars—in front. Those for Jersey Shore, Lock Haven, Renovo, Kane, Corry, and Erie take the rear cars—a W-A-Y back!"—with tremendous emphasis on the way.



RALSTON INCLINE RAILWAY.

We are up reasonably early in the morning, but not for an early start. Our host's engagements compel a delay of two or three hours, which time the disengaged pleasure-seekers improve in exploring the town and visiting the saw-mills.

Strolling along the riverside, making studies of the acres, one might



CONKEY'S GROUP: THE TROUT-FISHERS.

almost say square miles of logs, in picturesque piles above the booms, the Artist discovers a striking character and essays to take him off. The rest engage him in conversation.

"Yes, sah; been about heah a long time, sah; fact is I's one ob de oldest residents. Wha's dat gen'leman doing dar?"

"Sketching: making a picture."

The oldest "residential" grabs his wheelbarrow and begins to make off, declaring that he does n't want to be "a spec-tackle fur no man."

Artist hastens to apologize, vigorously disclaiming any sinister intention.

"I's jes' like to know what you want dat picter *fur*?" persists the unsatisfied subject.

Artist exhibits his sketch-book, and explains his custom of making a note of all persons and places of interest he comes upon in his travels, "just to remember them by, you know."

"Well, I don't make no objection to dat; but I's a pore man an' can't lose de time."

A little loose change removes that obstacle; but another appears in the person of the watchful partner of the venerable residential.

"You aint none o' dem fellers what cuts up folks, be ye?" she observes mistrustfully; "cos' ef you be you can't have none of my ole' man. He's all I's got in dis yer worl', an' I can't spar' him, no how!"

"Dad's all correct, mammy," interposes the pacified patriarch, "dese is proper gen-

lemen. Dey's jes' rekesticated de pribilege ob takin' my picter—dat's all."

The overwhelming condescension of this remark does more to allay the suspicions of his companion "fur nigh onto fifty year," than our liveliest denial of any design on her "ole' man's body."

"But you ain't agoin' to take him *so*—with that ole' coat! Well I declar'! He ain't perticlar han'some no how," and the ancient matron cackles at the liberty she takes with her "ole pop's" person; "but jes' let him come home and put on his good clo's an' slick his har, an' he'll look *some* better!"

From Williamsport our route lies up the wild valley of Lycoming Creek, one of the numerous tributaries to the West Branch from the great rolling plateau of the Alleghany Mountains,—rapid torrents cutting their way through rugged gorges a thousand feet below the original surface level. Into the wider valleys civilization has thrust slender feelers for coal and iron and lumber; but these inroads have scarcely broken the primitive savageness of the country, which is, and, it is to be hoped, will long remain, a vast natural park,—a summer breathing-place for the townsfolk of the State. Here every season come hundreds of votaries of health and pleasure, who find rich stores of both, and not a few deer and trout, among the mountains and along the rapid torrents that tumble down the ravines.

"What's the trouble with all these abandoned iron works?" inquires the Geologist as we pass the third or fourth dismantled furnace.

"Failed on account of the uncertainty of the males," replies the Jolly Man, looking gravely at the Junior.

[Junior has been disappointed again through some unaccountable irregularity in the civil service, and the heartless bachelors of the party are disposed to chaff him.]

"That is to say," continues J. M., "the



DUTCHMAN'S RUN, NEAR RALSTON, PENNSYLVANIA.

workmen were afflicted with frequent relapses into semi-barbarism, and couldn't resist the temptation to go a-fishing every other day. This interfered so seriously with the conduct of the works that they had to suspend operations entirely."

The Geologist appeals to the Veteran, who enters into a circumstantial account of a mining fever that arose at one time in this wild valley, was conveyed to New York and other financial centers, and resulted in an epidemic of stock companies. The fever ran its course, as the doctors say, exhausting itself in the erection of numerous costly furnaces, whose unsmoked chimneys stand to-day as clean as the pockets of the deluded speculators who paid for them.

Before the story is finished we pass the deserted village of Asten with its abandoned furnace—a monument of misdirected capital—and stop at the station just below Ralston House, the favorite



MINNEQUA SPRINGS, BRADFORD COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA.



CANAL LOCKS, NEAR MILLPORT, NEW YORK.

resort of Baltimore and Philadelphia lovers of mountain air, mountain scenery, hunting, and fishing.

At the little summer-house in the corner of the grounds the Jolly Man stops to cultivate the acquaintance of a budding "cherished idol" whose sweet face and charming manner would be sufficient excuse for the rankest idolatry.

"Nellie Conkey," she says, in reply to his questions. "I live here *now*. I did live in Chicago before the fire; but—" a shade of sorrow overspreads her face, and her voice quivers—"papa's studio was burnt—and now—we have to stay here."

Even in this heart of the wilderness that terrible calamity finds its victims! But, thanks to a generous host, the pleasure resort in prosperity becomes a refuge in adversity. Bereft in that night of fire of all he had gained by years of patient study and painstaking effort, his field of labor destroyed, his patrons ruined or scattered, the unfortunate sculptor must needs leave his wife and daughter in the wilderness, and cast about for a new place to begin the battle of life. God grant him abundant success!

At the head of the valley, half a mile above the Ralston House, is the inclined railway to the McIntyre coal-mines. Leaving the special on a siding, to be out of the way of passing trains, we walk to the foot of the incline. As we enter the shed built across the track at the bottom of the slope, an empty car starts out and goes whizzing up the mountain. Directly another car slides into view at the top of the incline, meets the up-going car midway, thunders down with increasing momentum, and shoots past us into the valley.

"What is that cavity for?" asks the Geologist, pointing to a depression under the track inside the shed.

"That's where the bumper goes to let the car pass on. You'll see how it works in a minute."

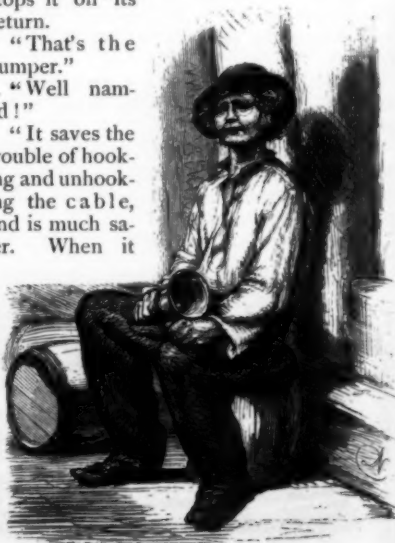
An empty car is hauled up from the siding. The starter pulls a signal-wire communicating with the other end of the road. The stout wire cable in the middle of the track begins to move, and a heavy wedge-shaped mass of timber comes up from the cavity, broad end first, strikes the car with a shock that sends it some feet up the slope, and stops it on 'its

return.

"That's the bumper."

"Well named!"

"It saves the trouble of hooking and unhooking the cable, and is much safer. When it



TOM TALLIDAY.





"THIS WAY TO THE POOR-HOUSE!"

arrives at the bottom of the slope a spring changes the gauge of its wheels; it runs along this narrow track into the hole, and the car passes over."

"I have no inclination to 'go up' in that fashion," observes the Traveled Man.

"I've been there once," says the Executive, "and that time I walked. I have no desire to go again."

"Decide quick," says the man at the wire. "The car will start in a minute. The Company doesn't allow visitors to ride, as a general thing; but you can risk it if you want to."

Only two succumb to the temptation, and climb the upper end of the car, prepared to jump on the instant in case the rope breaks.

The signal is given, the car starts with a jerk that well-nigh upsets us, and before our equilibrium is recovered we are rushing up the slope at a rate that gives us a sensation indeed. The cable sliding over the rollers produces a whirring sound that makes our fierce motion seem all the fiercer, while the steepness of the ascent and the absence of visible motive power combine to heighten

the indescribable effect of the ride. The mountain seems to grow beneath and above us, as the valley expands and deepens below. We dare not look behind lest we lose our balance, and topple over into the opening jaws of the gulf which we cannot but see with the corner of our eyes, as it yawns darker and wider by our side. A strange feeling of relief comes over us as the descending loaded car sinks past, though the way becomes steeper and our speed more intense every minute. Never before has such an overpowering sense of being in a hurry come over us as during this rush of nearly half a mile up an ascent five times steeper than the steepest part of Mont Cenis railway; nor so delightful a sense of ease and security as when the crest of the incline is turned, and we glide along with retarded motion.

Our time is too short to allow a visit to the mine; so we stop on the verge of the mountain to look at the valley, which lies, a narrow level strip, nearly a thousand feet below. Along its western edge, flows Lycoming Creek. Rock Run comes in from



"WILL THEY BUY THE GLEN and the VILLAGE, OR ONLY THE GLEN?"

the East, and Red Run from the west, their courses showing only by clefts in the mountains. A mile to the southward the creek curves round to the right, and the valley is cut off, the distance showing only sweeping curves of mountain summits, covered with a vigorous growth of hemlock.

A loaded car rolls slowly round the curve of the mountain from the mine. We run for it, fearful of being left behind. The Artist, who has a few feet the start, is mounting the car when it dips over the end of the slope. First come, worst served! The car stops with a thud, and the Artist makes a flying leap head-foremost into the coal, emerging with blackened face and a prospect of blackened eyes. We had forgotten the bumper!

There is time enough for us to plant ourselves firmly on the ledge of the car, before it begins its downward course. We are prepared as we start for a grand sensation,—but it does not come. The car rolls downward, as a matter of course. Its speed is great, we know; but there is no fear-inspiring rush, no blur of objects hurtling past. We

look out into the distant valley; it rises slowly as we descend, and that is all. Not until we shoot through the starter's shed and strike out upon the valley do we realize that our motion has been particularly rapid or peculiar.

Just beyond the incline we cross the mouth of Dutchman's Run, famous for its waterfalls, and for the next ten miles enjoy a series of as striking forest and mountain scenes as can be seen from any railroad in the Eastern States. The highest point is reached near Carpenter's. Where in a beaver meadow the last slender branch of the Lycoming—"the bewildered," the Indians called it—unites with the head-stream of the Towanda—"the fretful"—whose waters flow northward a short distance, then eastward, and empty into the North Branch of the Susquehanna. Five or six miles further—on the northern frontier of the wilderness—we stop at Minnequa Springs. The season is over; the crowd of seekers for renewal of health from its medicinal waters are gone, leaving the disconsolate "Fanny" alone to mourn their departure. We taste the water and

find it mildly disagreeable, share an apple or two with the bear, and hasten forward, for our day's ride is not half done and the sun is rapidly nearing the western hill-tops.

Beyond Minnequa the country softens. The mountains subside into rolling hills, the valleys widen, and instead of the rocky cliffs and somber forests we have been accustomed to, we have broad meadows, well-fenced farms, and pleasant-looking homesteads. Nowhere will one find a sharper or more delightful transition from wildness to cultivation than in this swift descent from the Alleghanies into the lovely valley of Troy. From Troy to Elmira the country presents little of the picturesque, but an abundance of quiet, restful hill and dale scenery, that pleases through contrast with the ruggedness behind.

In the absence of variety in nature we turn to the country-people, finding no little entertainment in the curious, sometimes comical interest with which they regard the special train. There is nothing imposing in our appearance. Grander trains go by every day; but the Special is something unexpected, unusual, and is popularly supposed to indicate the passage of people of more than ordinary consequence. The irrepressible boys of the villages give freest expression to this opinion:—

"I say, Bill," says one to another at a little station where we stop for orders, "who be them, d' ye s'pose?"

"Them?" says Bill, bound to have an answer at all hazards, "why, them's railroad presidents!"

"Takes the stamps to travel in *that* style, you bet!" observes No. 1 as the two walk round to the rear of the car to get a better sight of the interior.

"What's that to *them*?" rejoins Bill; "they're worth their millions!"

The imputed possession of "stamps" by the million is the source of no little amusement to the Jolly Man, who overwhelms the wondering boys with the gravest of salutes as the car moves on.

Our stop at Elmira is short. Junior's erratic epistle must be looked after, but that does not take long. A little telegraphing sends him back to the car radiant with the information that the letter is safe in Williamsport, and sure to overtake us to-morrow. The Little Man's message is not so gratifying.

"All wrong,—all wrong!" he says, mimicking the tone and manner of Tom Talliday after an "illness." (Every Elmirian knows the import of Tom's *all rights* and



BRIDAL VEIL: HAVANA GLEN.



ENTRANCE TO CATHEDRAL: WATKINS GLEN.

all wrongs.) Important business compels his immediate return to Baltimore, and the Veteran goes with him.

Clouds are gathering about the declining sun as we skirt the pretty lake and promising park on the edge of the city; but we miss the crimson and gold that every evening thus far have promised a continuance of pleasant weather. For four or five miles we run along the track of the Erie Railroad, turning off just before we come to the historic town of Horse Heads. It is sundown when we leave the hilly country, dusk at Millport, and quite dark when we reach the

mouth of the shallow flat-bottomed Chemung Valley and stop for the night at Watkins.

The usual assemblage of idlers awaits our arrival, curious to see what new sensation-hunters have come to visit their quiet village; and as we file round the curve of the road toward the hotel, making silhouettes against the freight-house in front of the locomotive, one irreverent urchin fires off his single dog-eared joke, shouting:—

"This way, gentlemen! This way—to the poor-house!"

The idlers at the hotel are less numerous but not less curious than their brethren of the street.

While we are making ready for supper, one after another leaves the ring around the stove, furtively approaches the register, spells out the names of the new arrivals, and with a look of profound sagacity relapses into his chair to continue the *sotto voce* discussion. Vague rumors are afloat of the intention of certain mysterious capitalists to buy the glens and overshadow the village with a mammoth hotel for summer visitors; and evidently we are the designing parties.

"A Special train don't come all the way from Baltimore with seven men unless they mean business," observes the wisest of the village Solons, and no man disputes so evident a proposition.

When we return from the supper-table to retire to our rooms, the discussion is still going on: the millions given us by Pennsylvania Bill have multiplied amazingly; and having settled to

their satisfaction the site and size and style of the new hotel, the disputants are vigorously debating the question whether the new-come millionaires may not swallow up the village as well as the glens.

Morning dawns late and lowering. A cold, misty rain fills the air, and everything drips dismally. After so long a period of pleasant weather there is little hope of a speedy clearing off; so we acknowledge the situation, profess to find satisfaction in the thought that the country is sadly in need of water, and set out resolutely determined to see the glens, rain or no rain.

A short walk up the village street, a sudden turn to the right, and we stand facing an irregular cleft in a high wall of rock. The first sight is a disappointment. We have come to see a *glen*, and find the angular mouth of a deep ravine—a cabinet edition of the Colorado cañon. Perhaps the scenery will soften within, however, and the precipitous cliffs give place to grassy slopes and graceful curves, as becomes a proper glen. Climbing the icy stairway at the entrance, we look forward into the cavernous gorge beyond, and begin to appreciate the sly humor of the man who first applied the pastoral name of *glen* to such a rugged chasm. The joke grows on us as we proceed.

One mile after mile of this "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" passage into the mountain repeats, with infinite variations and sharpest contrasts, scenes of exquisite prettiness and savage grandeur; here a placid pool; there a thundering waterfall; beyond a ribbon of foam, where the stream tears through a crooked rift in the rock; then a series of rippling cascades, followed by long reaches of still water, so clear and glassy that one seems to look through the slaty bottom into an under-world of fantastic forms, an inverted spiritual counterpart of the wonderful region around and above. Every angle of the overhanging cliff is reproduced, every tree and shrub and dripping fern,—the distance doubled, and the effects of light and shade curiously complicated. Now the stream overspreads a broad channel as level as a pavement; now it rushes through a narrow sluiceway with square-cut sides and polished bottom, or through a long, tortuous rough-hewn gully in the shale; again it sleeps in a chain of oval pools, the



UNDER THE FALL, LOOKING TOWARD THE CATHEDRAL: WATKINS GLEN.



foot-prints of waterfalls long since receded. Sometimes a single well of most pellucid water stands in the middle of a level space, to mark the place of an ancient fall. Through such varying scenes we make our way, one moment creeping along a narrow ledge, water-worn and icy; a minute after climbing steep and slender stairways that cross from cliff to cliff, sometimes in front of, sometimes over, waterfalls that leap fifty or a hundred feet, in one sheer plunge into the black pool below. What magical effects of light and shadow a bright sun might produce here it is impossible to conjecture. Under a cloudy sky, in spite of drizzling rain and slippery walks, we find enough to prove the glen worth a ten days' journey to see.

A longer and steeper climb than ordinary brings us in sight of the Glen House, a

welcome resting-place after so fatiguing a scramble. There is only a matronly cat with two half-grown kittens to receive us; but the proprietor himself, had we come "in season," could not have given us a warmer greeting. Poor neglected pets! How they must miss the good times past, when guests were numerous, caresses common, and food abundant.

"There ought to be some one in charge here," says the Executive, starting in search of that somebody. The others tramp up and down the deserted balcony and peer into the empty rooms in a vain search for something to sit on, until the Executive returns with the ancient "superintendent," who leads the way to an inner office where there is a fire. Then he fetches the big register and invites us to append our names

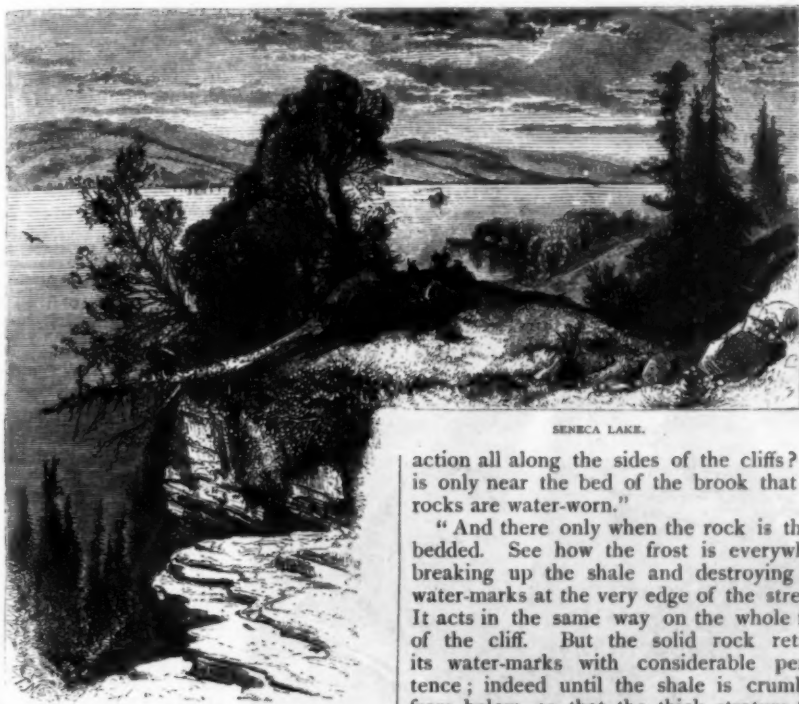
to the long list of visitors from every corner of the globe to view this freak of nature. As we hug the stove, warming our fingers and drying our coats, the Traveled Man searches the column of "remarks" for the opinions of our predecessors touching the character of the Glen. The young ladies are chiefly "delighted;" the young men "drunk," but, happily, that obnoxious word is usually set down by another hand. Brown records, with many flourishes, that the glen is "worth coming to see;" Jones, laconically, "big." Miss Smith is "lost in wonder and surprise;" while portly Mrs. Robinson finds it "Uphill Business." In the midst of all these commonplaces one genius is inspired to sing with a perceptible glint of humor:—

"Oh the steps that you climb,  
And the sights that you see,  
And the cliffs you wind round,  
In this wild weird gor-gee,  
Is something to dream and remember!"

We think we have passed through every variety of miniature cañon scenery that water and rock are capable of forming, but are



ARTIST'S DREAM: WATKINS GLEN.



SENECA LAKE.

assured that the best views are beyond. Pushing on, we find the story true. Days instead of the hours we have at command would be required to enjoy all the surprises this singular place has in store, and a volume instead of a page to convey any adequate idea of them.

"It isn't possible for water to have done all this," the Artist declares as the Geologist accredits the formation of the gorge to the little stream that flows through it. "No doubt the water has helped; but there must have been an immense fissure in the rocks to begin with."

"Is there any sign of a fissure along the present bottom of the Glen? And how could a fissure make this deep pool,—such as we see under high falls,—here in the middle of a level space? There must have been a fall here; and if so, all the space from this point to that fall, a hundred rods above, must have been filled with rock that has since been cut out. The whole cañon is a chain of such conditions, all going to prove the theory of erosion."

"But if the Glen has been cut out by the stream, why do we not see signs of water

action all along the sides of the cliffs? It is only near the bed of the brook that the rocks are water-worn."

"And there only when the rock is thick-bedded. See how the frost is everywhere breaking up the shale and destroying the water-marks at the very edge of the stream. It acts in the same way on the whole face of the cliff. But the solid rock retains its water-marks with considerable persistence; indeed until the shale is crumbled from below, so that the thick stratum falls from its unsupported weight. There's a worn spot,—there's another, fifty feet above our heads, the curved edge of a pool, once the foot of a fall. I've seen a hundred such since we started. You can see slight traces of water-action on that cliff the stream is undermining. By and by the toppling mass will fall and the signature of the stream will be rubbed out."

The two disputants hurry from under the frowning cliff into a wide amphitheater, where for the first time the Glen walls degenerate into steep hill-slopes. Then they hear the Junior shouting from the summit on the right, "Come up this way!"

Believing that to be the proper way home, the laggards pass the call on to the Jolly Man, who brings up the rear, and start for the face of the hill.

"Rather a steep climb for a man of my build," observes the Jolly Man, doubtfully; "but hold on a minute till I get my breath again, and I'll try it."

Steep indeed the climbers find it, and slippery, and provokingly fenced with briars. At last, however, they reach the summit, with scratched hands and shaky knees, but



EAGLE CLIFF AND FALL: HAVANA GLEN.

only to have their self-gratulations cut short by the cruel question—

"Why didn't you come by the road?"

The Jolly Man gives one look at the nicely graded pathway he might have taken, and doubles up like a jack-knife.

"I shouldn't have cared for the climb," he groans, slowly recovering from his collapse, "if it had been necessary. But—"

Only a look of unutterable disgust can give expression to his feelings.

"But where's the Executive,—and the Quiet Man?"

"Gone on, I suppose," replies the Traveled Man. "We found this road leading up the hill and followed it, expecting every moment to overtake them. They must be ahead somewhere; but I can't account for their leaving us strangers to

find the way out of the gorge alone."

As soon as the climbers are able to go on we press forward along the crest of the ridge in pursuit of our hosts. Half an hour's brisk walking brings us to the edge of the woods on the brow of the hill overlooking the broad and beautiful Chemung Valley, and a long stretch of high land on the eastern shore of the lake. At another time we should tarry long to enjoy such a charming prospect, but now our minds are preoccupied. Where can our friends have gone? All the road to the village lies as it were under our feet, in plain sight.

"They can't possibly have gained all that distance," says the Geologist.

"Perhaps they didn't leave the Glen at all," suggests the Artist.

"Where, then, *could* they have gone?" asks the Junior. "We went to the end of the Glen. They were not there, and they couldn't have passed us coming back without our seeing them."

The Traveled Man is of opinion that they are still in the Glen, so we go back along a road that seems to come from the Glen House.

A sharp turn round the point of the hill, and we stand face to face with the lost.

"You didn't go half way to the end of the Glen," says the Executive, on hearing our story. "There's a mile of splendid scenery beyond the place you came out at. We stopped at a particularly handsome fall to wait for you. As you didn't come, we turned back, and failing to meet you, we concluded you had become tired and returned to wait for us at the Glen House. Learning you had not been there, we concluded that you must have left the Glen by the hill road, and hurried on to overtake you here."

There is no time for retracing our steps, for it is nearly noon, and we have Havana Glen yet to visit. So, despite the assurances of our friends to the contrary, we console ourselves with the thought that the portion

we have not seen can be only a repetition of the lower half, and descend to the hotel amply satisfied that the attractions of the Glen have not been overrated.

From the point of the terraced hill, which the people of Watkins have appropriated as a burying-ground, the view up the valley and down the lake is remarkably fine, though less imposing than the prospect from the higher ridge above. If the village wiseacres did not plant our mammoth hotel here, their speculations are sure to come to naught. Here, if anywhere, it shall be built. All the ghosts of the adjacent grave-yard could not keep visitors from such an enticing place. In the rear lies the high wooded ridge inclosing the myriad marvels of the Glen; in front, the flat valley, part village, part meadow, and beyond, miles of swelling ridge-land dotted with farmhouses; to the right, the shallow concave of the upper valley stretches away into the dim distance; to the left lies Seneca Lake, from whose fair bosom the trim steamers have driven the wild swan's snowy sail, but which in every other particular sustains the truth of Percival's poetic description. And the air! Even on this dullest of days there is life in the breath that comes up from the long lake-valley.

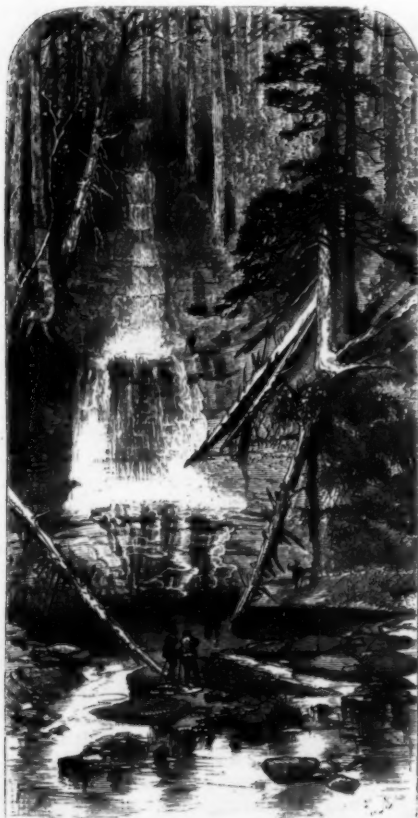
Two well-worn vehicles—carriages once—are waiting at the hotel to convey us to Havana. There are eleven to go,—our party of seven, the owner of the Glen, who desires to show off the wonders of his property and explain the plans he has in view for increasing its attractions; the owner of Watkins Glen, who does not want us to forget the attractions of his property; and the two drivers. The carriage springs are sorely tried, and revenge the severity of their treatment by periodic losses of flexibility. We are too closely packed to permit of any lateral vibration to our sides in response to the Jolly Man's comments; and, to crown all, the clouds cease to drizzle and begin to pour. "A clearing-up shower," the driver calls it, and so, fortunately, it proves to be. By the time the three miles to Havana are made there are most encouraging signs of clearing, and when we arrive at the Glen the rain is almost over.

From the very beginning Havana Glen impresses the visitor as having

a character of its own. The stream is smaller than that of Watkins Glen. The rock is less shaly, and it has a strongly-marked system of rectangular joints dividing the cliffs into square towers and buttresses. When a portion of cliff falls it does not leave a jagged face, as in Watkins Glen, but a mural surface as smooth and even as a fortress wall, giving the sides of the cañon the appearance of great solidity and grand simplicity. The eroding current follows the lines of division, zigzagging at right angles rather than curving after the fashion of ordinary streams. At times, as in the Council Chamber, it cuts out perfect halls, with square corners and perpendicular sides, as unlike anything in Watkins Glen as can be imagined. The walls are lower than in Watkins, but they seem higher because of their clean-cut faces. In Watkins there is a persistent sameness in diversity,—a monotony of fantastic outlines. Havana has a statelier, more majestic cast. Watkins confuses while it amazes, bewildering by its multitude of details, infinitely various yet constantly similar. Havana has



CURTAIN CASCADE: HAVANA GLEN.



EMPIRE FALL : GLEN EXCELSIOR.

less variety and greater diversity, its plan seeming to be to present no two scenes at all alike. At times the cliffs give place to wooded escarpments; vegetation creeps down into the gorge, and throws a network of beauty and grace—truly glen-like—between two spaces of precipitous rock. The falls are fewer, but, in the main, more massive; and the pools are square-cornered instead of oval. In short, the two glens are not rivals, but complements, and the sight of one heightens rather than lessens the enjoyment of the other.

At the foot of Jacob's Ladder—a long series of steep stairways to a natural tunnel, where the path leads through an angle of the cliff—the Jolly Man becomes suddenly serious. An irresistible desire comes over him to inspect at leisure certain charming scenes that we have passed too rapidly. He isn't tired—not a bit; but he doesn't

see the sense of rushing through the Glen at a rate that leaves no time to enjoy anything. The proprietor enlarges on the charms of Bridal Veil,—in vain; the Jolly Man has maintained his single blessedness too long to be ensnared by such a trifle. He doesn't care for Whispering Falls. What attraction have they when there are no fair companions to whisper to? Nor for the Fairies' Cascade. Who ever saw a fairy out on such a day as this? Even Glen Chaos, so suggestive of a bachelor's home, cannot lure him forward, and we have to go on without him.

Our guide knows of a short cut home from the upper end of the Glen, and as time is precious we decide to take it, trusting to find the Jolly Man resting his weary limbs at the Glen House, where we have left our carriages. Our trust is not misplaced.

After dinner the owner of another glen waits on us and begs to exhibit his prodigy,—for, it appears, we have seen but two of the numerous natural curiosities of the kind in this region.

"What is your glen like?"

"Well, it isn't like either of them you've seen."

"Anything specially attractive in it?"

"Well, yes; several; partic'larly the entrance, and the big fall, and that's the highest in the State."



HECTOR FALLS : SENeca LAKE.





NEW YORK FARM SCENE.

"How high?"

"Two hundred and eighty feet, or thereabouts, they say. Have n't measured it myself."

"Never heard of such a high fall in this State," says the Geologist. "How far off is it?"

"Only a mile, or a mile 'n a half; can take you there 'n back inside of an hour."

The Geologist is anxious to go; so is the Artist, and so the Junior, who has just come in from his third fruitless visit to the post-office. How people can live with but one mail a day is a growing mystery to him.

"There's nothing to hinder your going," says the Executive; "but for one, I've seen enough. Besides, I have a little business that must be attended to."

Singularly, all the seniors have letters to write, or some other urgent business to attend to; but of course that need not interfere with the rest.

"Any other glen-streams over that way?"

"Oh yes; there's Hector Falls, a couple of miles further on; and a small stream that comes in at Board Point, half a mile beyond."

"Could you take us to them?"

Rather than not have us see his glen, our would-be entertainer consents to exhibit these rival curiosities also, and straightway fetches his wagon to carry us thither.

The day is so far spent that we do not try to explore the whole of Glen Excelsior, as the new attraction has been called.

Passing the narrow outlet where the stream escapes through a channel not more than two feet wide, cut deep into the cliff, we enter a long, dark ravine piercing far into the hill; a lovely strolling place for a hot summer's day, still cool and redolent of ferns and mosses and the spicy fragrance of young hemlocks. At one place a little blocking of the stream would make a beautiful lake, with shaded, mossy banks, shut in by steep and lofty, though not precipitous walls. But the commanding feature of the glen is Empire Fall, where the water slides over a sloping cliff of great height, darting wildly from side to side, and breaking into a storm of spray at the foot. This glen is destined to become a great favorite, especially with lovers of quiet beauty, and those who cannot endure the severe climbing required by Watkins and Havana.

A quiet drive of half an hour, over a most delightful country road along the pleasant lake side, brings us to the double fall of Hector, where a stream, much larger than any of the glen streams, leaps into the lake over a quick succession of bold cliffs, falling two hundred feet or more in as many yards. The massive rock has been able to resist the erosive action of the stream so as to prevent the fall from breaking up into a series of cataracts running back into the hill. The fall has in consequence a stronger, more majestic aspect, than any of the glen falls that we have seen. What forms of beauty or grandeur the stream presents above, we cannot stay to discover;



MYSTIC CASCADE: GLENOLA.

we are eager to explore the nameless glen back of Board Point, and there is no time for delay.

"I don't think it will pay to go far into this glen," our guide remarks, as we approach its mouth. "There isn't any road through it, and it's dangerous climbing along the rocks in such slippery weather."

But our blood is up, and the prospect of rough climbing only makes the scramble more inviting. A pretty and tolerably high fall near the entrance gives promise of good things within; and, after directing our coachman to follow the road to the top of the ridge and there await us, we plunge into the hill.

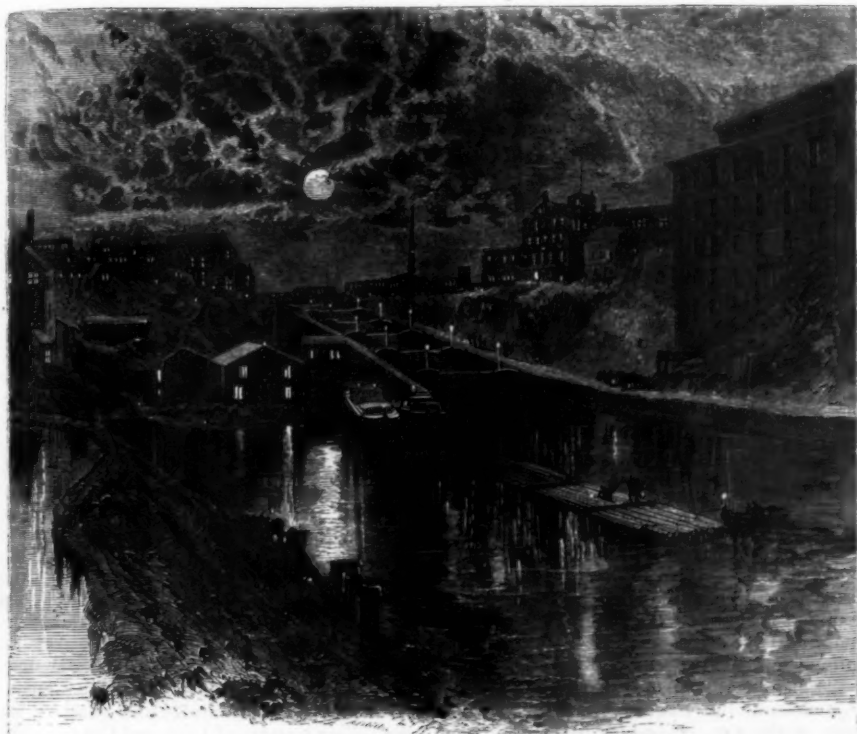
The stream is larger and the ravine deeper and darker, but in general plan this glen bears a strong resemblance to Glen Excelsior. For half a mile at a stretch we follow the brook-bed through shaded dells, then ascend a fall or a series of them, and the level space is repeated. We know that we are diving deeper and deeper into the hill, and are confident that a high fall cannot be far ahead; so we clamber on, sometimes in the bed of the stream, sometimes along the slippery side of the ravine, clinging to roots

and bushes. Not unfrequently, after a toil-some climb, we turn an angle of the cliff and find ourselves face to face with a precipice we cannot scale, and have to go back and try another place. This is no fun to our host, whose entreaties to abandon our fruitless labor are profuse and urgent, rising almost to the pathetic at times when the ravine darkens, and there is imminent danger of our coming suddenly upon a fall whose height may dwarf his "highest fall in the State."

To tell the truth, we are a little tired ourselves, and having reached a fall whose singular beauty amply repays our toil and trouble, and whose precipitous face compels a difficult and circuitous climb nearly to the top of the gorge, we conclude to abandon the exploration, much to the satisfaction of our unwilling guide.

Our return is by the "upper road," through the quaint old village of Burdett, on the brow of the hill where the stream of Hector makes the first plunge in its wild descent to the lake. The clouds break away from the declining sun as we turn the crest of the hill and look down into the valley and across the lake. A lovelier view would be hard to find; but we are too tired for sentiment; besides our minds are so confused by the multitude of sights and sensations we have had to-day that we are incapable of estimating common things. We have done in a day an amount of sight-seeing that a fortnight would be too brief for. A summer month of healthful and ever-varying enjoyment could not exhaust the store of delights and surprises that this glen region affords; while the pleasant drives about the country and the sail up and down the lake would provide agreeable employment for an entire season.

The closing day of our northward journey begins like the first—indeed, like all, save yesterday, bright and cool, with the promise of abundant sunshine by and by. We proceed to breakfast deliberately. In truth all our movements are deliberate this morning. We are cheerfully grave; and though each avers that he never felt better, an air of constraint, a general stiffness, so to speak, seems to have come upon the entire company. Does it arise from thought of the approaching termination of our pleasant life on the Special? Or from what certain materialists would call physical memory of past enjoyments? It is hard to say; but the evident satisfaction with which each receives from all the rest individual assurance of feeling



LOCKPORT AT NIGHT.

first-rate suggests the latter. The Junior comes last to table.

"I thought I would take a breath of fresh air before breakfast," he says, apologetically.

"Did you get your letter?" asks the Geologist bluntly.

The question is kindly meant; but the implied doubt of the motive of his morning walk touches the Junior to the quick, and there is less elation than there might otherwise have been in the tone of his affirmative reply.

"Ah! delighted to hear it, truly. And is Mrs. Junior well?"

"Oh—ah—I—it wasn't from *her*!"

A sympathetic silence ensues, in which Junior forgets to manifest his accustomed surprise that there are no fresh oysters, Baltimore style, on the bill of fare.

For the first twenty miles above Watkins the road runs along the hillside in full view of the lake. Looking down upon its placid bosom and across to the beautiful slope that rises for miles beyond the opposite shore, a wide chess-board of fields and groves, we

cannot but think of the wonderful variety of views we have enjoyed along the route. Crossing three States from south to north, a mountain system, and several zones of vegetation, our course has led us through greater and more rapid contrasts of scenery, probably, than can be found in an equal distance in any other part of the country. River and rivulet and mountain torrent; broad valleys and rocky ravines; rolling hills and precipitous mountains; extensive reaches of fertile farm-land, and miles of wilderness clad with scarcely broken forests; wide expanses of rippling river shallows filled with innumerable islands, and the deep lake, motionless and silvery under the sun; the city, the hamlet, the lonely farmhouse, the lumberman's shanty—every variety of natural scenery, in short, every style of human habitation and a thousand varied forms of human enterprise have passed before us.

Vineyards abound along this western shore of the lake, and the Quiet Man has added to our store of comforts a crate or two of



LOWER GENESSEE FALL: ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

their delicious fruit. The fragrant box proves more enticing than the lake, and the look-out is abandoned. The box is not half emptied, however, when Rock Stream is announced, the car stops on a bridge.

"Splendid view here! Come out and see it," exclaims the Executive, starting for the rear of the car, grape-box in hand, unconsciously removing the only excuse for declining his invitation. We follow on without delay, and are soon enjoying our grapes again, and a charming prospect besides. Above the bridge the stream dashes over a lofty and irregular cliff into a magnificent rotunda with overhanging walls fringed with firs and hemlocks. Beneath us the transparent water drops from the rotunda's mouth into a pebble-rimmed pool on the edge of the lake, which spreads its miles of shining surface still and unbroken, save in the distance where two converging ridges indicate the passage of the mid-day steamer just disappearing behind a projecting point.

Another mile of riding through the trees, along the rugged lake-side, and we stop on a still higher bridge across the deep gorge of Big Stream. The rock has a massive character here, like that of Hector Falls on the opposite shore, and gives promise of imposing falls within the dark, heavily wooded ravine the stream has cut into the hill; but we have no time to go and see. Below the bridge the water pours through a deep gash in the rock, then over a square-cut ledge

into a quiet basin, from which it flows peacefully to the lake through the little hamlet of Glenola,—half a dozen houses built on the tongue of shale the rapid current has carved from its rocky bed above, and thrust out like a pier into the lake. An ancient mill leans against the northern hillside, and from its sluiceway a crystal torrent leaps from the verge of the precipice, falls like a silver ribbon perhaps a hundred and fifty feet, then breaks in spray against the sloping rock and sparkles down the cliff fifty feet further to rejoin its parent stream, making one of the prettiest cascades in all this region.

Promising ourselves the pleasure of returning some day to make a fuller acquaint-

ance with the glens of Rock Stream and Big Stream, and the other unvisited and little known glens—cañons in reality—that cut the rocky shores of Seneca Lake into so many fantastic forms, we pass on, rising higher and higher above the lake until we turn the crest of the ridge and enter the fertile rolling country of Yates and Ontario. The crops were harvested weeks ago, the fields are bare, and the lingering brown leaves that kept up a show of Indian summer south of the mountains, have joined their old companions and lie piled in hollows and fence-corners, or are aimlessly drifting over the dry stubble, the playthings of the wind. That we are in a thrifty, wealthy region is evident from the numerous handsome dwellings, white-painted, green windowed, and bristling with lightning-rods; from the great colonies of overflowing barns, and the clean, well-fenced fields and woodlands that make up the scenery. From a social and political point of view it is a satisfaction to know that such things abound. It is pleasant to catch glimpses of them as we rumble along, but it is tiresome to give them individual attention. So the lookout is abandoned for the easy-chairs within, where we sit talking over our plans for the coming week, reviewing the scenes and incidents of our pleasant life in the Special, and giving half an ear to the railroad conversation going on between our hosts and their senior guests. The prosperity and prospects of the

roa  
it c  
ties  
of  
Lak  
crea  
two  
cou  
cuti  
not  
mac  
attr

N  
ing  
whic  
than  
insu  
ous  
of h  
risin  
a fit  
yield  
the  
tion  
aside  
serti  
histo  
refor  
stayi  
En  
or e  
gene  
the  
pensi  
temp  
of ex  
all its  
as far  
of H  
ed d  
When  
posse  
is not  
but w  
move  
Ho  
artist  
which  
rial fo  
reform  
Joshu  
artists

road we have come over, the advantages it offers to tourists, the unrivaled facilities it affords—as the directest channel of trade and travel between the Great Lakes and the seaboard South—for the increasing social and commercial interflow between these widely separated parts of the country, are subjects that lie next the Executive's heart; and they have come to be not wholly without interest to us who have made so pleasant an acquaintance with the attractive region it traverses.

A brief stop at Penn Yan, an hour at Canandaigua, and two or three more at Rochester, are required by the business needs of our hosts. Night falls before we leave the latter place. The scattered lights of the country-houses grow fewer and fainter as we are bowled across the level plains of Western New York; the late-rising sleepy moon spreads a frosty light over fields and fences, and . . . we are roused to consciousness by the stopping of the car amid the roar of Niagara.

## AN ENGLISH ART REFORMER.

FORD MADOX BROWN.

NOTHING shows more clearly the unvarying law, that a nation's art is the bloom which betrays the nation's specific character, than the growth of English art. A crust of insular conservatism, a captivity of ponderous precedent, with an incessant agitation of honest revolt; a self-imposed outlawry, rising into real insurrection whenever it finds a fit head; the hard shell of conservatism yielding to the harder hammer of reform; the commonplace of deferential and traditional deportment here and there stepping aside, aghast, at self-confident and self-asserting individuality,—this has been the history of England and English art. If reform is difficult it is radical, and as long staying as long coming.

English art never has been of that pretty, or even of that ideal, tendency which the general taste of mankind accepts as fit for the companionship of idle, sensuous, or pensive moods. The roots of the national temper are bedded too deeply in the realities of existence ever to trifle successfully, and all its best work bears an impress of strength, as far removed from the imaginative idealism of Hellenism on one side as from the polished deportment of Gallicism on the other. Where its art expressions are genuine they possess a certain massiveness of type which is not inconsistent with the highest polish, but which rarely shows it, except in its remotes.

Hogarth was the great type of the English artist, one of the few first-class intellects which have found their expression in pictorial forms; but he was a reformer without a reform,—nothing followed his lead. Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Gainsborough, great artists and true, were too partial in their

aims or results to become reformers, even if reform were ready. A certain amount of intellectual magnetism, of moral significance, must exist in the nature of any man who is capable of exciting enthusiasms and leading movements of earnest men. Hogarth had these, and without doubt the seed he planted survived its dead winters till the time when the conditions favorable to growth arrived; but of all the men of the later time to whose strength and persistence English art owes its present development Ford Madox Brown stands first, in order of time as of efficiency, in reform. Hogarth, like Cromwell, his prototype, failed in succession. Brown fortunately fell on times when the elements were ready for results from his troubling, questioning, and working.

Without doubt a personal acquaintance with Shakespeare would have determined many discussions on his work and made clear what is now nebulous. To Vasari's personal enthusiasm and his own proper fascination we owe much of the supremacy which has been assigned Raphael, and no one not knowing Brown personally would ever clearly estimate the sincerity, the intellectual simplicity, and the directness of his art, or recognize the concentration and clearness with which he pursues his motive through technical difficulties.

He has been overshadowed by less founded reputations and more brilliant executive talent, as well as by more skillful catering to public taste, but his labors began to prepare English art for reform when the reputed reformers, the pre-Raphaelites, were in the life school. Born about 1821, and educated in the studio of Baron Wappers, in the ateliers of Paris, he remained a non-conformist to





FORD MADOX BROWN.

all the conventional notions of representation of nature, as to the trivial actualism of the Dutch schools. He seems to have always been haunted with the idea that significant realism must pervade every part of his work, and recognized the principle, which is all that remains of pre-Raphaelism as a system, that the surroundings in which any event occurred are those which should accompany its representation. His picture of Manfred on the Jungfrau, painted in 1840, was an attempt to get out of the studio into the open air. In 1848 began the pre-Raphaelite movement, for which Brown had done much to clear the way, and in it he took his place as an earnest worker, indifferent to the position assigned him by the public. The public indeed never has accorded, and perhaps never will accord him his true place, owing to the difficulty of estimating that of a man who enters so largely into the work of his contemporaries at the expense often of his own, and whose artistic powers are so peculiarly balanced and rounded that it is sometimes difficult to decide what his forte is. As a designer he has not the facility or intense imaginative quality of Rossetti, he has not the executive power of Millais, or the intense realism of Holman Hunt; yet no painter in the new movement has so large a combination of powers as he, and, I may safely say, no painter in England has impressed on his work so strong and robust an individuality, or such manly and simple dramatic sentiment. If he has not the vigor

and abandon in action of Maclise, he is more just and natural, more theatrical; and if he is less noteworthy than some of the brotherhood for executive excellence, no one of them equals him in comprehensive unity and a thoughtful consideration of the meaning to be evolved from every accessory; and no English painter except Hogarth has so carefully followed the proprieties of accessory and circumstance throughout, no matter at what cost of the attractiveness of his pictures. Here the old Cromwellian spirit came out,—no idol of conventionalism, no consecrated falsehood of art, no servile imitation of misunderstood greatness, entered his studio or existed in his repertory,—iconoclast he was of them all. An Englishman among Englishmen whose idiosyncrasy no seductions could abate. A stern, puritanical adherence to truth as he understands it, to art as he feels it, without regard either to precedent or public opinion, suggests the Protector on canvas and accords with what one finds in the man.

To sustain successfully an aim like this demands studies as varied and profound as most of the sciences, and in this respect Brown stands alone amongst his English compeers. His picture of William the Conqueror with his men bringing the dead body of Harold is so severely true to the costume and accessories of the time as to make it an archaeological authority.

But a large picture of Chaucer at the Court of Edward Third contains perhaps the boldest and longest step in reform of art, in the direction in which Brown moved, which has been made by any of his contemporaries. It was commenced in 1845, and was, as the painter says of it, "the first in which he endeavored to carry out the notion, long before conceived, of treating the light and shade absolutely as it exists at any one moment, instead of approximately or in generalized style." The figures are life-size, mostly seated in a softened sunshine. Chaucer, reading with a declamatory action, stands before the old king, at whose right is Alice Perrers,—“a cause of scandal to the court,” as the painter remarks in the printed catalogue of his pictures, “such as, repeating itself at intervals in history with remarkable similarity from David downwards, seems to argue that the untimely death of a hero may be not altogether so deplorable an event;” John of Gaunt listens in full armor, and his pages and horse wait him; Edward the Black Prince, wasted with sickness and then in his fortieth year, leans on the lap of his wife

Joanna; Gower is painted in a hood, with a courtier criticising the reading; and other mediæval personages fill up the composition. This, with all its admirable antiquarian knowledge and powerful drawing, betrays how great was the effort required to carry out on so large a scale (life size), without any aids from conventionalities, the severe naturalism which was the artist's intention, and gives at first sight an impression of weakness in general effect which does not belong to it when we come to compare it with nature's self; but as a first important attempt to establish an unrecognized if not new canon of art the picture holds its place in English art history.

Alone, so far as a distinct recognition of the necessity of an art reformation is concerned, and unique, as an expression in art of the best type of the progressive Englishman, Brown labored preparing the way for a new art by study, by sincere labor, and a resolute assault on all the difficulties which the apathy and ignorance of the public taste threw in his way. If historical parallels were ever complete, I should call him the Erasmus of that reformation of which Rossetti was the Luther. But Brown had none of the timidity of Erasmus in his logic;—he faced truth with all its consequences, and never bowed his head to what he considered an expedient; he wielded his cudgel as an Englishman of the olden kind, tough, uncompromising, and full of common sense. Always ready to give a reason for the truth in him, and as ready to instruct, to assist, and help to a position all who labored in what he considered the true spirit, he may be said to enter more largely into the *English* art of the day than any other man now living.

In his artistic constitution he is one of the few men who, like Da Vinci, suffer from a too great completeness,—a general development prevents his having attracted the regard which a man always wins who is distinguished by a single eminent quality. "The admirable Crichton" of his sphere, his universality itself prevents him from obtaining the position which the public fancy accords to a specialist, and his balanced ability has never excited the enthusiasm which weaker, but more intense because one-sided, painters have obtained. If Rossetti was the imagination of the pre-Raphaelite movement, Brown was its logic and its common sense, and these are qualities which win confidence, not enthusiasm.

In the catalogue of an exhibition of his

works held in 1865 (he never exhibits in the general exhibitions) there are occasional comments on art and his own works which show his leading ideas in a curiously clear way, as throwing a side-light on them;—there are many other painters to whom we should have been grateful for a similar service. In cataloguing one of his earlier portraits, he says: "Compared with the head of Mr. Madox and the other five works of the same period in this collection it looks as if painted by another hand, and that of a beginner; those, on the contrary, appear to realize their aim as well as the style permits. Chiefly on account of this peculiarity I have thought it interesting to include it in this collection. To those who value facile completeness and handling above painstaking research into nature, the change must appear inexplicable and provoking. Even to myself, at this distance of time, *this instinctive turning back to get round by another road* seems remarkable. But in reality it was only the inevitable result of the want of principle, or rather conflict of many jarring principles, under which the student had to begin in those days. Wishing to substitute simple imitation for scenic effectiveness, and purity of natural color for scholastic depth of tone, I found no better way of doing so than to paint what I called a *Holbein of the nineteenth century*. I might perhaps have done so more effectively, but *stepping backwards* is stumbling work at best."

In a similar commentary on another portrait in his collection, I find a most just critique on English portrait art:—

"Compared with the works of the old masters, portrait-painting in England has sunk to a low level. Emperors and kings delighted in former times to be painted by Titian and the greatest historical artists; now it is considered indispensable (I don't know why) to sit to none but portrait-painters in the most restricted sense. These work to orthodox sizes; ridiculously large for the quantity of artistic matter contained, and have fixed scales of charges in proportion to size, the canvas, at least, being of satisfactory proportions. This system has proved suicidal. People have become ashamed to be painted, and photography has taken the place of portraiture. But a revival must ere long take place. Photography is but the assistant (saving the artist and sitter time) of portrait-painting, which can never exist but by the effort and will of genius. In France, Ingres and Delaroche have painted the finest contemporary portraits; in England, the late

William Dyce might have, perhaps, in particular cases, has done so. As it is, the few likenesses of any interest produced of late have been the accidental works of historical painters. Of course, only people of great wealth and importance can either afford or hope to obtain such work, but the few instances where it could exist would be sufficient to set an example. The professed portrait painter, now becoming extinct, would be enabled to return from photography to a more simple and artistic style of picture than hitherto in vogue, and, on rational sized canvases, and assisted by photography, *now* the natural handmaiden of portraiture, we might hope to see a school arise interesting in itself."

It will be evident that to such a man work means occupation of all his faculties, without losing sight of other artistic qualities. Brown enters the category of great designers, whose pictures never witness avoidance of difficulties, or make-shifts of easy picture-making. Art is to him an intellectual occupation, demanding and receiving his whole mind and enthusiasm. He never seeks the easy problems which the academy walls show so many solutions of. In his explanation of the picture of the "Death of Sir Tristram," he says:—

"In this work, which I offer to the public more as one of action and passion than of high finish, I have designedly sought to reproduce something of the clearness and cheerfulness of color of the old illuminations. As these, from the inexperience of the painters, are almost without light and shade, I have represented the scene as passing in a room lighted from four sides at once; by this means the shadows are much neutralized, and some of the appearance of mediæval art retained, without forgetting what we owe to truth and eternal nature. So far it has been my intention to make this particular work look (as people term it) '*mediæval*,' but no further. In the small picture of the Prisoner of Chillon I have in the same way been inevitably biased by the character of the Lutheran artists of the *renaissance*, quite a change from mediævalism, but not with a view either to imitation or to neglect of truth; were I to paint a Greek subject, I could not but act upon the same principle."

Like all artists of this texture of thought, he pushes towards universality of subject and motive. Landscape, portraiture, historical, *genre*, illustration, are supplemented by designs for glass windows, carved furniture, paper-hangings. Pen and ink, water-color,

pastel, chalks, and oil receive with equal sincerity his attention.

But the line in which Brown's painting has received most just and intelligent appreciation is that in which he has executed his "Last of England," and "Work." These are, in the truest and noblest sense, historical works. The former represents a young couple on board an emigrant ship at the moment of taking leave of England. Looking backward, not in retreat but in lingering longing, they see the land slip away; silently, almost tearfully, feeding their hearts on what represents to them all of known happiness, and for the moment forgetting all that was miserable there. They are of the pure, better middle-class type of Englishmen, painted as none but a man of the type could paint them. Around them are the types of other classes: the family of a green grocer, a *vaucien* shaking his fist at the land he would curse, but blesses, leaving it; another, drunken, would join if his tongue served him. The accessories are such as all sea-going men know,—the preparations for a long voyage. The catalogue says of it: "This picture, begun in 1852, was finished more than nine years ago. To insure the peculiar look of *light all round*, which objects have on a dull day at sea, it was painted for the most part in the open air on dull days, and when the flesh was being painted, on cold days. Absolutely without regard to the art of any period or country, I have tried to render this scene as it would appear. The minuteness of detail which would be visible under such conditions of broad daylight, I have thought necessary to imitate, as bringing the pathos of the subject more home to the beholder."

"Work," the painter's most important picture, is, without being an imitation of Hogarth in any respect of externals, more in the spirit of the *great* English painter than any picture painted since he died. The ostensible subject is a group of navvies at work excavating in one of the London suburbs. Into the picture are introduced, however, types of all the workers and non-workers. A wretched vagabond looks on in idle curiosity; at the side, gazing with listless mood, are two grave thinkers, whose originals are easily known to be Carlyle and Maurice, the apostle of muscular Christianity; beyond are types of the wealthy passing by, *en route* perhaps from one pleasure to another, or may be from one pain to a worse one; a lady distributing tracts, of whom the artist philosophically remarks, *en passant*—"this well-intentioned lady has

perhaps never reflected that excavators may have notions to the effect that ladies might be benefited by receiving tracts containing navvies' ideas ; " dirty and ragged children nestling around their motherly elder sister, she only ten or twelve years old ; a policeman severely down on an orange-girl, whose basket's contents he scatters rudely over the ground ; lookers-on, enlisted for the moment in the labors going forward, fill up the composition.

It is a picture true, earnest, and of the most radical humanitarianism, the genuine outburst of the indignant reveries of a man who not only sees the "vanity of vanities," but has a bitter, rankling consciousness of the real root of all this vanity and the misuse of humanity which grows out of it ;—a painted poem in which are satire, genial philanthropy, and the saddened reflection of a man who knows mankind, and is none the happier

for his knowledge ; the minor tone of feeling of one in whose mind no detail of art or life comes without a lesson—who cannot be gay and dazzling for the weight of the thought which a large and catholic love of his kind imposes on him.

As might be expected from what I have said, Brown is as a teacher of art quite alone in the ranks of English painters—not in the quick and shallow sense of a lesson given at one guinea an hour, but as a genuine master able to give a reason for his teaching. In this as in all other matters he is indifferent to secondary and personal gains, and is more willing to give than to receive ; his life is logical with the principles of his art, and his art is constantly more and more ennobled by an earnest and progressive life, carrying into maturity the same earnestness of purpose and sincerity of convictions which lived in his earlier enthusiasms.

---

#### BACK-LOG STUDIES.—VI.

I.

PERHAPS the clothes question is exhausted, philosophically. I cannot but regret that the Poet of the Breakfast Table, who appears to have an uncontrollable penchant for saying the things you would like to say yourself, has alluded to the anachronism of "Sir Cœur de Lion Plantagenet in the mutton-chop whiskers and the plain gray suit." A great many scribblers have felt the disadvantage of writing after Montaigne ; and it is impossible to tell how much originality in others Dr. Holmes has destroyed in this country. In whist there are some men you always prefer to have on your left hand, and I take it that this intuitive essayist, who is so alert to seize the few remaining unappropriated ideas and analogies in the world, is one of them.

No doubt if the Plantagenets of this day were required to dress in a suit of chain-armor and wear iron-pots on their heads, they would be as ridiculous as most tragedy-actors on the stage. The pit which recognizes Snooks in his tin breast-plate and helmet laughs at him, and Snooks himself feels like a sheep ; and when the great tragedian comes on, shining in mail, dragging a two-handed sword, and mouths the grandiloquence which poets have put into the speech of heroes, the dress-circle requires all its good-breeding and its feigned love of the traditionary drama not to titter.

If this sort of acting, which is supposed to have come down to us from the Elizabethan age, and which culminated in the school of the Keans, Kembles, and Siddons', ever had any fidelity to life, it must have been in a society as artificial as the prose of Sir Philip Sidney. That anybody ever believed in it is difficult to think, especially when we read what privileges the fine beaux and gallants of the town took behind the scenes and on the stage in the golden days of the drama. When a part of the audience sat on the stage, and gentlemen lounged or reeled across it in the midst of a play to speak to acquaintances in the audience, the illusion could not have been very strong.

Now and then a genius, like Rachel as Horatia, or Hackett as Falstaff, may actually seem to be the character assumed by virtue of a transforming imagination, but I suppose the fact to be that getting into a costume, absurdly antiquated and remote from all the habits and associations of the actor, largely accounts for the incongruity and ridiculousness of most of our modern acting. Whether what is called the "legitimate drama" ever was legitimate we do not know, but the advocates of it appear to think that the theater was sometime cast in a mould, once for all, and is good for all times and peoples, like the propositions of Euclid. To our eyes the legitimate drama of to-day is the one in which

the day is reflected, both in costume and speech, and which touches the affections, the passions, the humor of the present time. The brilliant success of the few good plays that have been written out of the rich life which we now live—the most varied, fruitful, and dramatically suggestive—ought to rid us forever of the buskin-fustian, except as a pantomimic or spectacular curiosity.

We have no objection to Julius Cæsar or Richard III. stalking about in impossible clothes, and stepping four feet at a stride if they want to, but let them not claim to be more "legitimate" than "Ours," or "Rip Van Winkle." There will probably be some orator for years and years to come, at every Fourth of July, who will go on asking, Where is Thebes? but he does not care anything about it, and he does not really expect an answer. I have sometimes wished I knew the exact site of Thebes, so that I could rise in the audience and stop that question, at any rate. It is legitimate, but it is tiresome.

If we went to the bottom of this subject, I think we should find that the putting upon actors clothes to which they are unaccustomed makes them act and talk artificially, and often in a manner intolerable. An actor who has not the habits or instincts of a gentleman cannot be made to appear like one on the stage by dress; he only caricatures and discredits what he tries to represent; and the unaccustomed clothes and situation make him much more unnatural and insufferable than he would otherwise be. Dressed appropriately for parts for which he is fitted, he will act well enough, probably. What I mean is, that the clothes inappropriate to the man make the incongruity of him and his part more apparent. Vulgarity is never so conspicuous as in fine apparel, on or off the stage, and never so self-conscious. Shall we have, then, no refined characters on the stage? Yes; but let them be taken by men and women of taste and refinement, and let us have done with this masquerading in false raiment, ancient and modern, which makes nearly every stage a travesty of nature and the whole theater a painful pretension. We do not expect the modern theater to be a place of instruction (that business is now turned over to the telegraphic operator, who is making a new language), but it may give amusement instead of torture, and do a little in satirizing folly and kindling love of home and country by the way.

This is a sort of summary of what we all said, and no one in particular is responsible for it; and in this it is like public opinion.

The Parson, however, whose only experience of the theater was the endurance of an oratorio once, was very cordial in his denunciation of the stage altogether.

MANDEVILLE. Yet, acting itself is delightful; nothing so entertains us as mimicry, the personation of character. We enjoy it in private. I confess that I am always pleased with the Parson in the character of grumbler. He would be an immense success on the stage. I don't know but the theater will have to go back into the hands of the priests, who once controlled it.

THE PARSON. Scoffer!

MANDEVILLE. I can imagine how enjoyable the stage might be, cleared of all its traditional nonsense, stilted language, stilted behavior, all the rubbish of false sentiment, false dress, and the manners of times that were both artificial and immoral, and filled with living characters, who speak the thought of to-day, with the wit and culture that are current to-day. I've seen private theatricals, where all the performers were persons of cultivation, that—

OUR NEXT DOOR. So have I. For something particularly cheerful, commend me to amateur theatricals. I have passed some melancholy hours at them.

MANDEVILLE. That's because the performers acted the worn stage plays, and attempted to do them in the manner they had seen on the stage. It is not always so.

THE FIRE-TENDER. I suppose Mandeville would say that acting has got into a mannerism, which is well described as stagey; and is supposed to be natural to the stage, just as half the modern poets write in a recognized form of literary manufacture, without the least impulse from within, and not with the purpose of saying anything, but of turning out a piece of literary work. That's the reason we have so much poetry that impresses one like sets of faultless cabinet-furniture made by machinery.

THE PARSON. But you needn't talk of nature or naturalness in acting, or in anything. I tell you nature is poor stuff. It can't go alone. Amateur acting—they get it up at church sociables nowadays—is apt to be as near nature as a school-boy's declamation. Acting is the devil's art.

THE MISTRESS. Do you object to such innocent amusement?

MANDEVILLE. What the Parson objects to is that he isn't amused.

THE PARSON. What's the use of objecting? It's the fashion of the day to amuse people into the kingdom of heaven.



HERBERT. The Parson has got us off the track. My notion about the stage is that it keeps along pretty evenly with the rest of the world; the stage is usually quite up to the level of the audience. Assumed dress on the stage, since you were speaking of that, makes people no more constrained and self-conscious than it does off the stage.

THE MISTRESS. What sarcasm is coming now?

HERBERT. Well, you may laugh, but the world hasn't got used to good clothes yet. The majority do not wear them with ease. People who only put on their best on rare and stated occasions, step into an artificial feeling.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I wonder if that's the reason the Parson finds it so difficult to get hold of his congregation.

HERBERT. I don't know how else to account for the formality and rapidity of a set "party," where all the guests are clothed in a manner to which they are unaccustomed, dressed into a condition of vivid self-consciousness. The same people, who know each other perfectly well, will enjoy themselves together without restraint in their ordinary apparel. But nothing can be more artificial than the behavior of people together who rarely "dress up." It seems impossible to make the conversation as fine as the clothes, and so it dies in a kind of inane helplessness. Especially is this true in the country, where people have not obtained the mastery of their clothes that those who live in the city have. It is really absurd, at this stage of our civilization, that we should be so affected by such an insignificant accident as dress. Perhaps Mandeville can tell us whether this clothes panic prevails in the older societies.

THE PARSON. Don't. We've heard it; about its being one of the Englishman's thirty-nine articles that he never shall sit down to dinner without a dress-coat, and all that.

THE MISTRESS. I wish, for my part, that everybody who has time to eat a dinner would dress for that, the principal event of the day, and do respectful and leisurely justice to it.

THE YOUNG LADY. It has always seemed singular to me that men who work so hard to build elegant houses, and have good dinners, should take so little leisure to enjoy either.

MANDEVILLE. If the Parson will permit me, I should say that the chief clothes question abroad just now is, how to get any; and it is the same with the dinners.

## II.

It is quite unnecessary to say that the talk about clothes ran into the question of dress-reform, and ran out, of course. You cannot converse on anything nowadays that you do not run into some reform. The Parson says that everybody is intent on reforming everything but himself. We are all trying to associate ourselves to make everybody else behave as we do. Said

OUR NEXT DOOR. Dress reform! As if people couldn't change their clothes without concert of action. Resolved, that nobody should put on a clean collar oftener than his neighbor does. I'm sick of every sort of reform. I should like to retrograde a while. Let a dyspeptic ascertain that he can eat porridge three times a day and live, and straightway he insists that everybody ought to eat porridge and nothing else. I mean to get up a society, every member of which shall be pledged to do just as he pleases.

THE PARSON. That would be the most radical reform of the day. That would be independence. If people dressed according to their means, acted according to their convictions, and avowed their opinions, it would revolutionize society.

OUR NEXT DOOR. I should like to walk into your church some Sunday and see the changes under such conditions.

THE PARSON. It might give you a novel sensation to walk in at any time. And I'm not sure but the church would suit your retrograde ideas. It's so Gothic that a Christian of the Middle Ages, if he were alive, couldn't see or hear in it.

HERBERT. I don't know whether these reformers who carry the world on their shoulders in such serious fashion, especially the little fussy fellows, who are themselves the standard of the regeneration they seek, are more ludicrous than pathetic.

THE FIRE-TENDER. Pathetic, by all means. But I don't know that they would be pathetic if they were not ludicrous. There are those reform singers, who have been piping away so sweetly now for thirty years, with never any diminution of cheerful, patient enthusiasm; their hair growing longer and longer, their eyes brighter and brighter, and their faces, I do believe, sweeter and sweeter; singing always with the same constancy for the slave, for the drunkard, for the snuff-taker, for the suffragist—"There's-a-good-time-coming-boys (nothing offensive is intended by "boys," it is put in for euphony, and sung pianissimo, not to offend the suffra-

gists), it's-almost-here." And what a brightening up of their faces there is when they say, "it's-al-most-here," not doubting for a moment that "it's" coming to-morrow; and the accompanying melodeon also wails its wheezy suggestion that "it's-al-most-here," that "good-time" (delayed so long, waiting perhaps for the invention of the melodeon) when we shall all sing and all play that cheerful instrument, and all vote, and none shall smoke, or drink, or eat meat, "boys." I declare it almost makes me cry to hear them, so touching is their faith in the midst of a jeering world.

HERBERT. I suspect that no one can be a genuine reformer and not be ridiculous. I mean those who give themselves up to the unction of the reform.

THE MISTRESS. Doesn't that depend upon whether the reform is large or petty?

THE FIRE-TENDER. I should say rather that the reforms attracted to them all the ridiculous people, who almost always manage to become the most conspicuous. I suppose that nobody dare write out all that was ludicrous in the great abolition movement. But it was not at all comical to those most zealous in it; they never could see—more's the pity, for thereby they lose much—the humorous side of their performances, and that is why the pathos overcomes one's sense of the absurdity of such people.

THE YOUNG LADY. It is lucky for the world that so many are willing to be absurd.

HERBERT. Well, I think that, in the main, the reformers manage to look out for themselves tolerably well. I knew once a lean and faithful agent of a great philanthropic scheme, who contrived to collect every year for the cause just enough to support him at a good hotel comfortably.

THE MISTRESS. That's identifying one's self with the cause.

MANDEVILLE. You remember the great free-soil convention at Buffalo, in 1848, when Van Buren was nominated. All the world of hope and discontent went there, with its projects of reform. There seemed to be no doubt, among hundreds that attended it, that if they could get a resolution passed that bread should be buttered on both sides, that it would be so buttered. The platform provided for every want and every woe.

THE FIRE-TENDER. I remember. If you could get the millennium by political action, we should have had it then.

MANDEVILLE. We went there on the Erie canal, the exciting and fashionable mode of travel in those days. I was a boy when we

began the voyage. The boat was full of conventionists; all the talk was of what must be done there. I got the impression that as that boat-load went so would go the convention; and I was not alone in that feeling. I can never be enough grateful for one little scrubby fanatic who was on board, who spent most of his time in drafting resolutions and reading them privately to the passengers. He was a very enthusiastic, nervous, and somewhat dirty little man, who wore a woolen muffler about his throat, although it was summer; he had nearly lost his voice and could only speak in a hoarse, disagreeable whisper, and he always carried a tea-cup about, containing some sticky compound which he stirred frequently with a spoon, and took whenever he talked, in order to improve his voice. If he was separated from his cup for ten minutes his whisper became inaudible. I greatly delighted in him, for I never saw any one who had so much enjoyment of his own importance. He was fond of telling what he would do if the convention rejected such and such resolutions. He'd make it hot for 'em. I didn't know but he'd make them take his mixture. The convention had got to take a stand on tobacco, for one thing. He'd heard Giddings took snuff; he'd see. When we at length reached Buffalo he took his tea-cup and carpet-bag of resolutions and went ashore in a great hurry. I saw him once again in a cheap restaurant, whispering a resolution to another delegate, but he didn't appear in the convention. I have often wondered what became of him.

OUR NEXT DOOR. Probably he's consul somewhere. They mostly are.

THE FIRE-TENDER. After all, it's the easiest thing in the world to sit and sneer at eccentricities. But what a dead and uninteresting world it would be if we were all proper and kept within the lines! Affairs would soon be reduced to mere machinery. There are moments, even days, when all interests and movements appear to be settled upon some universal plan of equilibrium; but just then some restless and absurd person is inspired to throw the machine out of gear. These individual eccentricities seem to be the special providences in the general human scheme.

HERBERT. They make it very hard work for the rest of us, who are disposed to go along peaceably and smoothly.

MANDEVILLE. And stagnate. I'm not sure but the natural condition of this planet is war, and that when it is finally towed to

its anchorage—if the universe has any harbor for worlds out of commission—it will look like the Fighting Téméraire in Turner's picture.

HERBERT. There is another thing I should like to understand: the tendency of people who take up one reform, perhaps a personal regeneration in regard to some bad habit, to run into a dozen other isms, and get all at sea in several vague and pernicious theories and practices.

MANDEVILLE. Herbert seems to think there is safety in a man's being anchored, even if it is to a bad habit.

HERBERT. Thank you. But what is it in human nature that is apt to carry a man who may take a step in personal reform into so many extremes?

OUR NEXT DOOR. Probably it's human nature.

HERBERT. Why, for instance, should a reformed drunkard (one of the noblest examples of victory over self) incline, as I have known the reformed to do, to spiritism, or a woman suffragist to "pantarchism" (whatever that is), and want to pull up all the roots of society, and expect them to grow in the air like orchids; or a Graham-bread disciple become enamored of Communism?

MANDEVILLE. I know an excellent Conservative who would, I think, suit you; he says that he does not see how a man who indulges in the theory and practice of total abstinence can be a consistent believer in the Christian religion.

HERBERT. Well, I can understand what he means: that a person is bound to hold himself in conditions of moderation and control, using and not abusing the things of this world, practicing temperance, not retreating into a convent of artificial restrictions in order to escape the full responsibility of self-control. And yet his theory would certainly wreck most men and women. What does the Parson say?

THE PARSON. That the world is going crazy on the notion of individual ability. Whenever a man attempts to reform himself, or anybody else, without the aid of the Christian religion, he is sure to go adrift, and is pretty certain to be blown about by absurd theories, and shipwrecked on some pernicious ism.

THE FIRE-TENDER. I think the discussion has touched bottom.

### III.

I never felt so much the value of a house

with a back-log in it, as during the late spring; for its lateness was its main feature. Everybody was grumbling about it, as if it were something ordered from the tailor, and not ready on the day. Day after day it snowed, night after night it blew a gale from the north-west; the frost sunk deeper and deeper into the ground; there was a popular longing for spring that was almost a prayer; the weather bureau was active; Easter was set a week earlier than the year before, but nothing seemed to do any good. The robins sat under the evergreens and piped in a disconsolate mood, and at last the blue-jays came and scolded in the midst of the snow-storm, as they always do scold in any weather. The crocuses couldn't be coaxed to come up even with a pickaxe. I'm almost ashamed now to recall what we said of the weather, only I think that people are no more accountable for what they say of the weather than for their remarks when their corns are stepped on.

We agreed, however, that but for disappointed expectations, and the prospect of late lettuce and peas, we were gaining by the fire as much as we were losing by the frost. And the Mistress fell to chanting the comforts of modern civilization.

THE FIRE-TENDER said he should like to know, by the way, if our civilization differed essentially from any other in anything but its comforts?

HERBERT. We are no nearer religious unity.

THE PARSON. We have as much war as ever.

MANDEVILLE. There was never such a social turmoil.

THE YOUNG LADY. The artistic part of our nature does not appear to have grown.

THE FIRE-TENDER. We are quarreling as to whether we are in fact radically different from the brutes.

HERBERT. Scarcely two people think alike about the proper kind of human government.

THE PARSON. Our poetry is made out of words for the most part, and not drawn from the living sources.

OUR NEXT DOOR. And Mr. Cumming is uncorking his seventh vial. I never felt before what barbarians we are.

THE MISTRESS. Yet you won't deny that the life of the average man is safer and every way more comfortable than it was even a century ago.

THE FIRE-TENDER. But what I want to know is, whether what we call our civiliza-

tion has done anything more for mankind at large than to increase the ease and pleasure of living? Science has multiplied wealth, and facilitated intercourse, and the result is refinement of manners and a diffusion of education and information. Are men and women essentially changed, however? I suppose the Parson would say we have lost faith, for one thing.

MANDEVILLE. And superstition; and gained toleration.

HERBERT. The question is, whether toleration is anything but indifference.

THE PARSON. Everything is tolerated now but Christian orthodoxy.

THE FIRE-TENDER. It's easy enough to make a brilliant catalogue of external achievements, but I take it that real progress ought to be in man himself. It is not a question of what a man enjoys, but what can he produce. The best sculpture was executed two thousand years ago. The best paintings are several centuries old. We study the finest architecture in its ruins. The standards of poetry are Shakespeare, Homer, Isaiah, and David. The latest of the arts, music, culminated in composition, though not in execution, a century ago.

THE MISTRESS. Yet culture in music certainly distinguishes the civilization of this age. It has taken eighteen hundred years for the principles of the Christian religion to begin to be practically incorporated in government and in ordinary business, and it will take a long time for Beethoven to be popularly recognized; but there is growth toward him and not away from him, and when the average culture has reached his height, some other genius will still more profoundly and delicately express the highest thoughts.

HERBERT. I wish I could believe it. The spirit of this age is expressed by the Caliope.

THE PARSON. Yes, it remained for us to add church bells and cannon to the orchestra.

OUR NEXT DOOR. It's a melancholy thought to me that we can no longer express ourselves with the bass-drum; there used to be the whole of the Fourth of July in its patriotic throbs.

MANDEVILLE. We certainly have made great progress in one art—that of war.

THE YOUNG LADY. And in the humane alleviations of the miseries of war.

THE FIRE-TENDER. The most discouraging symptom to me, in our undoubted advance in the comforts and refinements of

society, is the facility with which men slip back into barbarism, if the artificial and external accidents of their lives are changed. We have always kept a fringe of barbarism on our shifting Western frontier; and I think there never was a worse society than that in California and Nevada in their early days.

THE YOUNG LADY. That is because women were absent.

THE FIRE-TENDER. But women are not absent in London and New York, and they are conspicuous in the most exceptionable demonstrations of social anarchy. Certainly they were not wanting in Paris. Yes, there was a city widely accepted as the summit of our material civilization. No city was so beautiful, so luxurious, so safe, so well ordered for the comfort of living, and yet it needed only a month or two to make it a kind of pandemonium of savagery. Its citizens were the barbarians who destroyed its own monuments of civilization. I don't mean to say that there was no apology for what was done there in the deceit and fraud that preceded it, but I simply notice how ready the tiger was to appear, and how little restraint all the material civilization was to the beast.

THE MISTRESS. I can't deny your instances, and yet I somehow feel that pretty much all you have been saying is in effect untrue. Not one of you would be willing to change our civilization for any other. In your estimate you take no account, it seems to me, of the growth of charity.

MANDEVILLE. And you might add a recognition of the value of human life.

THE MISTRESS. I don't believe there was ever before diffused everywhere such an element of good-will, and never before were women so much engaged in philanthropic work.

THE PARSON. It must be confessed that one of the best signs of the times is woman's charity for woman. That certainly never existed to the same extent in any other civilization.

MANDEVILLE. And there is another thing that distinguishes us, or is beginning to. That is, the notion that you can do something more with a criminal than punish him; and that society has not done its duty when it has built a sufficient number of schools for one class, or of decent jails for another.

HERBERT. It will be a long time before we get decent jails.

MANDEVILLE. But when we do they will begin to be places of education and training as much as of punishment and disgrace.

The public will provide teachers in the prisons as it now does in the common schools.

**THE FIRE-TENDER.** The imperfections of our methods and means of selecting those in the community who ought to be in prison are so great that extra care in dealing with them becomes us. We are beginning to learn that we cannot draw arbitrary lines with infallible justice. Perhaps half those who are convicted of crimes are as capable of reformation as half those transgressors who are not convicted, or who keep inside the statutory law.

**HERBERT.** Would you remove the odium of prison?

**THE FIRE-TENDER.** No; but I would have criminals believe, and society believe, that in going to prison a man or woman does not pass an absolute line and go into a fixed state.

**THE PARSON.** That is, you would not have judgment and retribution begin in this world.

**OUR NEXT DOOR.** Don't switch us off into theology. I hate to go up in a balloon, or see any one else go.

**HERBERT.** Don't you think there is too much leniency toward crime and criminals, taking the place of justice, in these days?

**THE FIRE-TENDER.** There may be too much disposition to condone the crimes of those who have been considered respectable.

**OUR NEXT DOOR.** That is, scarcely anybody wants to see his friend hung.

**MANDEVILLE.** I think a large part of the bitterness of the condemned arises from a sense of the inequality with which justice is administered. I am surprised, in visiting jails, to find so few respectable-looking convicts.

**OUR NEXT DOOR.** Nobody will go to jail nowadays who thinks anything of himself.

**THE FIRE-TENDER.** When society seriously takes hold of the reformation of criminals (say with as much determination as it does to carry an election) this false leniency will disappear; for it partly springs from a feeling that punishment is unequal, and does not discriminate enough in individuals, and that society itself has no right to turn a man over to the devil, simply because he shows a strong leaning that way. A part of the scheme of those who work for the reformation of criminals, is to render punishment more certain, and to let its extent depend upon reformation. There is no reason why a professional criminal, who won't change his trade for an honest one, should have intervals of freedom in his prison life in which he is let loose to prey upon society. Crimi-

nals ought to be discharged, like insane patients, when they are cured.

**OUR NEXT DOOR.** It's a wonder to me, what with our multitudes of statutes and hosts of detectives, that we are any of us out of jail. I never come away from a visit to a State-prison without a new spasm of fear and virtue. The facilities for getting into jail seem to be ample. We want more organizations for keeping people out.

**MANDEVILLE.** That is the sort of enterprise the women are engaged in, the frustration of the criminal tendencies of those born in vice. I believe women have it in their power to regenerate the world morally.

**THE PARSON.** It's time they began to undo the mischief of their mother.

**THE MISTRESS.** The reason they have not made more progress is that they have usually confined their individual efforts to one man; they are now organizing for a general campaign.

**THE FIRE-TENDER.** I'm not sure but here is where the ameliorations of the conditions of life, which are called the comforts of this civilization, come in, after all, and distinguish the age above all others. They have enabled the finer powers of women to have play as they could not in a ruder age. I should like to live a hundred years and see what they will do.

**HERBERT.** Not much, but change the fashions, unless they submit themselves to the same training and discipline that men do.

I have no doubt that Herbert had to apologize for this remark afterwards in private, as men are quite willing to do in particular cases; it is only in general they are unjust. The talk drifted off into general and particular depreciation of other times. Mandeville described a picture, in which he appeared to have confidence, of a fight between an *Iguanodon* and a *Megalosaurus*, where these huge iron-clad brutes were represented chewing up different portions of each other's bodies, in a forest of the lower cretaceous period. So far as he could learn, that sort of thing went on unchecked for hundreds of thousands of years, and was typical of the intercourse of the races of man till a comparatively recent period. There was also that gigantic swan, the *Plesiosaurus*; in fact, all the early brutes were disgusting. He delighted to think that even the lower animals had improved, both in appearance and disposition.

The conversation ended, therefore, in a very amicable manner, having been taken to a ground that nobody knew anything about.



## IN THE GARDEN.

In this still garden in the cool of day  
 I often meditate :—  
 Should He who walked in Eden come this way  
 And consecrate  
 This place of bloom with presence passing fair  
 And robes that make more sweet the summer air !

Anon a voice far off yet near I catch  
 And question : " Comes He now ? "  
 The virgin lilies that for Him keep watch  
 Do lowly bow,  
 And the meek grasses lowlier yet, to greet  
 His soft approach, and reverent kiss His Feet.

But as for me, who cannot see Him pass,  
 Yet fain would feel Him near,  
 I bow me lowlier even than the grass  
 In love and fear—  
 Far lowlier than the lilies on their stem,  
 And through them press to touch His garments' hem.

More softly blows the summer wind to lift  
 His mantle's sacred fold ;  
 Through all the place sweet sighs and odors drift  
 Like bliss half told ;  
 And in the fading west a single star  
 Trembles with rapture, watching Him afar.

And O that I should see that star remote,  
 Yet His near Glory miss,  
 Wherein the sun itself and stars do float  
 As motes, I wis !  
 But since no man that Glory could abide,  
 How should I dare lament the sight denied !

—Dark, hushed and dark the garden round me grows,  
 The folded flowers more sweet ;  
 I hearken long to hear Him where He goes  
 With noiseless Feet,  
 Till the familiar place seems sad and strange,  
 And Eden to Gethsemane doth change.

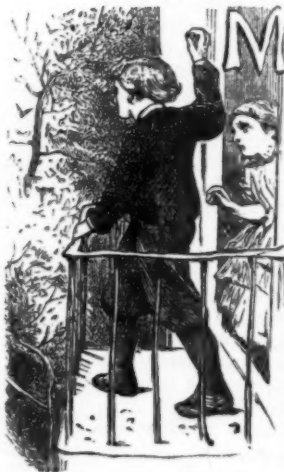
Through heavy silence falls the heavy dew,  
 Like sweat of sorrow wrung,  
 As if the bitter Cup were filled anew  
 O'er which He hung  
 Whose love, all love transcending, overcame,—  
 For us endured the Cross, despised the shame.

Albeit against That Presence passing by  
 These mortal eyes are sealed,  
 I see This Other, like Him, standing nigh,  
 To Faith revealed ;  
 At His dear Feet, on consecrated sod,  
 I cry like one of old : " My Lord—my God ! "

## AT HIS GATES.

By MRS. OLIPHANT.

## CHAPTER XIV.



## R. BURTON

was a man who was accustomed in his own house to have, in a great degree, his own way; but this was not because his wife was disinclined to hold, or incapable of forming an opinion of her own. On the contrary, it was because he was rather afraid of her

than otherwise, and thought twice before he promulgated any sentiments or started any plan which was likely to be in opposition to hers. But he had neither consulted her, nor, indeed, thought much of what she would say in the sudden proposal he had made to the Haldanes. He was not a hasty man; but Dr. Maurice's indignation had made an impression upon him, and he had felt all at once that in going to the Haldanes and to Helen, he must not, if he would preserve his own character, go with merely empty sympathy, but must show practically his pity for them. It was perhaps the only time in his life that he had acted upon a hasty idea without taking time to consider; and a chill doubt, as to what Clara would say, was in his mind as he turned his face homewards. Dura was about twenty miles from town, in the heart of one of the leafiest of English counties; the station was a mile and a half from the great house, half of which distance, however, was avenue; and Mr. Burton's phaeton, with the two greys—horses which matched to a hair, and were not equalled in the stables of any potentate in the county—was waiting for him when the train arrived. He liked to drive home in this glorious way, rousing the village folks and acting as a timepiece for them, just as he liked the great dinner-bell, which the old Harcourts sounded only on great occasions, to be rung every day, letting

the whole neighbourhood know that their local lord, their superior, the master of the great house, was going to dinner. He liked the thought that his return was an event in the place almost justifying the erection of a standard, as it was erected in a royal castle not very far off, when the sovereign went and came. Our rich man had not gone so far as yet; but he would have liked it, and felt it natural. The village of Dura was like a collection of beads threaded on the long white thread of road which ran from the station to the house—and occupied the greater part of the space, with single houses straggling at either end, and a cluster in the middle. The straggling houses at the end next the station were white villas, built for people whose business was in town, and who came home to dinner by the same train which brought Mr. Burton, though their arrival was less imposing; but where the clump of dwelling-places thickened, the houses toned down into old-fashioned deeply-lichened brick, with here and there a thatched roof to deepen, or a whitewashed gable to relieve, the composition. At the end nearest the great house the village made a respectful pause, and turned off along a slanting path, which showed the tower of the church behind over the trees. The rectory, however, a pretty house buried in shrubberies, fronted the high road with modest confidence; and opposite it was another dwelling-place, in front of which Mr. Burton drew up his horses for a moment, inspecting it with a careful and anxious eye. His heart beat a little quicker as he looked. His own gate was in sight, and these were the very grounds of Dura House, into which the large walled garden of this one intruded like a square wedge. In front there were no shrubberies, no garden, nothing to divide it from the road. A double row of pollard limes—one on the edge of the footpath, one close to the house—indicated and shaded, but did not separate it from the common way. The second row of limes was level with the fence of the Dura grounds, and one row of white flagstones lay between them and the two white steps, the green door, and shining brass knocker of the Gatehouse. It was a house which had been built in the reign of the first George, of red brick, with a great many windows, three-storied, and crowned by a pediment, with that curious mixture of the useful and (supposed) ornamental, which

by this time has come to look almost picturesque by reason of age. It had been built for the mother of one of the old Harcourts, a good woman who had been born the Rector's daughter of the place, and loved it and its vicinity, and the sight of its comings and goings. This was the origin of the Gatehouse; but since the days of Mrs. Dunstable Harcourt it had rarely been inhabited by any of the family, and had been a trouble more than an advantage to them. It was too near the hall to be inhabited by strangers, and people do not always like to establish their own poor relations and dependents at their very gates. As the Harcourts dwindled and money became important to them, they let it at a small rate to a maiden household, two or three old ladies of limited means, and blood as blue as their own. And when Dura ceased, except on county maps, to be Harcourt-Dura, and passed into the hands of the rich merchant, he, too, found the Gatehouse a nuisance. There had been talk of pulling it down, but that would have been waste; and there had been attempts made to let it to "a suitable tenant," but no suitable tenant had been found. Genteel old ladies of blue blood had not found the vicinity of the Burtons a comfort to them as they did that of the Harcourts. And there it stood empty, echoing, void, a place where the homeless might be sheltered. Did Mr. Burton's heart glow with benevolent warmth as he paused, drawing up his greys, and looked at it, with all its windows twinkling in the sun? To one of these windows a woman came forward at the sound of his pause, and, putting her face close to the small pane, looked out at him wondering. He gave her a nod, and sighed; and then flourished his whip, and the greys flew on. In another moment they had turned into the avenue and went dashing up the gentle ascent. It was a pretty avenue, though the trees were not so old as most of the Dura trees. The sunset gleamed through it, slanting down under the lowest branches, scattering the brown mossy undergrowth with lumps of gold. A little pleasant tricky wind shook the branches and dashed little mimic showers of rain in the master's face: for it had been raining in the afternoon, and the air was fresh and full of a hundred nameless odours; but Mr. Burton gave forth another big sigh before he reached the house. He was a little afraid of what his wife would say, and he was afraid of what he had done.

He did not say anything about it, however, till dinner was over. The most propitious moment seemed that gentle hour of dessert,

when the inner man is strengthened and comforted, and there is time to dally over the poetic part of the meal—not that either of the Burtons were poetical. They were alone, not even the children being with them, for Mrs. Burton disapproved of children coming to dessert; but all the same, she was beautifully dressed; he liked it, and so did she. She made very little difference in this particular between her most imposing dinner parties and those evenings which she spent *à tête* with her husband. When her aunts, who had old-fashioned ideas about extravagance, remonstrated with her, she defended herself, saying she could afford it, and he liked to see her well dressed. Mr. Burton hated to have any scrap of capital unemployed; and the only interest you could get from your jewels was the pleasure of wearing them, and seeing them worn, he said. So Mrs. Burton dined with her husband in a costume which a French lady of fashion would have considered appropriate to a ball or royal reception, with naked shoulders and arms, and lace and ornaments. Madame la Duchesse might have thought it much too fine, but Mrs. Burton did not. She was a pale little woman, small and thin, but not without beauty. Her hair was not very abundant, but it was exquisitely smooth and neat. Her uncovered shoulders were white, and her arms round and well-formed; and she had clear blue eyes, so much brighter than anybody expected, that they took the world by surprise: they were cold in their expression, but they were full of intelligence, and a hundred times more vivid and striking than anything else about her, so that everybody observed and admired Mrs. Burton's eyes.

"What has been going on to-day? What have you been doing?" she asked, when the servants went away. The question sounded affectionate, and showed at least that there was confidence between the husband and wife.

"Very much as usual," Mr. Burton said, with colloquial ease; and then he stopped and cleared his throat. "But for my own part I have done something rather foolish," he said, with an almost imperceptible tremor in his voice.

"Indeed?" She gave a quick glance up at him; but she was not excited, and went on calmly eating her strawberries. He was not the kind of man of whose foolish actions a wife is afraid.

"I have been to see the Haldanes to-day," he said, once more clearing his throat; "and I have been to Helen Drummond's, but did

not see her. The one, of course, I did out of regard for your father; the other—I was so distressed by the sight of that poor fellow in his helplessness, that I acted on impulse, Clara. I know it's a foolish thing to do. I said to myself, here are two families cast out of house and home, and there is the Gatehouse—"

"The Gatehouse!"

"Yes, I was afraid you would be startled; but reflect a moment: it is of no use to us. We have got nobody to occupy it. You know, indeed, how alarmed you were when your aunt Louisa took a fancy to it; and I have tried for a tenant in vain. Then, on the other hand, one cannot but be sorry for these poor people. Helen is my cousin; she has no nearer friend than I am. And your father is so much interested in the Haldanes—"

"I don't quite understand," said Mrs. Burton, with undisturbed composure; "my father's interest in the Haldanes has nothing to do with the Gatehouse. Are they to live there?"

"That was what I thought," said her husband, "but not, of course, if you have any serious dislike to it—not if you decidedly object—"

"Why should I decidedly object?" she said. "I should if you were bringing them to live with me; but otherwise— It is not at all suitable—they will not be happy there. It will be a great nuisance to us. As it is, strangers rather admire it—it looks old-fashioned and pleasant; but if they made a squalid place of it, dirty windows, and cooking all over the house—"

"So far as my cousin is concerned, you could have nothing of that kind to fear," said Mr. Burton, ceasing to be apologetic. He put a slight emphasis on the word *my*; perhaps upon this point he would not have been sorry to provoke his wife, but Clara Burton would not gratify her husband by any show of jealousy. She was not jealous, she was thinking solely of appearances, and of the possible decadence of the Gatehouse.

"Besides, Susan must stay," he continued, after a pause; "she must remain in charge; the house must be kept as it ought to be. If that is your only objection, Clara—"

"I have made no objection at all," said Mrs. Burton; and then she broke into a dry little laugh. "What a curious establishment it will be—an old broken-down nurserymaid, a Dissenting minister, and your cousin! Mr. Burton, will she like it? I cannot say that I should feel proud if it were offered to me."

His face flushed a little. He was not anxious himself to spare Helen's feelings. If he had found an opportunity, it would have been agreeable to him to remind her that she had made a mistake; but she was his own relation, and instinct prompted him to protect her from his wife.

"Helen is too poor to allow herself to think whether she likes it or not," he said.

His wife gave a sharp glance at him across the table. What did he mean? Did he intend to be kind, or to insult the desolate woman? Clara asked herself the question as a philosophical question, not because she cared.

"And is your cousin willing to accept it from you, after—that story?" she said.

"What story? You mean about her husband. It is not my story. I have nothing to do with it; and even if I had, surely it is the man who does wrong, not the man who tells it, that should have the blame; besides, she does not know."

"Ah, that is the safest," said Clara. "I think it is a very strange story, Mr. Burton. It may be true, but it is not like the truth."

"I have nothing to do with it," he exclaimed. He spoke hotly, with a swelling of the veins on his temples. "There are points of view in which his death was very providential," he said.

And once more Clara gave him a sharp glance.

"It was the angel who watches over Mr. Golden that provided the boat, no doubt," she answered, with a contraction of her lips; then fell back into the former topic with perfect calm. "I should insist upon the house being kept clean and nice," she said, as she rose to go away.

"Surely—surely; and you may tell your father when you write, that poor Haldane is so far provided for." He got up to open the door for her, and, detaining her for a moment, stooped down and kissed her forehead. "I am so much obliged to you, Clara, for consenting so kindly," he said.

A faint little cold smile came upon her face. She had been his wife for a dozen years; but in her heart she was contemptuous of the kiss which he gave her, as if she had been a child, as a reward for her acquiescence. It is to be supposed that she loved him after her fashion. She had married him of her free will, and had never quarrelled with him once in all their married life. But yet had he known how his kiss was received, the sting would have penetrated even through the tough covering which protected Reginald

Burton's *amour propre*, if not his heart. Mrs. Burton went away into the great drawing-room, where her children, dressed like little princes in a comedy, were waiting for her. The Harcourts, in the old days, had made a much smaller room their family centre; but the Burtons always used the great drawing-room, and lived, as it were, in state from one year's end to another. Here Clara Burton dwelt—a little anonymous spirit, known to none even of her nearest friends. They were all puzzled by her "ways," and by the blank many-sided surface like a prism which she presented to them, refusing to be influenced by any. She did not know any more about herself than the others did. Outside she was all glitter and splendour; nobody dressed so well, nobody had such jewels, or such carriages, or such horses in all the county. She used every day, and in her homeliest moments, things which even princes reserve for their best. Mrs. Burton made it a boast that she had no best things; she was the same always, herself—and not her guests or anything apart from herself—being the centre of life in her house and in all her arrangements. The dinner which the husband and wife had just eaten had been as varied and as dainty, as if twenty people had sat down to it. It was her principle throughout her life. And yet within herself the woman cared for none of these things. Another woman's dress or jewels was nothing to her. She was totally indifferent to the external advantages which everybody else believed her to be absorbed in. Clara was very worldly, her aunts said, holding up their hands aghast at her extravagance and costly habits; but the fact was, that Clara made all her splendours common, not out of love for them, but contempt for them: a thing which nobody suspected. It is only a cynical soul that could feel thus, and Mrs. Burton's cynicism went very deep. She thought meanly of human nature, and did not believe much in goodness; but she seldom disapproved, and never condemned. She would smile and cast about in her mind (unawares) for the motive of any doubtful action, and generally ended by finding out that it was "very natural," a sentence which procured her credit for large toleration and a most amiable disposition, but which sprang really from the cynical character of her mind. It did not seem to her worth while to censure or to sermonise. She did not believe in reformation; and incredulity was in her the twin-brother of despair; but not a tragical despair. She took it all very calmly, not feeling that it was worth while to be

disturbed by it; and went on unconsciously tracking out the mean motives, the poor pretensions, the veiled selfishness of all around her. And she was not aware that she herself was any better, nor did she claim superiority—nay, she would even track her own impulses back to their root, and smile at them, though with a certain bitterness. But all this was so properly cloaked over that nobody suspected it. People gave her credit for wisdom because she generally believed the worst, and was so very often right; and they thought her tolerant because she would take pains to show how it was nature that was in fault, and not the culprit. No one suspected the terrible little cynic, pitiless and hopeless that she was in her heart.

And yet this woman was the mother of children, and had taught them their prayers, and was capable at that or any other moment of giving herself to be torn in pieces for them, as a matter of course, a thing which would not admit a possibility of doubt. She had thought of that in her many thinkings, had attempted to analyse her own love, and to fathom how much it was capable of. "As much as a tiger or a bear would do for her cubs," she had said to herself, with her usual smile. The strangest woman to sit veiled by Reginald Burton's fireside, and take the head of his table, and go to church with him in the richest, daintiest garments which money and skill could get for her! She was herself to some degree behind the scenes of her own nature; but even she could not always discriminate, down among the foundations of her being, which was false and which was true.

She went into the drawing-room, where her little Clara and Ned were waiting. Ned was thirteen, a year older than Norah Drummond. Mr. Burton had determined that he would not be behind the cousin who refused him, nor allow her to suppose that he was pining for her love, so that his marriage had taken place earlier than Helen's. Ned was a big boy, very active, and not given to book-learning; but Clara, who was a year younger, was a meditative creature like her mother. The boy was standing outside the open window, throwing stones at the birds in the distant trees. Little Clara stood within watching him, and making her comments on the sport.

"Suppose you were to kill a poor little bird. Suppose one of the young ones—one of the baby ones—were to try and fly a little bit, and you were to hit it. Suppose the poor papa when he comes home——"



"Oh, that's enough of your supposes," said the big boy. "Suppose I were to eat you? But I don't want to. I don't think you would be nice."

"Ned!" said a voice from behind Clara, which thrilled him through and through, and made the stones fall from his hands as if they had been suddenly paralysed, and were unable to grasp anything. "I know it is natural to boys to be cruel, but I had rather not have it under my own eyes."

"Cruel!" cried Ned, with some discontent. "A parcel of wretched sparrows and things that can't sing a note. They have no business in our trees. They ought to know what they would get."

"Are boys always cruel, mamma?" said little Clara, laying hold upon her mother's dress. She was like a little princess herself, all lace and embroidery and blue ribbons and beautifulness. Mrs. Burton made no answer. She did not even wait to see that her boy took no more shots at the birds. She drew a chair close to the window, and sat down; and as she took her seat she gave vent to a little fretful sigh. She was thinking of Helen, and was annoyed that she had actually no means of judging what were the motives that would move her should she come to Dura. It was difficult for her to understand simple ignorance and unsuspiciousness, or to give them their proper place among the springs of human action. Her worst fault philosophically was that of ignoring these commonest influences of all.

"Mamma, you are thinking of something," said little Clara. "Why do you sigh, and why do you shake your head?"

"I have been trying to put together a puzzle," said her mother, "as you do sometimes; and I can't make it out."

"Ah, a puzzle," said Ned, coming in; "they are not at all fun, mamma. That beastly dissected map Aunt Louisa gave me—by Jove! I should like to take the little pieces and shy them at the birds."

"But, mamma," said Clara, "are you sure it is only that? I never saw you playing with toys."

"I wonder if I ever did?" said Mrs. Burton, with a little gleam of surprise. "Do you remember going to London once, Clara, and seeing your cousin, Norah Drummond? Should you like to have her here?"

"She was littler than me," said Clara, promptly, "though she was older. Papa told me. They lived in a funny little poky house. They had no carriages nor anything. She had never even tried to ride; fancy, mamma!

When I told her I had a pony all to myself, she only stared. How different she would think it if she came here!"

Her mother looked at the child with a curious light in her cold blue eyes. She gave a little harsh laugh.

"If it were not that it is natural, and you cannot help it," she said, "I should like to whip you, my dear!"

#### CHAPTER XV.

NEXT morning the family at Dura paid a visit to the Gatehouse, to see all its capabilities, and arrange the changes which might be necessary. It was a bright morning after the rain, and they walked together down the dewy avenue, where the sunshine played through the network of leaves, and the refreshed earth sent up sweet odours. All was pleasant to sight and sound, and made a lightsome beginning to the working day. Mr. Burton was pleased with himself and everything surrounding him. His children (he was very proud of his children) strolled along with their father and mother, and there was in Ned a precocious imitation of his own walk and way of holding himself which at once amused and flattered the genial papa. He was pleased by his boy's appreciation of his own charms of manner and appearance; and little Clara was like him, outwardly, at least, being of a larger mould than her mother. His influence was physically predominant in the family, and as for profounder influences these were not much visible as yet. Mrs. Burton had a *toilette fraîche* of the costliest simplicity. Two or three dogs attended them on their walk—a handsome pointer and a wonderful hairy Skye, and the tiniest of little Maltese terriers, with a blue ribbon round its neck such as Clara had, of whose colours her dog was a repetition. When she made a rush now and then along the road, herself like a great white and blue butterfly, the dogs ran too, throwing up their noses in the air, till Ned, marching along in his knickerbockers, with his chest set out, and his head held up like his father's, whistled the bigger ones to his masculine side. It was quite a pretty picture this family procession; they were so well off, so perfectly supplied with everything that was pleasant and suitable, so happily above the world and its necessities. There was a look of wealth about them that might almost have seemed insolent to a poor man. The spectator felt sure that if fricasseed bank-notes had been good to eat, they must have had a little dish of that for breakfast. And the crown of all

was that they were going to do a good action—to give shelter and help to the homeless. Many simple persons would have wept over the spectacle, had they known it, out of pure delight in so much goodness—if Mrs. Burton, looking on with those clear cold blue eyes of hers, had not thrown upon the matter something of a clearer light.

The inspection was satisfactory enough, revealing space sufficient to have accommodated twice as many people. And Mr. Burton found it amusing too; for Susan, who was in charge, was very suspicious of their motives, and anxious to secure that she should not be put upon in any arrangement that might be made. There was a large, quaint, old drawing-room, with five glimmering windows—three fronting to the road and two to the garden—not French sashes, cut down to the ground, but old-fashioned English windows with a sill to them, and a solid piece of wall underneath. The chimney had a high wooden mantelpiece with a little square of mirror let in, too high up for any purpose but that of giving a glimmer of reflection. The carpet, which was very much worn, was partially covered by a tightly strained white cloth, as if the room had been prepared for dancing. The furniture was very thin in the legs and angular in its proportions; some of the chairs were ebony, with bands of faded gilding and covers of minute old embroidery, into which whole lives had been worked. The curtains were of old-fashioned, big-patterned chintz—like that we call Cretonne nowadays—with brown linings. Everything was very old and worn, but clean and carefully mended. The looker-on felt it possible that the entrance of a stranger might so break the spell that all might crumble into dust at a touch. But yet there was a quaint, old-fashioned elegance—not old enough to be antique, but yet getting venerable—about the silent old house. Mr. Burton was of opinion that it would be better with new red curtains and some plain, solid mahogany; but, if the things would do, considered that it was unnecessary to incur further expense. When all the necessary arrangements had been settled upon, the family party went on to the railway station. This was a very frequent custom with them. Mr. Burton liked to come home in state—to notify his arrival by means of the high-stepping greys and the commotion they made, to his subjects; but he was quite willing to leave in the morning with graceful humility and that exhibition of family affection which brings even the highest potentates to a level with common men. When he

arrived with his wife and his children and his dogs at the station, it was touching to see the devotion with which the station-master and the porters and everybody about received the great man. The train seemed to have been made on purpose for him—to have come on purpose all the way out of the Midland Counties; the railway people ran all along its length as soon as it arrived to find a vacant carriage for their demigod. "Here you are, sir!" cried a smiling porter. "Here you are, sir!" echoed the station-master, rushing forward to open the door. The other porter, who was compelled by duty to stand at the little gate of exit and take the tickets, looked gloomily upon the active service of his brethren, but identified himself with their devotion by words at least, since nothing else was left him. "What d'ye mean by being late?" he cried to the guard. "A train didn't ought to be late as takes gentlemen to town for business. You're as slow, you are, as if you was the ladies' express."

Mr. Burton laughed as he passed, and gladness stole into the porter's soul. Oh, magical power of wealth! when it laughs, the world grows glad. To go into the grimy world of business, and be rubbed against in the streets by men who did him no homage, must be hard upon such a man, after the royal calm of the morning and all its pleasant circumstances. It was after just such another morning that he went again to St. Mary's Road, and was admitted to see his cousin. She had shut herself up for a fortnight obstinately. She would have done so for a year, in defiance of herself and of nature, had it been possible, that all the world might know that Robert had "the respect" due to him. She would not have deprived him of one day, one fold of crape, one imbecility of grief, of her own will. She would have been ill, if she could, to do him honour. All this was quite independent of that misery of which the world could know nothing, which was deep as the sea in her own heart. That must last let her do what she would. But she would fain have given to her husband the outside too. The fortnight, however, was all that poor Helen could give. Already stern need was coming in, and the creditors, to whom everything she had belonged. When Mr. Burton was admitted, the man had begun to make an inventory of the furniture. The pretty drawing-room was already dismantled, the plants all removed from the conservatory; the canvases were stacked against the wall in poor Robert's studio, and a picture-dealer was there valuing them. They were

of considerable value now—more than they would have been had it still been possible that they should be finished. People who were making collections of modern pictures would buy them readily as the only “Drummonds” now to be had. Mr. Burton went and looked at the pictures, and pointed out one that he would like to buy. His feelings were not very delicate, but yet it struck a certain chill upon him to go into that room. Poor Drummond himself was lying at the bottom of the river—he could not reproach any one, even allowing that it was not all his own fault. And yet—the studio was unpleasant to Mr. Burton. It affected his nerves; and in anticipation of his interview with Helen he wanted all his strength.

But Helen received him very gently, more so than he could have hoped. She had not seen the papers. The world and its interests had gone away from her. She had read nothing but the good books which she felt it was right to read during her seclusion. She was unaware of all that had happened, unsuspecting, did not even care. It had never occurred to her to think of dishonour as possible. All calamity was for her concentrated in the one which had happened, which had left her nothing more to fear. She was seated in a very small room opening on the garden, which had once been appropriated to Norah and her playthings. She was very pale, with the white rim of her cap close round her face, and her hair concealed. Norah was there too, seated close to her mother, giving her what support she could with instinctive faithfulness. Mr. Burton was more overcome by the sight of them than he could have thought it possible to be. They were worse even than the studio. He faltered, he cleared his throat, he took Helen's hand and held it—then let it drop in a confused way. He was overcome, she thought, with natural emotion, with grief and pity. And it made her heart soft even to a man she loved so little. “Thanks,” she murmured, as she sank down upon her chair. That tremor in his voice covered a multitude of sins.

“I have been here before,” he said.

“Yes, so I heard; it was very kind. Don't speak of *that*, please. I am not able to bear it, though it is kind, very kind of you.”

“Everybody is sorry for you, Helen,” he said, “but I don't want to recall your grief to your mind—”

“Recall!” she said, with a kind of miserable smile. “That was not what I meant;

but—Reginald—my heart is too sore to bear talking. I—cannot speak, and—I would rather not cry—not just now.”

She had not called him Reginald before since they were boy and girl together; and that, and the piteous look she gave him, and her tremulous protest that she would rather not cry, gave the man such a twinge through his very soul as he had never felt before. He would have changed places at the moment with one of his own porters to get out of it—to escape from a position which he alone was aware of. Norah was crying without restraint. It was such a scene as a man in the very height of prosperity and comfort would hesitate to plunge into, even if there had not risen before him those ghosts in the newspapers which one day or other, if not now, Helen must find out.

“What I wanted to speak of was your own plans,” he said hastily, “what you think of doing, and—if you will not think me impertinent—what you have to depend upon? I am your nearest relation, Helen, and it is right I should know.”

“If everything has to be given up, I suppose I shall have nothing,” she said faintly. “There was my hundred a year settled upon me. The papers came the other day. Who must I give them to? I have nothing, I suppose.”

“If your hundred a year was settled on you, of course you have that, heaven be praised,” said Mr. Burton, “nobody can touch that. And, Helen, if you like to come back to the old neighbourhood, I have part of a house I could offer you. It is of no use to me. I can't let it; so you might be quite easy in your mind about that. And it is furnished after a sort; and it would be rent free.”

The tears which she had been restraining rushed to her eyes. “How kind you are!” she said. “Oh, I can't say anything; but you are very, very kind.”

“Never mind about that. You used to speak as if you did not like the old neighbourhood—”

“Ah!” she said, “that was when I cared. All neighbourhoods are the same to me now.”

“But you will get to care after a while,” he said. “You will not always be as you are now.”

She shook her head with that faint little gleam of the painfulest smile. To such a suggestion she could make no answer. She did not believe her grief would ever lighten. She did not wish to feel differently. She had

not even that terrible experience which teaches some that the broken heart must heal one way or other—mend of its wound, or at least have its wound skinned over; for she had never been quite stricken down to the ground before.

"Anyhow, you will think of it," Mr. Burton said in a soothing tone. "Norah, you would like to come and live in the country, where there was a nice large garden and plenty of room to run about. You must persuade your mother to come. I won't stay now to worry you, Helen, and besides, my time is precious; but you will let me do this much for you, I hope."

She stood up in her black gown, which was so dismal and heavy, without any reflection of light in its dull blackness, and held out to him a hand which was doubly white by the contrast, and thin with fasting and watching. "You are very kind," she said again. "If I ever was unjust to you, forgive me. I must have a home—for Norah; and I have nowhere—nowhere to go!"

"Then that is settled," he said with eagerness. It was an infinite relief to him. Never in his life had he been so anxious to serve another. Was it because he had loved her once? because he was fond of her still? because she was his relation? His wife at that very moment was pondering on the matter, touching it as it were with a little sharp spear, which was not celestial like Ithuriel's. Being his wife, it would have been natural enough if some little impulse of jealousy had come across her, and moved her towards the theory that her husband did this out of love for his cousin. But Mrs. Burton had not blood enough in her veins, and she had too clear an intelligence in her head to be jealous. She came to such a very different conclusion, that I hesitate to repeat it; and she, too, half scared by the long journey she had taken, and her very imperfect knowledge of the way by which she had travelled, did not venture to put it into words. But the whisper at the bottom of her heart was, "Remorse! Remorse!" Mrs. Burton herself did not know for what, nor how far her husband was guilty towards his cousin.

But it was a relief to all parties when this interview was over. Mr. Burton went away drawing a long breath. And Helen applied herself courageously to the work which was before her. She did not make any hardship to herself about those men who were taking the inventory. It had to be, and what was that—what was the loss of everything in com-

parison— The larger loss deadened her to the smaller ones, which is not always the case. She had her own and Norah's clothes to pack, some books, a few insignificant trifles which she was allowed to retain, and the three unfinished pictures, which indeed, had they not been given to her, she felt she could have stolen. The little blurred sketch from the easel, a trifling subject, meaning little, but bearing in its smeared colours the last handwriting of poor Robert's despair; and that wistful face looking up from the depths, up to the bit of blue sky far above and the one star. Was that the Dives he had thought of, the soul in pain so wistful, so sad, yet scarcely able to despair? It was like his letter, a sacred appeal to her not on this earth only, but beyond—an appeal which would outlast death and the grave. "The door into hell," she did not understand, but she knew it had something to do with her husband's last agony. These mournful relics were all she had to take with her into the changed world.

A woman cannot weep violently when she is at work. Tears may come into her eyes, tears may drop among the garments in which her past is still existing, but her movements to and fro, her occupations stem the full tide and arrest it. Helen was quite calm. While Norah brought the things for her out of the drawers she talked to the child as ordinary people talk whose hearts are not broken. She had fallen into a certain stillness—a hush of feeling. It did her good to be astir. When the boxes were full and fastened she turned to her pictures, enveloping them carefully, protecting the edges with cushions of folded paper. Norah was still very busy in finding the cord for her, and holding the canvases in their place. The child had rummaged out a heap of old newspapers, with which the packing was being done. Suddenly she began to cry as she stood holding one in her hand.

"Oh, mamma!" she said, looking up with big eyes in Helen's face. Crying was not so rare in the house as to surprise her mother. She said—

"Hush, my darling!" and went on. But when she felt the paper thrust into her hand, Helen stopped short in her task and looked, not at it but at Norah. The tears were hanging on the child's cheeks, but she had stopped crying. She pointed to one column in the paper and watched her mother with eyes like those of Dives in the picture. Helen gave a cry when she looked at it,

"Ah!" as if some sharp blow had been given to her. It was the name, nothing but her husband's name, that had pierced her like a sudden dagger. But she read on, without doubting, without thinking. It was the article written two days before on the history of the painter Drummond, "the wretched man," who had furnished a text for a sermon to the *Daily Semaphore*.

Norah had read only a sentence at the beginning which she but partially understood. It was something unkind, something untrue about "poor papa." But she read her

mother now instead, comprehending it by her looks. Helen went over the whole without drawing breath. It brought back the blood to her pale cheeks; it ran like a wild new life into every vein, into every nerve. She turned round in the twinkling of an eye, without a pause for thought, and put on the black bonnet with its overwhelming crape veil which had been brought to her that morning. She had not wanted it before. It was the first time in her life that she had required to look at the world through those folds of crape.



"May I come too, mamma?" said Norah softly. She did not know where they were going; but henceforward where her mother was there was the place for Norah, at home or abroad, sleeping or waking. The child clung to Helen's hand as they opened the familiar door, and went out once again—after a lifetime—into the once familiar, the changed and awful world. A summer evening, early June, the bloom newly off the lilacs, the first roses coming on the trees; the strange daylight dazzled them, the sound of passing voices buzzed and echoed as if they had been the

centre of a crowd. Or rather, this was their effect upon Helen. Norah clinging to her hand, pressed close to her side, watched her, and thought of nothing more.

Dr. Maurice was going to his solitary dinner. He had washed his hands and made himself daintily nice and tidy, as he always was; but he had not changed his morning coat. He was standing with his back against the writing-table in his library, looking up dreamily at poor Drummond's picture, and waiting for the sound of the bell which should summon him into the next



room to his meal. When the door bell sounded instead impatience seized him.

"What fool can be coming now?" he said to himself, and turned round in time to see John's scared face peeping into the room before he introduced those two figures, those two with their dark black dresses, the one treading in the very steps of the other, moving with her movement. He gave a cry of surprise. He had not seen them since the day after Drummond's death. He had gone to inquire, and had left anxious kind messages, but he, too, had conventional ideas in his mind and had thought the widow "would not be able" to see any one. Yet now she had come to him—

"Dr. Maurice," she said, with no other preliminary, coming forward to the table with her newspaper, holding out no hand, giving him no salutation, while Norah moved with her step for step, like a shadow. "Dr. Maurice, what does this mean?"

#### CHAPTER XVI.

I WOULD not like to say what despairing thought Dr. Maurice might have had about his dinner in the first moment when he turned round and saw Helen Drummond's pale face under her crape veil, but there were many thoughts on the subject in his household, and much searchings of heart. John had been aghast at the arrival of visitors, and especially of such visitors at such a moment; but his feelings would not permit him to carry up dinner immediately, or to sound the bell, the note of warning.

"I canna do it, I canna do it—don't ask me," he said, for John was a north-countryman, and when his heart was moved fell back upon his old idiom.

"Maybe the lady would eat a bit herself, poor soul," the cook said in insinuating tones. "I've known folks eat in a strange house, for the strangeness of it like, when they couldn't swallow a morsel in their own."

"Don't ask me!" said John, and he seized a stray teapot and began to polish it in the trouble of his heart. There was silence in the kitchen for ten minutes at least, for the cook was a mild woman till driven to extremities; but to see fish growing into wool and potatoes to lead was more than any one could be expected to bear.

"Do you see that?" she said in despair, carrying the dish up to him, and thrusting it under his eyes. John threw down his teapot and fled. He went and sat on the stairs to be out of reach of her remonstrances. But the spectre of that fish went with him, and

would not leave his sight; the half-hour chimed, the three-quarters—

"I canna stand this no longer!" John said in desperation, and rushing up to the dining-room, sounded the dinner bell.

Its clang disturbed the little party in the next room who were so differently occupied. Helen was seated by the table with a pile of papers before her; her hands trembled as she turned from one to another, but her attention did not swerve. She was following through them every scrap that bore upon that one subject. Dr. Maurice had procured them all for her. He had felt that one time or other she must know all, and that then her information must be complete. He himself was walking about the room with his hands in his pocket, now stopping to point out or explain something, now taking up a book, unsettled and unhappy, as a man generally looks when he has to wait, and has nothing to do. He had sought out a book for Norah, to the attractions of which the poor child had gradually yielded. At first she had stood close by her mother. But the contents of those papers were not for Norah's eye, and Helen herself had sent her away. She had put herself in the window, her natural place; the ruddy evening light streamed in upon her, and found out between the black of her dress and that of her hat, a gleam of brown hair, to which it gave double brightness by the contrast; and gradually she fell into her old attitude, her old absorption. Dr. Maurice walked about the room, and pondered a hundred things. He would have given half he possessed for that fatherless child who sat reading in the light, and forgetting her childish share of sorrow. The mother in her mature beauty was little to him—but the child—a child like that! And she was not his. She was Robert Drummond's, who lay drowned at the bottom of the river, and whose very name was drowned too in those bitter waters of calumny and shame. Strange providence that metes so unequally to one and to another. The man did not think that he too might have had a wife and children had he so chosen; but his heart hankered for this that was his neighbour's, and which no magic, not even any subtle spell of love or protecting tenderness could ever make his own.

And Helen, almost unconscious of the presence of either, read through those papers which had been preserved for her. She read Golden's letter, and the comment upon it. She read the letter which Dr. Maurice had written, contradicting those cruel assertions.

She read the further comments upon that. How natural it was; how praiseworthy was the vehemence of friends in defence of the dead—and how entirely without proof! The newspaper pointed out with a cold distinctness, which looked like hatred to Helen, that the fact of the disappearance of the books told fatally against "the unhappy man." Why did he destroy those evidences which would no doubt have cleared him had he acted fairly and honestly? Day by day she traced the course of this controversy which had been going on while she had shut herself up in the darkness. It gleamed across her as she turned from one to another that this was why her energy had been preserved and her strength sustained. She had not broken down like other women, for this cause. God had kept her up for this. The discussion had gone on down to that very morning, when a little editorial note, appended to a short letter—one of the many which had come from all sorts of people in defence of the painter—had announced that such a controversy could no longer be carried on "in these pages." "No doubt the friends of Mr. Drummond will take further steps to prove the innocence of which they are so fully convinced," it said, "and it must be evident to all parties that the columns of a newspaper is not the place for a prolonged discussion on a personal subject." Helen scarcely spoke while she read all these. She did not hear the dinner-bell. The noise of the door when Dr. Maurice rushed to it with threatening word and look, to John's confusion, scarcely moved her. "Be quiet, dear," she said unconsciously, when the doctor's voice in the hall, where he had fallen upon his servant, came faintly into her abstraction. "You rascal! how dare you take such a liberty when you knew who was with me?" was what Dr. Maurice was saying, with rage in his voice. But to Helen it seemed as if little Norah, forgetting the cloud of misery about her, had begun to talk more lightly than she ought. "Oh, my child, be quiet," she repeated; "be quiet!" All her soul was absorbed in this. She had no room for any other thought.

Dr. Maurice came back with a flush of anger on his face. "These people would think it necessary to consider their miserable dishes if the last judgment were coming on," he said. He was a kind man, and very sorry for his friend's widow. He would have given up much to help her; but perhaps he too was hungry, and the thought of the spoilt dishes increased his vehemence. She looked

at him, putting back her veil with a blank look of absolute incomprehension. She had heard nothing, knew nothing. Comfort, and dinners, and servants, and all the paraphernalia of ordinary life, were a hundred miles away from her thoughts.

"I have read them all," she said in a tone so low that he had to stoop to hear her. "Oh, that I should have lost so much time in selfish grieving! I thought nothing more could happen after. Dr. Maurice, do you know what I ought to do?"

"You!" he said. There was something piteous in her look of appeal. The pale face and the gleaming eyes, the helplessness and the energy, all struck him at a glance—a combination which he did not understand.

"Yes—me! You will say what can I do? I cannot tell the world what he was, as you have done. Thanks for that," she said, holding out her hand to him. "The wife cannot speak for her husband, and I cannot write to the papers. I am quite ignorant. Dr. Maurice, tell me if you know. What can I do?"

Her gleam of wild indignation was gone. It had sunk before the controversy, the discussion which the newspapers would no longer continue. If poor Robert had met with no defenders, she would have felt herself inspired. But his friends had spoken, friends who could speak. And deep depression fell over her. "Oh!" she said, clasping her hands, "must we bear it? Is there nothing—nothing I can do?"

Again and again had he asked himself the same question. "Mrs. Drummond," he said, "you can do nothing; try and make up your mind to it. I hoped you might never know. A lady can do nothing in a matter of business. You feel yourself that you cannot write or speak. And what good would it do even if you could? I say that a more honourable man never existed. You could say, I know, a great deal more than that; but what does it matter without proof? If we could find out about those books——"

"He did not know anything about books," said Helen; "he could not even keep his own accounts—at least it was a trouble to him. Oh, you know that; how often have we—laughed—Oh, my God, my God!"

Laughed! The words brought the tears even to Dr. Maurice's eyes. He put his hand on her arm and patted it softly, as if she had been a child. "Poor soul! poor soul!" he said: the tears had got into his voice too, and all his own thoughts went out of his mind in the warmth of his sympathy.

He was a cautious man, not disposed to commit himself; but the touch of such emotion overpowered all his defences. "Look here, Mrs. Drummond," he said; "I don't know what we may be able to do, but I promise you something shall be done—I give you my word. The shareholders are making a movement already, but so many of them are ruined, so many hesitate, as people say, to throw good money after the bad. I don't know why I should hesitate, I am sure. I have neither chick nor child." He glanced at Norah as he spoke—at Norah lost in her book, with the light in her hair, and her outline clear against the window. But Helen did not notice, did not think what he could mean, being absorbed in her own thoughts. She watched him, notwithstanding, with dilating eyes. She saw all that at that moment she was capable of seeing in his face—the rising resolution that came with it, the flash of purpose. "It ought to be done," he said, "even for justice. I will do it—for that—and for Robert's sake."

She held out both her hands to him in the enthusiasm of her ignorance. "Oh, God bless you! God reward you!" she said. It seemed to her as if she had accomplished all she had come for, and had cleared her husband's name. At least his friend had pledged himself to do it, and it seemed to Helen so easy. He had only to refute the lies which had been told; to prove how true, how honest, how tender, how good, incapable of hurting a fly; even how simple and ignorant of business, more ignorant almost than she was, he had been; a man who never had kept any books, not even his own accounts; who had a profession of his own, quite different, at which he worked; who had not been five times in the City in his life before he became connected with Rivers's. After she had bestowed that blessing, it seemed to her almost as if she were making too much of it, as if she had but to go herself and tell it all, and prove his whitest innocence. To go herself—but she did not know where.

Dr. Maurice came down with a little tremulousness of excitement about him from the pinnacle of that resolution. He knew better what it was. Her simple notion of "going and telling" resolved itself, in his mind, to an action before the law-courts, to briefs, and witnesses, and expenditure. But he was a man without chick or child; he was not ruined by Rivers's. The sum he had lost had been enough to give him an interest in the question, not enough to injure his powers of operation. And it was a question

of justice, a matter which some man ought to take up. Nevertheless it was a great resolution to take. It would revolutionise his quiet life, and waste the substance which he applied, he knew, to many good uses. He felt a little shaken when he came down. And then—his dinner, the poor friendly unfortunate man!

"Let Norah come and eat something with me," he said, "the child must be tired. Come too and you shall have a chair to rest in, and we will not trouble you; and then I will see you home."

"Ah!" Helen gave an unconscious cry at the word. But already, even in this one hour, she had learned the first hard lesson of grief, which is that it must not fatigue others with its eternal presence—that they who suffer most must be content often to suffer silently, and put on such smiles as are possible—the ghost must not appear at life's commonest board any more than at the banquet. It seemed like a dream when five minutes later she found herself seated in an easy-chair in Dr. Maurice's dining-room, painfully swallowing some wine, while Norah sat at the table by him and shared his dinner. It was like a dream; twilight had begun to fall by this time, and the lamp was lighted on the table—a lamp which left whole acres of darkness all round in the long dim room. Helen sat and looked at the bright table and Norah's face, which turning to her companion began to grow bright too, unawares. A fortnight is a long age of trouble to a child. Norah's tears were still ready to come, but the bitterness was out of them. She was sad for sympathy now. And this change, the gleam of light, the smile of her old friend—his fond, half-mocking talk, felt like happiness come back. Her mother looked on from the shady corner where she was sitting, and understood it all. Robert's friend loved him; but was glad now to pass to other matters, to common life. And Robert's child loved him; but she was a child, and she was ready to reply to the first touch of that same dear life. Helen was growing wiser in her trouble. A little while ago she would have denounced this changeableness, and struggled against it. But now she understood and accepted what was out of her power to change.

And then in the pauses of his talk with Norah, which was sweet to him, Dr. Maurice heard all their story—how the house was already in the creditors' hands, how they had prepared all their scanty possessions to go away, and how Mr. Burton had been very kind. Helen had not associated him in any

way with the assault on her husband's memory. She spoke of him with a half gratitude which filled the doctor with suppressed fury. He had been very kind—he had offered her a house.

"I thought you disliked Dura," he said with an impatience which he could not restrain.

"And so I did," she answered drearily, "as long as I could. It does not matter now."

"Then you will still go?"

"Still? Oh, yes; where should we go else? The whole world is the same to us now," said Helen. "And Norah will be happier in the country; it is good air."

"Good air!" said Dr. Maurice. "Good heavens, what can you be thinking of? And the child will grow up without any one to teach her, without a—friend. What is to be done for her education? What is to be done—Mrs. Drummond, I beg your pardon. I hope you will forgive me. I have got into a way of interfering and making myself ridiculous, but I did not mean——"

"Nay," said Helen gently, half because she felt so weary, half because there was a certain comfort in thinking that any one cared, "I am not angry. I knew you would think of what is best for Norah. But, Dr. Maurice, we shall be very poor."

He did not make any reply; he was half ashamed of his vehemence, and yet withal he was unhappy at this new change. Was it not enough that he had lost Drummond, his oldest friend, but he must lose the child too, whom he had watched ever since she was born? He cast a glance round upon the great room, which might have held a dozen people, and in his mind surveyed the echoing chambers above, of which but one was occupied. And then he glanced at Norah's face, still bright, but slightly clouded over, beside him, and thought of the pretty picture she had made in the library seated against the window. Burton, who was their enemy, who had been the chief agent in bringing them to poverty, could give them a home to shelter their houseless heads. And why could not he, who had neither chick nor child, who had a house so much too big for him, why could not he take them in? Just to have the child in the house, to see her now and then, to hear her voice on the stairs, or watch her running from room to room, would be all he should want. They could live there and harm nobody, and save their little pitance. This thought ran through his mind, and then he stopped and confounded Burton.

But Burton had nothing to do with it. He had better have confounded the world, which would not permit him to offer shelter to his friend's widow. He gave a furtive glance at Helen in the shadow. He did not want Helen in his house. His friend's wife had never attracted him; and though he would have been the kindest of guardians to his friend's widow, still there was nothing in her that touched his heart. But he could not open his doors to her and say, "Come." He knew if he did so how the men would grin and the women whisper; how impertinent prophecies would flit about, or slanders much worse than impertinent. No, he could not do it; he could not have Norah by, to help on her education, to have a hand in her training, to make her a child of his own. He had no child. It was his lot to live alone and have no soft hand ever in his. All this was very ridiculous, for, as I have said before, Dr. Maurice was very well off; he was not old nor bad-looking, and he might have married like other men. But then he did not want to marry. He wanted little Norah Drummond to be his child, and he wanted nothing more.

Helen leaned back in her chair without any thought of what was passing through his heart. That her child should have inspired a *grande passion* at twelve had never entered her mind, and she took his words in their simplicity and pondered over them. "I can teach her myself," she said with a tremor in her voice. This man was not her friend, she knew. He had no partial good opinion of her, such as one likes one's friends to have, but judged her on her merits, which few people are vain enough to put much trust in; and she thought that very likely he would not think her worthy of such a charge. "I have taught her most of what she knows," she added with a little more confidence. "And then the great thing is, we shall be very poor."

"Forgive me!" he said; "don't say any more. I was unpardonably rash—impertinent—don't think of what I said."

And then he ordered his carriage for them and sent them home. I do not know whether perhaps it did not occur to Helen as she drove back through the summer dusk to her dismantled house what a difference there was between their destitution and poverty and all the warm glow of comfort and ease which surrounded this lonely man. But there can be no doubt that Norah thought of it, who had taken in everything with her brown eyes, though she said little. While they were driving along in the luxurious smoothly-rolling brougham, the child crept close to her



mother, clasping Helen's arm with both her hands. "Oh, mamma," she said, "how strange it is that we should have lost everything and Dr. Maurice nothing, that he should have that great house and this nice carriage, and us be driven away from St. Mary's Road! What can God be thinking of, mamma?"

"Oh, Norah, my dear child, we have each other, and he has nobody," said Helen; and in her heart there was a frenzy of triumph over this man who was so much better off than she was. The poor so often have that consolation; and sometimes it is not much of a consolation after all. But Helen felt it to the bottom of her heart as she drew her child to her, and felt the warm, soft clasp of hands, the round cheek against her own. Two desolate, lonely creatures in their black dresses—but two, and together; whereas Dr. Maurice, in his wealth, in his strength, in what the world would have called his happiness, was but one.

#### CHAPTER XVII.

THE pretty house in St. Mary's Road—what a change had come upon it! There was a great painted board in front describing the desirable residence, with studio attached, which was to be let. The carpets were half taken up and laid in rolls along the floor, the chairs piled together, the costly, pretty furniture, so carefully chosen, the things which belonged to the painter's early life, and those which were the product of poor Drummond's wealth, all removed and jumbled together, and ticketed "Lot 16," "Lot 20." "Lot 20" was the chair which had been Helen's chair for years—the one poor Robert had kissed. If she had known that, she would have spent her last shilling to buy it back out of the rude hands that turned it over. But even Helen only knew half of the tragedy which had suddenly enveloped her life. They threaded their way up-stairs to their bedroom through all those ghosts. It was still early; but what could they do down-stairs in the house which no longer retained a single feature of home? Helen put her child to bed, and then sat down by her, shading the poor little candle. It was scarcely quite dark even now. It is never dark in June. Through the open window there came the sound of voices, people walking about the streets after their work was over. There are so many who have only the streets to walk in, so many to whom St. Mary's Road, with its lilacs and laburnums and pretty houses, was pleasant and fresh as if it had been in the depths of the country. Helen saw them

from the window, coming and going, so often two, arm in arm, two who loitered and looked up at the lighted house, and spoke softly to each other, making their cheerful comments. The voices sounded mellow, the distant rattle of carriages was softened by the night, and a soft wind blew through the lilacs, and some stars looked wistfully out of the pale sky. Why are they so sad in summer those lustrous stars? Helen looked out at them, and big tears fell softly out of her eyes. Oh, face of Dives looking up! Oh, true and kind and just and gentle soul! Must she not even think of him as in heaven, as hidden in God with the dead who depart in faith and peace, but gone elsewhere, banished for ever? The thought crossed her like an awful shadow, but did not stay. There are some depths of misery to which healthy nature refuses to descend, and this was one. Had she felt as many good people feel on this subject, and as she herself believed theoretically that she felt, I know what Helen would have done. She would have gone down to that river and joined him in his own way, wherever he was, choosing it so. No doubt, she would have been wrong. But she did not descend into that abyss. She kept by her faith in God instinctively, not by any doctrine. Did not God know? But even the edge of it, the shadow of the thought was enough to chill her from head to foot. She stole in from the window, and sat down at the foot of the bed where Norah lay, and tried to think. She had thought there could be no future change, no difference one way or other; but since this very morning what changes there were!—her last confidence shattered, her last comfort thrust from her. Robert's good name! She sat quite silent for hours thinking it over while Norah slept. Sometimes for a moment it went nigh to make her mad. Of all frantic things in the world, there is nothing like that sense of impotence—to feel the wrong and to be unable to move against it. It woke a feverish irritation in her, a *sound* resentment, a rage which she could not overcome, nor satisfy by any exertion. What could she do, a feeble woman, against the men who had cast this stigma on her husband? She did not even know who they were, except Golden. It was he who was the origin of it all, and whose profit it was to prove himself innocent by the fable of Robert's guilt. Robert's guilt! It was the most horrible farce, a farce which was a tragedy, which every one who knew him must laugh at wildly among their tears. But then the



world did not know him; and the world likes to think the worst, to believe in guilt as the one thing always possible. That there were people who knew better had been proved to her—people who had ventured to call out indignantly, and say, "This is not true," without waiting to be asked. Oh, God bless them! God bless them! But they were not the world.

When the night was deeper, when the walkers outside had gone, when all was quiet, except now and then the hurried step of a late passer-by, Helen went to the window once more, and looked out upon that world. What a little bit of a world it is that a woman can see from her window!—a few silent roofs and closed windows, one or two figures going and coming, not a soul whom she knew or could influence; but all those unknown people, when they heard her husband's name, if it were years and years hence, would remember the slander that had stained it, and would never know his innocence, his incapacity even for such guilt. This is what gives force to a lie, this is what gives bitterness, beyond telling, to the hearts of those who are impatient, whose contradiction counts for nothing, who have no proof, but only certainty. What a night it was!—like Paradise even in London. The angels might have been straying through those blue depths of air, through the celestial warmth and coolness, without any derogation from their high estate. It was not moonlight, nor starlight, nor dawn, but some heavenly combination of all three which breathed over the blue arch above, so serene, so deep, so unfathomable; and down below the peopled earth lay like a child, defenceless and trustful in the arms of its Maker. "Dear God, the very city seems asleep!" But here was one pair of eyes that no sleep visited, which dared not look up to heaven too closely lest her dead should not be there; which dared not take any comfort in the pity of earth, knowing that it condemned while it pitied. God help the solitary, the helpless, the wronged, those who can see no compensation for their sufferings, no possible alchemy that can bring good out of them! Helen crept to bed at last, and slept. It was the only thing in which there remained any consolation; to be unconscious, to shut out life and light and all that accompanies them; to be for an hour, for a moment, as good as dead. There are many people always, to whom this is the best blessing remaining in the world.

The morning brought a letter from Mr.

Burton, announcing that the house at Dura was ready to receive his cousin. Helen would have been thankful to go but for the discovery she had made on the previous day. After that it seemed to her that to be on the spot, to be where she could maintain poor Robert's cause, or hear of others maintaining it, was all she wanted now in the world. But this was a mere fancy, such as the poor cannot indulge in. She arranged everything to go to her new home on the next day. It was time at least that she should leave this place in which her own room was with difficulty preserved to her for another night. All the morning the mother and daughter shut themselves up there, hearing the sounds of the commotion below—the furniture rolled about here and there, the heavy feet moving about the uncarpeted stairs and rooms that already sounded hollow and vacant. Bills of the sale were in all the windows; the very studio, the place which now would have been sacred if they had been rich enough to indulge in fancies. But why linger upon such a scene? The homeliest imagination can form some idea of circumstances which in themselves are common enough.

In the afternoon the two went out—to escape from the house more than anything else. "We will go and see the Haldanes," Helen said to her child; and Norah wondered, but acquiesced gladly. Mrs. Drummond had never taken kindly to the fact that her husband's chief friend lived in Victoria Villas, and was a Dissenting minister with a mother and sister who could not be called gentlewomen. But all that belonged to the day of her prosperity, and now her heart yearned for some one who loved Robert—some one who would believe in him—to whom no vindication, even in thought, would be necessary. And the Haldanes had been ruined by Rivers's. This was another bond of union. She had called but once upon them before, and then under protest; but now she went nimbly, almost eagerly, down the road, past the line of white houses with their railings. There had been much thought and many discussions over Mr. Burton's proposal within those walls. They had heard of it nearly a fortnight since, but they had not yet made any formal decision; that is to say, Mrs. Haldane was eager to go; Miss Jane had made a great many calculations, and decided that the offer ought to be accepted as a matter of duty; but Stephen's extreme reluctance still kept them from settling. Something, however, had occurred that morning which had added a sting

to Stephen's discouragement, and taken away the little strength with which he had faintly maintained his own way. In the warmth and fervour of his heart, he had used his little magazine to vindicate his friend. A number of it had been just going to the press when the papers had published Drummond's condemnation, and Haldane, who knew him so well—all his weakness and his strength—had dashed into the field and proclaimed, in the only way that was possible to him, the innocence and excellence of his friend. All his heart had been in it; he had made such a sketch of the painter, of his genius (poor Stephen thought he had genius), of his simplicity and goodness and unimpeachable honour, as would have filled the whole denomination with delight, had the subject of the sketch been one of its potentates or even a member of Mr. Haldane's chapel. But Robert was not even a Dissenter at all, he had nothing to do with the denomination; and, to tell the truth, his *éloge* was out of place. Perhaps Stephen himself felt it was so after he had obeyed the first impulse which prompted it. But at least he was not left long in doubt. A letter had reached him from the magazine committee that morning. They had told him that they could not permit their organ to be made the vehicle of private feeling; they had suggested an apology in the next number; and they had threatened to take it altogether out of his hands. Remonstrances had already reached them, they said, from every quarter as to the too secular character of the contents; and they ventured to remind Mr. Haldane that this was not a mere literary journal, but the organ of the body, and intended to promote its highest, its spiritual interests. Poor Stephen! he was grieved, and he writhed under the pinch of this interference. And then the magazine not only brought him in the half of his income, but was the work of his life—he had hoped to “do some good” that way. He had aimed at improving it, cutting short the gossip and scraps of local news, and putting in something of a higher character. In this way he had been able to persuade himself through all his helplessness, that he still possessed some power of influence over the world. He had been so completely subdued by the attack, that he had given in about Mr. Burton's house, and that very day the proposal had been accepted; but he had not yet got the assault itself out of his head. All the morning he had been sitting with the manuscripts and proofs before him which

were to make up his new number, commenting upon them in the bitterness of his heart.

“I suppose I must put this in now, whether I like it or not,” he said. “I never suspected before how many pangs ruin brings with it, mother; not one, but a legion. They never dreamt of interfering with me before. Now look at this rabid, wretched thing. I would put it in the fire if I dared, and free the world of so much ill-tempered folly; but Bateman wrote it, and I dare not. Fancy, I *dare* not! If I had been independent, I should have made a stand. And my magazine—all the little comfort I had—”

“Oh Stephen, my dear! but what does it matter what you put in if they like it? You are always writing, writing, wearing yourself out. Why shouldn't they have some of the trouble? You oughtn't to mind—”

“But I do mind,” he said, with a feeble smile. “It is all I have to do, mother. It is to me what I am to you; you would not like to see me neglected, fed upon husks, like the prodigal.”

“Oh, Stephen dear, how can you talk so?—you neglected!” said his mother with tears in her eyes.

“Well, that is what I feel, mother. I shall have to feed my child with husks—tea-meetings and reports of this and that chapel, and how much they give. They were afraid of me once; they dared not grumble when I rejected and cut out; but—it is I who dare not now.”

Mrs. Haldane wisely made no reply. In her heart she had liked the magazine better when it was all about the tea-meetings and the progress of the good cause. She liked the bits of sectarian gossip, and to know how much the different chapels subscribed, which congregation had given its minister a silver teapot, and which had given him his dismissal. All this was more interesting to her than all Stephen's new-fangled discussions of public matters, his eagerness about education and thought, and a great many other things that did not concern his mother. But she held this opinion within herself, and was as indignant with the magazine committee as heart could desire. The two fell silent for some time, he going on with his literature, and she with her sewing, till the only servant they had left, a maiden, called *par excellence* “the girl,” came in with a tray laden with knives and forks to lay the cloth for dinner. The girl's eyes were red, and a dirty streak across one cheek showed where her tears had been wiped away with her apron.

"What is the matter?" said Mrs. Haldane.

"Oh, please it's Miss Jane," cried the handmaid. "She didn't ought to speak so; oh, she didn't ought to. My mother's a seat-holder in our chapel, and I'm a member. I'm not a-going to bear it! We ain't folks to be pushed about."

"Lay the cloth, and do it quietly," said the old lady. And with a silent exasperation, such as only a woman can feel, she watched the unhandy creature. "Thank heaven, we shall want no girl in the country," she said to herself. But when her eye fell on Stephen, he was actually smiling—smiling at the plea for exception, with that mingled sadness and bitterness which it pained his mother to see. The girl went on sniffing and sobbing all the same. She had already driven her other mistress almost frantic in the kitchen. Miss Jane had left a little stew, a savoury dish such as Stephen's fanciful appetite required to tempt it, by the fire, slowly coming to perfection. "The girl" had removed it to the fender, where it was standing, growing cold, just at the critical moment when all its juices should have been blending under the gentle, genial influence of the fire. Common cooks cannot stew. They can boil, or they can burn; but they never catch the delicious medium between. Only such persons as cook for love, or such as possess genius, can hit this more than golden mean. Miss Jane combined both characters. She did it *con amore* and *per amore*; and when she found her fragrant dish set aside for the sake of "the girl's" kettle, her feelings can be but faintly imagined by the uninitiated. "I wish I could beat you," she said, with natural exasperation. And this to "a joined member," a seat-holder's daughter! Stephen laughed when the tale was repeated to him, with a laugh which was full of bitterness. He tried to swallow his portion of the stew, but it went against him. "It is the same everywhere," he said; "the same subjection of the wise to the foolish, postponing of the best to the worst. Rubbish to please the joined members—silence and uselessness to us."

"Oh, Stephen!" said Mrs. Haldane, "you know I am not always of your way of thinking. After all there is something in it; for when a girl is a church member, she can't be quite without thought; and when she neglects her work, it is possible, you know, that she might be occupied with better things. I don't mean to say that it is an excuse."

"I should think not, indeed," said Miss Jane. "I'd rather have some one that knew her work, and did it, than a dozen church members. A heathen to-day would have been as much use to me."

"That may be very true," said her mother; "but I think, considering Stephen's position, that such a thing should not be said by you or me. In my days a person stood up for chapel, through thick and thin, especially when he had a relation who was a minister. You think you are wiser, you young ones, and want to set up for being liberal, and think church as good as chapel, and the world, so far as I can make out, as good as either. But that way of thinking would never answer me."

"Well, thank heaven," said Miss Jane in a tone of relief, "in the country we shall not want any 'girl.'"

"That is what I have been thinking," said Mrs. Haldane with alacrity; and in the painful moment which intervened while the table was being cleared and the room put in order, she painted to herself a fancy picture of "the country." She was a Londoner born, and had but an imperfect idea what the word meant. It was to her a vague vision of greenness, parks and trees and great banks of flowers. The village street was a thing she had no conception of. A pleasant dream of some pleasant room opening on a garden, and level with it, crossed her mind. It was a cottage of romance, one of those cottages which make their appearance in the stories which she half disapproved of, yet felt a guilty pleasure in reading. There had been one, an innocent short one, with the gentlest of good meanings, in the last number of Stephen's magazine, with just such a cottage in it, where a sick heroine recovered. She thought she could see the room, and the invalid chair outside the door, in which he could be wheeled into the garden to the seat under the apple-tree. Her heart overflowed with that pleasant thought. And Stephen might get well! Such a joy was at the end of every vista to Mrs. Haldane. She sat and dreamed over this with a smile on her face while the room was being cleared; and her vision was only stayed by the unusual sound of Helen's knock at the door.

"It will be some one to see the house," said Miss Jane, and she went away hurriedly, with loud-whispered instructions to the girl, into "the front drawing-room," to be ready to receive any applicant; so that Miss Jane was not in the room when Helen with her heart beating, and Norah clinging close to

her as her shadow, was shown abruptly into the invalid's room. "The girl" thrust her in without a word of introduction or explanation. Norah was familiar in the place, though her mother was a stranger. Mrs. Haldane rose hastily to meet them, and an agitated speech was on Helen's lips that she had come to say good-bye, that she was going away, that they might never meet again in this world,—when her eye caught the helpless figure seated by the window, turning a half-surprised, half-sympathetic look upon her. She had never seen poor Stephen since his illness, and she was not prepared for this complete and lamentable overthrow. It drove her own thoughts, even her own sorrows, out of her mind for the moment. She gave a cry of mingled wonder and horror. She had heard all about it, but seeing is so very different from hearing.

"Oh, Mr. Haldane!" she said, going up to him, forgetting herself—with such pity in her voice as he had not heard for years. It drove out of his mind, too, the more recent and still more awful occasion he had to pity her. He looked at her with sudden gratitude in his eyes.

"Yes, it is a change, is it not?" he said with a faint smile. He had been an Alpclimber, a mighty walker, when she saw him last.

Some moments passed before she recovered the shock. She sat down by him trembling, and then she burst into sudden tears—not that she was a woman who cried much in her sorrow, but that her nerves were affected beyond her power of control.

"Mr. Haldane, forgive me," she faltered. "I have never seen you since—and so much has happened—oh, so much!"

"Ah, yes," he said. "I could cry too—not for myself, for that is an old story. I would have gone to you, had I been able—you know that; and it is very, very kind of you to come to me."

"It is to say good-bye. We are going away to the country, Norah and I," said Helen; "there is no longer any place for us here. But I wanted to see you, to tell you—you seem—to belong—so much—to the old time."

Ah, that old time! the time which softens all hearts. It had not been perfect while it existed, but now how fair it was! Perhaps Stephen Haldane remembered it better than she did; perhaps it might even cross his mind that in that old time she had not cared much to see him, had not welcomed him to her house with any pleasure. But he was too

generous to allow himself even to think such a thought, in her moment of downfall. The depths were more bitter to her even than to him. He would not let the least shadow even in his mind fret her in her great trouble. He put out his hand, and grasped hers with a sympathy which was more telling than words.

"And I hope your mother will forgive me too," she said with some timidity. "I thought I had more command of myself. We could not go without coming to say good-bye."

"It is very kind—it is more than I had any right to expect," said Mrs. Haldane. "And we are going to the country too. We are going to Dura, to a house Mr. Burton has kindly offered to us. Oh, Mrs. Drummond, now I think of it, probably we owe it to you."

"No," said Helen, startled and mystified; and then she added slowly, "I am going to Dura too."

"Oh, how very lucky that is! Oh, how glad I am!" said the old lady. "Stephen, do you hear? Of course, Mr. Burton is your cousin; it is natural you should be near him. Stephen, this is good news for you. You will have Miss Norah, whom you were always so fond of, to come about you as she used to do—that is, if her mamma will allow her. Oh, my dear, I am so glad! I must go and tell Jane. Jane, here is something that will make you quite happy. Mrs. Drummond is coming too."

She went to the door to summon her daughter, and Helen was left alone with the sick man. She had not loved him in the old time, but yet he looked a part of Robert now, and her heart melted towards him. She was glad to have him to herself, as glad as if he had been a brother. She put her hand on the arm of his chair, laying a kind of doubtful claim to him. "You have seen what they say?" she asked, looking in his face.

"Yes, all; with fury," he said, "with indignation! Oh my God, that I should be chained here, and good for nothing! They might as well have said it of that child."

"Oh, is it not cruel, cruel!" she said.

These half-dozen words were all that passed between them, and yet they comforted her more than all Dr. Maurice had said. He had been indignant too, it is true; but not with this fiery, visionary wrath—the rage of the helpless, who can do nothing.

When Miss Jane came in with her mother, they did the most of the talking, and Helen





shrunk into herself; but when she had risen to go away, Stephen thrust a little packet into her hand. "Read it when you go home," he said. It was his little dissenting magazine, the insignificant brochure which she would have scorned so in the old days.

With what tears, with what swelling of her heart, with what an agony of pride and love and sorrow she read it that night!

And so the old house was closed, and the old life ended. Henceforward, everything that awaited her was cold and sad and new.

(To be continued.)

### THE CITY OF WARWICK.

THE city of Warwick, independently of its so universally celebrated historical and legendary associations, which must ever render it an object of interest to the world at large, has a peculiar attraction to the American reader as the subject of perhaps the most finished and pleasing of Hawthorne's studies of English life. With the exception of the sister city of Chester, Warwick is by far the best preserved and the most picturesque of

any of those mediæval cities yet to be found here and there in England—in fact, it reminds the wanderer more of one of those quaint old towns hidden away in the remoter parts of Bavaria and Suabia, where tourists are still few and far between, and sumptuous hotels and stately railroad stations are as yet unknown. Fortunately for the sake of its appearance, Warwick has escaped that tasteless rage for classic modernization regardless





ST. JAMES'S HOSPITAL, HIGH STREET.

of all canons of art, so prevalent in England during the last century, which ruined and defaced with so-called improvements many of its ancient structures.

According to tradition, Warwick was founded by Cymbeline, that legendary King of Britain whom the genius of Shakespeare has immortalized. It does not appear to have been exempt from those calamities which overtook all British cities after the final departure of the forces of Imperial Rome. Ancient histories record many sieges and captures of the city by Picts, Saxons, and Danes, as those savage races followed one another in inflicting on the unhappy country all the horrors of fire and sword. These accounts are, however, based solely on traditional evidence, and the first authenticated mention of Warwick occurs about A. D. 915, when a sister of Alfred the Great, who had brought the city as a dowry to her husband, built Warwick Castle. From this period till the Conquest Warwick was held by a race of Saxon earls, who first gained that warlike renown which appeared a peculiar attribute of this title, the greatest of the line falling on the fatal field of Barnet.

William of Normandy, upon his arrival in England, found Warwick Castle in the possession of a great Saxon lord of the name of Turchill, who was probably connected by close ties of blood with many of the prominent Norman barons: otherwise it is difficult to account for the fact that the conquerors permitted so important and honorable a post to remain in the hands of

one of the oppressed and distrusted Saxons. On Turchill's death the earldom of Warwick and guardianship of the castle were granted by the Conqueror to Roger de Belomont, from whom, through a variety of female descendants, it passed into the hands of the Beauchamps, which family retained it for about one hundred and fifty years. The daughter and heiress of Richard, last earl of that race, married Richard Neville, son of the Earl of Salisbury, and conveyed to him the rights and titles inherited from her father. This Richard Neville was the celebrated "King-maker," whose brilliant exploits and tragic fate are too well known to need recapitulation.

He was one of the most renowned warriors of his day, more, perhaps, through the favors of fortune than on account of any consummate generalship; but his political career was marked by very grave defects, which eventually caused his ruin. He had no grasp of mind, and was jealous to the last degree of the favor of whichever monarch he served, so that he alienated the affections of many devoted and valuable adherents. At his death the earldom fell to the descendant of the unfortunate George, Duke of Clarence; but as he had been attainted by Henry VII. it was vested in the Crown, with which it remained until the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who granted it to Ambrose Dudley, brother of the celebrated Robert, Earl of Leicester. After him the earldom passed through several families, and finally was obtained by the Grevilles, who had for many years held possession of the castle, and who bear the title at present.

The city whence these various houses took their name is the capital and county town of Warwickshire, one of the most fertile counties in England. It is very pleasantly situated on the north bank of the river Avon upon a rocky eminence, which in the Middle Ages greatly enhanced its importance as a military post. The surrounding country is dry and fertile. On the south side of the town rich meadows stretch out as far as the eye can reach, whilst the view to the north is bounded by tall groves and variegated woodlands. The city presents a

curious and ancient appearance, very attractive to the antiquarian or the lover of the picturesque, although the friend of progress would probably be able to point out many defects and chances for improvement. It is one of the oldest corporations in England, and sent two burgesses to Parliament as early as the seventh year of King Edward the First. Its charter was renewed and confirmed by King Henry VIII. It is governed by a mayor and twelve aldermen. By its assessment in Domesday Book it must even then have been a place of considerable importance. The town is traversed by a thoroughfare called High Street, on which many fine edifices are situated. This street is terminated by a very remarkable gateway, which is partially hewn out of the rock,—a remnant of the ancient fortifications of the town, and possibly a relic of the Saxon occupation. It is built over by a large tower and other buildings, which formerly were used for an institution of the Franciscan order, but, being secularized at the Reformation, passed into private hands. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, however, Robert Dudley, the notorious Earl of Leicester, annexed this church to a hospital which he erected immediately adjacent under the name of St. James's Hospital, St. James being the patron saint of the before-mentioned church. The accompanying illustration gives a correct idea of the appearance of this singular building. Its interior, a large quadrangle, presents a vivid portrait of the style of architecture in private residences of the better class prevalent during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It closely resembles those ancient German mansions which are so familiar to any one who has visited Nuremberg, Augsburg, and many other German cities. Long latticed galleries and open corridors extend around it, ornamented with quaint carvings and numerous gables. The establishment is endowed, in order to support twelve old men, natives of certain specified places in Warwickshire and Gloucestershire, and a Master, usually the Vicar of St. Mary's Church. These old men are dressed in a peculiar costume, and wear the old badge of the Earls of Warwick,—the Bear and Ragged Staff. Such as have been maimed in the service of their country have the preference when there is a vacancy to be filled. Mr. Hawthorne, in his sketch "About Warwick," appears to consider the foundation of this establishment as removing to a great extent the stain which has always darkened the fame of the Earl of Leicester ;

it detracts, however, somewhat from the credit we might award him for this act to know that the institution was designed, originally, solely for the benefit of his own retainers.

On High Street is also situated St. Mary's Church, a building of very great antiquity ; it was unfortunately greatly injured during a conflagration which in 1694 destroyed a large part of Warwick. This church, as it stood before the fire, although undoubtedly founded as early as the period of the Saxon kings, owed most of its magnificence and riches to the Beauchamps, with whom it was a favorite resting-place, and many of whose tombs are yet to be seen there. A very full and minute account of this church and the various curiosities it contains may be found in Dugdale's valuable description of the city and county of Warwick, together with curious illustrations of the principal tombs, several of which perished, since that book was published, in the fire above alluded to. The building in its present state is chiefly the work of Sir Christopher Wren, who has by some been accused of not sufficiently observing the canons of good taste in adapting his restorations to the



BEAUCHAMP CHAPEL, ST. MARY'S CHURCH.



WARWICK CASTLE.

style of the more ancient portions. Be this as it may, the general effect of the interior is fine, and the magnificent windows of stained glass add greatly to the grandeur of the view. The church boasts also a very ancient and elaborate clock, which plays the chimes and exhibits various figures as it strikes the hours.

The most ancient portion of St. Mary's is Our Lady's, or, as it is more commonly termed, the "Beauchamp" Chapel, which, fortunately, escaped the ravages of the fire. This chapel is considered by judges one of the finest specimens of decorated Gothic extant in England. It was erected during the reign of King Henry VI. by Richard Beauchamp, fifth and last Earl of Warwick of that name, to serve as a receptacle for his tomb. The entrance is situated on the south side of the church, and is formed by a finely sculptured porch, the effect of which is peculiar. The entire length of the chapel is fifty-eight feet, its width twenty-five, and its height thirty-two. It has three floors, rising one above the other, and composed of black and white tessellated marble; on either side of the altar is a highly ornamented shrine and a baso-relievo of white marble representing the Annunciation of

the Virgin Mary. The whole chapel is one mass of carving and embellishment, and is lighted by a large window on which are figured, in the richest stained glass, the arms and portraits of all the Earls of Warwick of the Beauchamp and Dudley lines. The bear and ragged staff, the well-known emblem of these earls, is repeated wherever it can by any possibility be brought in—even being used instead of a stop in punctuating the inscriptions upon the tombs. The monument of the founder of the chapel is one of the most magnificent specimens of mortuary art in existence.

The earl is represented with life-like fidelity in gilt bronze, lying in full armor, with his hands raised in an attitude of prayer, the statue being inclosed in a sort of cage formed of bars of gilt bronze, as represented in the annexed engraving. The pedestal, which is of black marble, is ornamented with the arms of Beauchamp, sculptured in bronze, and with fourteen small bronze figures representing various members of the dead man's family. The smaller tomb seen in the engraving is that of Ambrose Dudley, created Earl of Warwick in the



VASE OF HADRIAN, [KNOWN AS "THE WARWICK VASE."]



GUY'S CLIFF HOUSE.

reign of Queen Elizabeth. The tomb of his brother, the celebrated Robert, Earl of Leicester, is also yet preserved in the church, as well as those of several others, members of the Beauchamp family.

There are several more buildings of interest on High Street, but none that are deserving of any special notice. A beautiful old cross which, as late as the reign of James I., marked the center of the town, has long since disappeared, and is only known by Leland's description. At the south-east end of the city, on the bank of the Avon, stands Warwick Castle, an edifice of almost more renown even than the neighboring Kenilworth, and the best preserved specimen of a Gothic castle in England. It has lately, unfortunately, been the scene of a disastrous conflagration, which, although luckily sparing the most ancient portions of the castle, has yet destroyed many very interesting relics of the past. The great hall, renovated at a very considerable expense some forty years ago, is totally ruined, with the exception of the outer walls, and none of its valuable antiquarian contents, which included many articles impossible to be replaced, were saved. The dining-room, the library, the breakfast-room (of the time of Charles II.), and Lord Warwick's boudoir, are also either entirely destroyed, or so much damaged by fire as to require a complete restoration, but their invaluable contents are for the most

part safe. A public subscription has been set on foot in England for the purpose of assisting Lord Warwick to bear the expense of restoring the castle, which is justly felt to be rather a national monument than a private possession.

The epoch of the foundation of this renowned fortress is uncertain, some placing the site of a Roman presidium here, though the best authorities do not accept this supposition. Probably it was first built by Ethelfleda, a sister of King Alfred the Great, as above stated. William the Norman paid especial attention to it and caused its fortifications to be considerably enlarged and strengthened. In the reign of King Henry III. William Mauduit, the then earl, sided with the king in the contests which that monarch so often waged

with his refractory barons.

The barons having assembled a large force at Kenilworth, the Earl of Warwick was ordered to put his castle in a good state of defense to repel any attack they might attempt. He appears, however, to have neglected to take any measures of precaution whatsoever, and was consequently surprised by the insurgents, he and his countess brought as prisoners to Kenilworth, and his castle utterly dismantled. In the following reign it was, however, rebuilt by his son-in-law and successor, William Beauchamp, on a



GUY'S CAVE.



STATUE OF GUY.

more extended scale, and much in the form it yet preserves. Although having passed through some vicissitudes, it retained its strength until the time of Elizabeth, when it was converted into a county jail and suffered to fall into decay. Fortunately, her successor granted it to the ancestor of the present earl, the Lord Brooke. This nobleman spent a very considerable sum of money in putting it into thorough repair

and rendering it habitable. In the next reign, the Lord Brooke (the same who was afterwards shot at the storming of Lichfield Cathedral) having espoused the Parliamentary cause, Warwick Castle was besieged by the Royalists. They were forced to raise the siege, but the castle was much damaged. Since that period it has remained in peaceable possession of the Greville family.

It stands upon a rock, towering above the river, embracing within its circumference the space of three acres of ground, and is constructed entirely of sandstone. Its two highest towers, which rise to an altitude of one hundred and fifty feet above the river, are Guy's and Caesar's towers, both taking their names from local traditions. The outward appearance of the castle is very striking; the irregularities of architecture perceptible in all feudal buildings are unusually strongly marked in this one, and the rude old towers are half concealed by luxuriant ivy and shrubs of various species which vegetate within the interstices of the mouldering stones. The moat has long since been laid dry and sown with grass, and its bottom forms a pleasant walk around the castle. One of the features of this fortress is a large artificial mound, on which the keep or donjon is situated. Beneath the castle a fine new stone bridge, presented toll-free by the late Earl of Warwick to the townspeople, crosses the Avon.

On entering the building we find its interior arrangements fully commensurate with its external air of grandeur. The great hall, now destroyed, was a magnificent apartment, seventy feet long by thirty feet high and fifty

broad. It contained a splendid collection of ancient armor, mostly illustrative of the previous history of the castle, and several pairs of enormous fossil deer's-horns found in the peat-mosses of Ireland. Its large Gothic windows commanded a delightful prospect over the surrounding park and pleasure-grounds, in which the Avon forms a most noticeable feature. Among other fine chambers, the most remarkable is the bed-room of Queen Elizabeth, in which she slept when on a visit to Ambrose Dudley, the brother of her favorite the Earl of Leicester. There is also a very extensive armory. Most of this magnificence is due to the unbounded love of display and profuse expenditure of the possessor about the commencement of this century, who also laid out the beautiful pleasure-grounds, nearly ruining his family by his extravagant tastes. The grounds must indeed have consumed vast sums in their construction, and require the possession of a princely income to enable their owner to keep them in proper order.

The park is three miles long, and is laid out with the utmost skill, after the style of the last century, in lawns interspersed with shrubs and bushes of every kind of foliage, from the light leaf of the holly to the somber hues of the pine. Amongst these stand many trees of immense size, probably contemporary with the rugged towers which look down on them from the overhanging rock. The pride of the park, however, are some ancient cedars of Lebanon, —said to have been brought directly from the Holy Land by some old crusading earl, —which show evidences of great antiquity. Another object of interest here is an immense Etruscan vase, one of the most perfect extant, which was excavated at Hadrian's Villa, near Rome, and presented to the Earl of Warwick by the celebrated connoisseur and antiquarian Sir William Hamilton. A sketch of Warwick would be incomplete unless it included a short description of "Guy's Cliff House," a representation of which is accordingly given—although, strictly speaking, it does not appertain to the town.

This mansion, so celebrated for its beautiful situation and romantic associations, stands about a mile and a quarter from Warwick on the road to Kenilworth. It is built upon the highest of a group of bold and precipitous cliffs, from which, and an ancient legend related of it, it received its name. It is said that the celebrated hero Guy, Saxon Earl of Warwick, after having encountered and slain a gigantic Danish champion called Col-



brand in single combat, resolved upon passing the remainder of his days in penitence and prayer. He accordingly quitted his countess, the lovely Felicia, and went on foot in pilgrim's garb to worship at the shrine of Our Saviour at Jerusalem. After wandering for several years, visiting many holy places, and imploring the intercession of saints and martyrs, he returned, still clad in palmer's weeds, to his native place, where he remained unknown to every one, even to his faithful wife. He took up his residence at Guy's Cliff, in which he cut with his own hands a cave out of the solid rock—at least so the old ballad informs us:—

"At length to Warwick I did come,  
Like pilgrim poor, and was not known;  
And there I lived a hermit life,  
A mile or more out of the town.  
Here with my hands I hewed a house  
Out of a craggy rock of stone,  
And lived like a palmer poor  
Within that cave, myself alone."

Tradition avers that he daily repaired to the gates of his own castle and received the dole his charitable countess distributed with her own hand to the poor, and that he did not make himself known to her till he was on his death-bed, when he sent her his signet-ring. She immediately hastened to the husband she had so long and vainly been expecting, and arrived in time to close his dying eyes. He was buried on the spot where he had dwelt so long. Thus runs the old story. Dugdale and other antiquaries, however, who consider the earlier Guy to have been a totally fictitious personage, assert that this place was named after Guido or Guy de Beauchamp, who laid the foundations of a chapel here which was afterwards completed by his successor, Richard. In this chapel, which was built in the reign of Henry VI., and is still in excellent preservation, stands a gigantic but greatly mutilated statue of the redoubtable Guy. The castle itself is modern, and is celebrated for its fine collection of pictures and for its singularly beautiful site and prospects. From its windows may be traced the course of the river Avon flowing far below, between sunny meadows and trees of the largest growth; the ancient mill embosomed in foliage forms one of the most attractive features in the landscape, and above the mill is the spot where Piers Gaveston, the worthless and haughty favorite

of Edward II., was beheaded by order of Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, whose enmity he had incurred by insultingly terming him, in allusion to his swarthy complexion, "the black hound of Arden." Villages and churches peep forth from the surrounding groves, and the carefully laid out plantations which environ the building form a foreground which at once enhances and varies the charms of the scene, according as it is viewed from one side or the other of the house. The reputation of Guy's Cliff for natural scenery is by no means of modern date. Leland, in his *Itinerary*, written during the reign of King Henry VIII., says: "It is the abode of pleasure, a place meet for the Muses; there are natural cavities in the rocks, shady groves, clear and crystal streams, flowery meadows, mossy caves, a gentle murmuring river running among the rocks; and, to crown all, solitude and quiet; friendly in so high a degree to the Muses." Camden, in his *Britannia*, Dugdale, and Fuller are equally enthusiastic in their praises of this delightful spot. In the court-yard the cave once inhabited by Guy is shown; it certainly appears a fit place to do penance in. It is now closed by two strong folding oak doors, and contains a massive and ancient-looking oak chest, though how this came there, or for what purpose it was used, is not known. Dugdale asserts that this cave was in use as a place of monastic seclusion fully four centuries before the date assigned to the fabulous Guy, but a permanent priest was first appointed here in the time of Edward III. to pray for the soul of the then living Earl of Warwick and for those of his departed parents. Henry V. visited this spot, and, struck by its beauties, intended to found a charity here; but his early death prevented him, and his pious intention was carried out in the reign of his successor by Richard, Earl of Warwick, as has been before mentioned. The mansion of Guy's Cliff is founded on the solid rock, from which the cellars and some of the offices are cut. Although modern, with the exception of the chapel, it has been constructed in a style which harmonizes well with the surrounding scenery. It is at present in the possession of the Hon. C. B. Percy, to whom it passed by inheritance from the family of the Great-heads.

## SCHOOLS OF JOURNALISM.\*

I HAVE been asked to say something of Journalism, and of schemes of special instruction for it. The Chancellor and Faculty have had in view, however, no absurd plan for turning raw boys into trained editors by the easy process of cramming some new curriculum. West Point cannot make a Soldier; and the University of the City of New York cannot give us assurance of an Editor. But West Point *can* give the training, discipline, special knowledge, without which the born Soldier would find his best efforts crippled, and with which men not born to military greatness may still do valuable service. There were thousands of brave men around Toulon, but only Napoleon could handle the artillery. It was the scientific training that gave his warlike genius its opportunity and its tools of victory. West Point does the same for the countless Napoleons whom (according to the popular biographies) Providence has been kind enough to send us; and this University may yet do as much for the embryo Bryants and Greeleys, Weeds and Raymonds, and Ritchies and Hales who are to transform American Journalism into a Profession, and emulate the laurels of these earlier leaders, with larger opportunities, on a wider stage, to more beneficent ends.

For Journalism, chaotic, drifting, almost purposeless as it seems to-day, is but in the infancy of its development. It was almost twelve hundred years after Justinian before the Lawyer fairly wrested rule from the Soldier. It is barely a century since "Junius," in the height of his conflict with the Lawyers, and specially with Lord Chief-Justice Mansfield, amended the famous maxim of the great law commentator, and proclaimed, not Blackstone's Trial by Jury, but The Liberty of the Press, "the Palladium of all the civil, political, and religious rights of an Englishman." From his triumph we may fairly date—for good or ill—the birth of genuine Journalism. And how gigantic have been the strides of its progress! From the day of Medleys, and Whig Examiners, and Flying Posts, and Observators, Middlesex Journals, and North Britons, and Woodfall's Public Advertisers—all as nearly forgotten now as they seem worthless—down to the quarto sheet, crowded with yesterday's doings in all continents, and a record in some shape or

other of the most striking thought of the whole world's thinkers, which you skimmed at the breakfast table, gave your spare half-hours to throughout the day, and can hardly finish till to-night, seeking mental repose after the excitements of the day's work you take for it the hour before bed-time, and, with the final review of its columns, read yourself again into quiet nerves.

In the largest library in America, the accomplished librarian, himself an old Editor, will show you long rows of the English papers of the last century, and a little way into the century before—dingy little quarto volumes, containing each a whole year's issue, and in the whole, scarcely so much news as in this morning's *Herald*. In Boston they will show you a number of *The Boston News Letter*, about the size of some of our play-house programmes, wherein is printed this proud editorial announcement:—

"The undertaker of this News-Letter in January last gave information that, after fourteen years' experience, it was impossible, with half a sheet a week, to carry on all the public occurrences of Europe; to make up which deficiency, and to render the news newer and more acceptable, he has since printed, every other week, a whole sheet,—whereby that which seemed old in the former half-sheet becomes new now by the sheet; which is easy to be seen by any one who will be at the pains to trace back former years, and even this time twelve-months. We were then thirteen months behind with the foreign news, and now we are less than five months; so that, by the sheet, we have retrieved about eight months since January last; and any one that has the News-Letter to January next (life permitted) will be accommodated with all the news from Europe needful to be known in these parts!"

It was in August, 1719, that the leading journal of Boston thus vaunted its enterprise. Let us be just, and admit that they have come, even in those parts, to think it needful to be accommodated with a little more news from Europe.

Nor was Boston singular. It has been common, though rather absurd, to speak of Benjamin Franklin as the father of American journalism. Well, here is his paper, *The Pennsylvania Gazette*, after he had been at work enlarging and improving it for twelve years. Its entire weekly printed surface is somewhat less than one-eighth of an ordinary daily issue of *The N. Y. World*, or of *The Press*, now published in the city from which it was then issued; and of that, one-third is surrendered to advertisements of runaway negroes, runaway Irishmen, Muscovado Sugar, St. Christopher's Rum, and of a fresh import from Jamaica, and to be sold by

\* Originally prepared at the request of the Chancellor and Board of Regents of the University of the City of New York.

Joseph Sims, at his house, where Mr. George McCall, deceased, lived, of a likely parcel of young negro boys and girls. But its news is only three months old from London, only eleven days old from Boston, and from New York only three; and it is all neatly and clearly presented. Yet, when at the bottom of the last page, we come to the announcement, "Philadelphia: Printed by B. Franklin, Postmaster, at the new Printing Office, near the Market," we are constrained to admit that even in the remotest country districts we have many a Postmaster-Editor now, who has made material advances on the work of George the Second's guardian of the mails in Philadelphia.

Between this dingy scrap of paper, or any journal published before the time of "Junius," and first-class journals of to-day, the difference is world-wide. But the advance will go on. Never were journalists of the better class prouder of their power, or more sensible of their deficiencies; never so thoroughly convinced of the greatness of their calling, or so anxious to make themselves equal to its ever-expanding requirements. It is the fashion of the times to berate our depraved Journalism. So it has been the fashion of all times, since Journalism began,—and every year with less reason. There are blackguards and blackmailers now in plenty, who by hook or crook get access to the columns even of respectable newspapers, but they are fewer in proportion than they ever were before. There is intemperate denunciation now—and mere personal abuse, and the fiercest partisan intolerance; the newspapers are crude; the newspapers are shallow; the newspapers are coarse, are unjust, are impertinent; they meddle in private affairs; they distort the news to suit their own views; they wield their tremendous power to feed fat private grudges; they are too often indebted, as Sheridan said of an antagonist, to their memories for their jests, and to their imaginations for their facts; they crave sensations that they may turn a few extra dirty pennies, and are reckless of truth, so they can print a story that will become the talk of the town;—charge all this, and more if you will, and with certain reservations I will grant it all. When Mr. Beecher had avowed his faith in the advantages of having women speak in church, and at the next prayer-meeting a prosy sister had taken up all the time to no purpose, and at the next had done the same, and at the next the same, and at the fourth had been, if possible, more

tedious and oppressive than ever before, Mr. Beecher at last rose, with solemn air, as she took her seat, and observed, in argumentative tone, "Nevertheless, Brethren and Sisters, I believe in women speaking in prayer-meeting!" Charge what you will, prove what you will against the press of New York to-day, *nevertheless*, it is better in 1872 than it was in 1871; it was better in 1871 than it had ever been since Manhattan Island was discovered; and, please God, it will be better in 1873 and the years to come than it ever was before! The elder times were *not* better than these; and the young men, cultured, able, and conscientious, who are entering the ranks, are resolved that the future times shall be worthy of the larger opportunities that await them.

But is it worth while? We need not ignore the fact that a good many cultivated people openly, and a great many more in secret, hold the development of the newspaper press a nuisance. When good Dr. Rush made it a condition of his splendid bequest that the library he enriched should never admit those teachers of disjointed thinking, the newspapers, he gave formal utterance to this faith. Nor can we altogether deny the charge on which it rests. The daily journals have taught disjointed thinking. They have encouraged shallow thinking, and inaccuracy, and a certain sponge-like universal receptiveness and forgetfulness. But you may say—in less degree—the same thing of pamphlets, of Quarterly Reviews, of cheap books, of any books at all. The monk who committed his Virgil to memory, then rubbed it out, that on the restored parchment he might inscribe the institutes of Origen, knew the half-dozen great poets or philosophers or theologians of whose works the convent library consisted, better than the average scholar of to-day knows anything. Shall we therefore go back to the days of parchment and wipe out our vast libraries, the accumulation of the centuries of disjointed thinking to which cheap printing has given rise? Most true is that wise saying of Thomas Fuller, that Learning hath gained most by those books whereby the printers have lost; and, refining upon this and upon Pope's well-worn warning against the danger of shallow draughts, a school of philosophers have sprung up—happily of less weight here than abroad, though even here numerous and influential—who pronounce, not merely cheap newspapers, but cheap knowledge of all kinds, the deplorable fountain of wild opinions,

leveling dogmas, discontent, and danger to the country. But they may as well go farther—as indeed some of them do. If the newspapers should therefore be discouraged, so also should be their twin brothers, the common-schools. I do not deny the vicious intellectual habits to which they may give rise; I do not deny their shallowness, their inaccuracy, their false logic, their false taste. I only insist that, whether you consider the common-school or the free press, faulty as each may be, it is a necessary concomitant of our civilization and our government; that it has been steadily growing better, and that the best way to remedy the evils it works, is to make it better still. And for the rest, when un-American Americans take up this sickly philosophy of alien birth, and, in the hoarse tones of worn-out European jeremiads, deplore cheap and universal information, and the disjointed thinking that results from it, let us too cross the ocean, and confront them with the wise and manly words of Lord Macaulay at the opening of the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution:—

“I must confess that the danger which alarms these gentlemen never seemed to me very serious; and my reason is this: that I never could prevail on any person who pronounced superficial knowledge a curse and profound knowledge a blessing, to tell me what was his standard of profundity. The argument proceeds upon the supposition that there is some line between profound and superficial knowledge, similar to that which separates truth from falsehood. I know of no such line.”

And so, with a contemptuous inquiry as to whether the gentlemen who were so uneasy about the spread of shallow information supposed that any of their profoundest pundits knew, then, so much, in their own special departments, as the smatterers of the next generation would know, his Lordship dismissed this cast-off folly of older lands, wherein some of our own aping scholars have made haste to clothe themselves. It need give no further discouragement to the sincere and able men who, drawn to journalism by the widening power it already wields, and the sure promise of its near future, seek to make it better. These are the young men whose interest was so widely aroused by the inaccurate report that Yale had resolved upon the foundation of a school of Journalism. They believe that the force which is wresting the scepter from the profession of Law should find form in a Profession itself; and that, with the larger influence it bears, should come ampler preparation.

But they have no faith in the efficacy of the mere preparation. They know, though Mr. Emerson, when he wrote of *The London Times*, was ignorant of it, that Editors are born, not made. They enter their protest against the dictum, the other day, of one of the ablest of American critics, that any person of average ability, who chooses to turn his attention that way, can become a successful newspaper writer. They have seen that the curse of Journalism is the tendency of all manner of fairly intelligent young men, who are at a loss for present means of earning next week's board bills, to fancy that the readiest way of paying them is to relieve some starving newspaper with their intellectual sustenance. The curse, indeed, spreads wider. Men who seek political advancement; men who wish a passport to the acquaintance of people of influence; all manner of men who seek recognition of any sort, anywhere, try to crowd into Journalism, not as a Profession, but as a stepping-stone. They come to it, not because they love it, and want to spend and be spent in it; but because they want to make money, or office, or position out of it. “Go home and get into some newspaper,” said a distinguished diplomatist, last year, to his secretary. “St. Louis, or Chicago, or Indianapolis, or Oshkosh will do; but get into a newspaper. You are fitted for politics, and ought to rise. A newspaper office is the best place to start from!” The men who are entering Journalism now, and are to control it ten years hence, mean to make it desirable as something else than a place to start from; and they mean to make short work of the intruders who knock at its gates with only that purpose. In that droll episode in Dr. Johnson's life, wherein he makes his marvelous appearance as a man of business, trying to settle his friend Thrane's estate, he signalizes himself as an advertiser. Wishing to offer a brewery at auction, he announced that it was not merely a beggarly lot of vats and kettles he proposed to sell, but the potentiality of growing rich, in a short time, beyond the dreams of avarice. That is precisely the idea—whatever form of hope for office, or power, or personal advancement it may take—with which an undistinguished and detestable mob of aspirants bear down on every leading newspaper office. They seek, not the good of Journalism, not a profession wherein they can find honorable scope for their best faculties and the opening for a great career; but a beggarly lot of vats and kettles, of



types and presses, which may give the potentiality of growing rich in a short time, beyond the dreams of avarice, and from which they may then get away as soon as possible.

Against all such the earnest and sincere young journalists, who constitute the hope of the profession, will persistently set their faces. One of the best results, indeed, of the proposed collegiate training, would be the fostering of a professional feeling which would make such invasions disreputable. Physicians so despise the patent pill or bitters practitioner, that they make every purloin of their profession too hot to hold him. We shall come in time to a similar *esprit de corps*. We shall not then see, as now, a great Apostle of the Half-Baked heralded to all the Lyceum Committees of the country as the most brilliant of American journalists, when the gentleman's main use of Journalism is as a means of advertising himself. There may be fewer zanies to gulp down the humbug of the literary adventurer, whose sole distinction is his devotion to the Gospel of Gush; or of the other, whose main claim to consideration is the skill he has displayed in procuring celebration of himself, in letters to the country press, as the wonderful being who has organized half a dozen great newspapers, written in each pretty much everything worth reading, and proved himself the ablest writer that ever wielded an English goose-quill. When the profession of Journalism is thoroughly recognized, charlatanism may still abound, but there will be summary discipline for the quacks.

At the outset of any plans for professional training, it is needful to recognize the imperative limitations of the work. No school of Journalism, however elaborate or successful, is going to make Editors; just as Mr. Packard's commercial college, with all the skill and fervor it commands, cannot make Stewarts and Claflins. Nor will any such school furnish the education which Editors need. That is an acquisition to be begun in the best academies and colleges of the country, and to be sedulously pursued through all stages of the professional career. Neither will it undertake to teach shorthand writing. That is something not at all needful to an Editor, unless he means to assume also the duties of a Reporter, and, at any rate, is best learned by practice. No more will it teach type-setting. No man ought to be in authority about a newspaper office who does not understand at least the rudiments of typography; but for these the best

school is the composing-room. And, to pass beyond these details, it will scarcely undertake to teach men to write, though, Heaven knows, that is sadly enough needed, as every busy Editor, yet weary with the work of putting the Hon. Elijah Peony's card into presentable shape, or translating the angry reply of Congressman Simpkins into English, will testify. No man who has not served an apprenticeship to it can imagine the hopeless way in which many even of our best educated men play havoc with their parts of speech, when first turned loose in a printing-office;—while generally they add insult to injury by grumbling at the proof-reader—of all men—for not knowing what they wanted to write, when his business was to see to it that the types printed what they did write. The great need of newspapers, however, is not good writers, but good Editors; and it is of their possible training in a School of Journalism, to be appended to the regular college course, as one of the additional features of University instruction, like the School of Mines, or Medicine, or Law, that I have been asked to speak.

Every Editor, recalling what he has sought so often, and so often in vain, in the selection of assistants, can readily suggest the outlines of the work such a special or Post-Graduate course might lay out for its students. Thus:

*First.* No man should think himself fit for Journalism without some adequate knowledge of the history of Political Parties in this country. Does some one say I am naming, as the first study, the very thing all Editors have already at their fingers' ends? Many doubtless have, though they learned it as Fox said he learned oratory—at the expense of his audiences. But how many know it with the thoroughness and accuracy needful for the instant and intelligent discussions which every new phase of politics demands? Go no further back than to the revival of the One Term argument. How many of the thousand able Editors from Maine to California who began, one morning, on receipt, of a dispatch from New York, to tell what they thought of the principle, knew the history of Andrew Jackson's devotion to and desertion of it? Or of the attitude of the Whig party toward it? Or of the arguments for and against it in the time of the Constitutional Convention? A great many, I hope; but there was a plentiful lack of evidence of it, in the way some of them assailed what they were pleased to



style a new and monstrous heresy. I am not saying it was not a heresy, or that it was not monstrous; but we should all have had more respect for the judgment that held it so, if found well enough informed to avoid discoursing also of its novelty. Yet the imperative demand of modern Journalism, and of the millions who support it, is, that if the question be sprung upon the sore-pressed writer at midnight, his paper shall next morning give it fair and intelligent discussion. It is not enough that you should know where to find things, which is about all colleges generally teach; you must know things, and know them at once. Some one said of a distinguished Editor, of such real ability that he can afford to laugh at the witty injustice: "He ought to belong to a Quarterly Review or an Annual,—a Weekly is too sudden for him." For the political writer on a great daily, nothing must be too sudden,—no strategic combination of parties, no specious platform that repudiates accepted dogmas, no professed revival of ancient faith that is really the promulgation of new and revolutionary heresy. Yet how find, and how, when found, learn the facts? That is for the school that shall undertake such work to determine. Perhaps they might be partially presented in lectures. For the rest, they must be sought in innumerable Statesmen's Manuals, and Political Text Books, and fragments of Political Biography, Debates in Congress, abortive attempts at the history of the United States, newspaper files, volumes of election statistics, and all manner of other scattered material for a great unwritten work—the greatest and most splendid now awaiting that coming Historian who shall add Macaulay's brilliancy and Buckle's philosophy to more than the industry of both.

*Second.* To this, no young man fitting himself for Journalism should fail to add a comprehensive knowledge of the entire history of his own country, for which, fortunately, he will find the materials a little better digested and more accessible.

*Third.* With this should come an acquaintance with the general history of the world. The history of civilization, and of forms of government, of the trials that have overtaken each, and of the source from which its real perils came, of the development of diverse forms of civilization, and of the causes that have aided, retarded, overthrown each—the deductions of Guizot and De Tocqueville and Buckle—the recitals of Motley, Grote, Gibbon, Froude, Kinglake—whatever tells

how governments have borne the stress of unexpected peril, and men have prospered, suffered, advanced, or lost ground in this or that condition of rule, will furnish invaluable guidance for any intelligent discussion of today's problems of public affairs.

*Fourth.* It will not, I trust, startle too much the faith of the average American that anybody can edit a newspaper to add, as another indispensable acquirement, a fair general knowledge of the fundamental principles of Common, Constitutional, and International Law. Nothing, perhaps, could add to the wisdom with which our Press has already discussed, say the Alabama Treaty, or the international obligations involved in the French Arms question, or the problems of our Reconstruction policy; but that those who come after us may not fall below the high standard thus set up, the more frequent mastery of Blackstone, and Story, and Wheaton, and similar convenient books of ready reference in editorial offices, may prove an advantage.

*Fifth.* There is less occasion, perhaps, to insist on the need of Political Economy, since of late there has been a singular revival of interest in such topics. But the subject is a large one, and he who has supplemented Adam Smith and Bentham and Malthus with John Stuart Mill and Say and Bastiat, has mastered Matthew Carey and Henry C. Carey, Greeley, and Wayland, and Bowen, will still find the literature of the question expanding into a thousand ramifications, and leading to kindred studies as complex and imperative. To the newspaper reader, questions of Banking and Currency, of the growth and management of National Debts, of the present insane recklessness of municipal indebtedness, of taxation, of insurance and the like, perpetually present themselves; and he looks to the Editor for an elucidation of each that shall be popular in form, yet fairly abreast of the latest and best thought of the men who have made it the study of their lives.

*Sixth.* From the weary plash of watery argumentation on these topics that carries us nowhere, from the flabbiness of reasoning, and incoherence of premise with conclusion, and general inconsequence, who shall deliver us? Might not a sixth subject of the most careful study in a course of training for journalistic work be fitly found in some such essays on exact reasoning as should make our popular writing conform a little to the severe processes of Logic?

*Seventh.* Even yet the modern languages

are not so firmly established in our common courses of collegiate education as to make it reasonably certain that the man of education, approaching Journalism without special preparation, will be sure to have this essential part of a journalist's equipment. Year by year these languages grow more nearly indispensable. The New York office without gentlemen on its staff reading at least French, German, and Spanish, would be preposterous; and hereafter, the Editor who enters his profession without a working knowledge of at least two of them must expect to find himself perpetually crippled. What reader of taste would not be glad if there were less occasion to add, and dwell upon, the necessity of some knowledge of English? Grant White made magazine readers merry for months, and many journalists angry for a much longer time, over his irreverent descriptions of "Newspaper English." Yet the fact remains, that of the average manuscripts received in almost any of our New York dailies, from professional or semi-professional writers, not more than one-half can be safely put in type without previous careful revision for mere errors in grammar. To use the right words and only enough of them, to say what is meant, so simply and directly that the sentence goes like a bullet straight to its mark, and, having said it, to stop—that, alas! is the achievement of scarcely one in three-score. To secure some approximation to it is the daily toil and tribulation of every sore-tried office editor;—the writer who fairly reaches it has already made good his place beside the foremost.

*Eighth.* The time is coming in our Journalism when books will be more generally reviewed, not noticed; when paintings will be criticised and estimated, not puffed or damned; when we shall learn from our newspapers more of how the score of the opera was rendered and its feeling interpreted, with perhaps less about the looks of the Prima Donna or the clothes of the Chorus; when the new actor shall be judged by his worthy interpretation of high work, rather than praised because his friends clamor for it. In all these directions, as it seems to me, there has been immense progress in the last decade. Book publishers have about quit expecting the review of a book in a leading journal to bear proportion to the length of the advertisement. Artists comprehend that an invitation to a studio reception is not necessarily followed by an eulogium of all the works now on their

easels, all the others they have painted and sold, and all the others still they mean to paint and want to sell. I know something of the state of theatrical criticism in New York; and I do not know the reputable critic on a reputable journal whom any actor or manager would dare approach with a mercenary proposition. When the field is thus fairly open for legitimate criticism, it is time that the Principles of Criticism were more thoroughly studied.

—And here this too prolix enumeration must end. I have said nothing of that comprehensive study of English Literature which every man of letters begins in his teens and closes only with his life; or of the wider acquaintance with the progress of modern scientific and metaphysical thought which our advancing Journalism demands. Not to know Darwin and McCosh, Herbert Spencer and Huxley, and *Ecce Homo*, is as bad now as, twenty-five years ago, to be ignorant of the Nueces or Rio Grande boundary, or forty years ago, to know nothing of the National Bank, and the removal of the deposits. In effect, the modern journalist, with what skill and power he may, must well-nigh adopt Bacon's resolve, and take all knowledge to be his province.

No separate school is likely now, or soon, to be founded for such a course. But more than one College or University beside that of the City of New York has been considering whether such studies—many of them already taught in some form or other—might not be appropriately combined into a special department, or a Post Graduate course, which would at least command as large attendance as many of those now enjoying the support of our best institutions and the services of our ripest scholars.

It will be objected that all this presupposes Journalism for the highly-educated few—not for the masses. But who has not learned that the masses are the acutest and most exacting critics? Even your Prima Donna courtesies indeed to the proscenium boxes and the dress circle, but sings to the top tier. "If I have made any success, whether as author or editor," said the Stone Mason of Cromarty, the most fascinating scientific author of his day, and the most successful editor in his country for the last half century, "it has been by constantly writing up to my audience—never writing down to them." The hard-working mechanic, who looks a second time at the four pennies which would almost pay his fare down town, before spending them for the morning paper, is apt to

want his four cents' worth, and very likely to know when he has got it. He may not be able to analyze his opinions, but he knows, my friend of the quill, when your article was written because you had something to say, and when because you wanted to furnish some copy; when you understand your subject, and when, in default of exact knowledge, you are substituting rant for reason. He may be carried away now and again by a flaming sensation; but, in the long run, he finds out the deception, and doesn't thank you for it. He inclines more and more to buy the papers that deceive him the least, and put him off the fewest times with their second-best work. He doesn't want fine writing, but he wants the finest writing—that is, the writing which nobody notices, because it is the mere medium for fine thinking. There is sometimes, especially among unlettered and unsuccessful newspaper conductors, a fear of getting beyond their audiences. The trouble is, their audiences are constantly getting beyond them. We have noted the advance in Journalism since Franklin's *Gazette*, and *The Boston News-Letter*. But it has been as marked in ability as in mere bulk of news. Every decade shows it; none perhaps more than the last. We talk of the good old times in New York Journalism, and reverently call the roll of the working worthies of twenty years ago,—dead or famous now. But the work they have left is not so varied, so complete, so thorough as the work of to-day. Take down the files at the Astor or Mercantile Library, and look for yourselves. Yet as the grade of New York Journalism has advanced, its influence has widened, its circulation has quadrupled over and over, and its pecuniary standing has been revolutionized. That is what comes of writing up to your audience, and it is what always will come of it.

Less preparation for Journalism than has just been suggested has of course once and again made the largest success. I do not depreciate self-made journalists. Julius Cæsar knew nothing of Jomini, yet who thinks that a reason why the student of war should be told that the study of Jomini is idle? George Stephenson was the son of a fireman in a colliery, and at the age of eighteen was unable to read or write; but when Wall Street is considering what it shall pay for Union Pacific, or whether it shall touch Northern Pacific, it does not search among the ignorant lads in a colliery for the railway engineers whose judgment is to determine the investments. Morse was a painter

of indifferent portraits; but when the Atlantic Cable is laid, the most skillful and scientific electricians are sought. Journalism in America owes to three or four men who have risen from the printer's case, almost as much as telegraphy to Morse, or railways to Stephenson;—in some of its greater relations they have well-nigh discovered it;—but its main advances, like advances everywhere else, are won by the best preparation and the most honest work.

If there has been less of these, thus far, in our press, than men of thought and culture would have wished, the profession has not been singular. One of the most curious chapters in De Tocqueville's great work on our institutions is that in which he theorizes on the fact that in all classes and callings in the United States are to be found so many ambitious men and so little lofty ambition. As the pervasive, continuous, and ever-increasing influence of the press extends, as preparation for it becomes more general, as a sense of the responsibilities its power imposes becomes deeper, as its ranks fill with men better and better equipped for its work, we may see, there at least, not perhaps fewer of the petty ambitions the philosophic Frenchman noted, but more of that lofty and honorable Ambition, whose absence everywhere he deplored. It will be an ambition to make Journalism a field for the ablest, to make its intelligence and its justice commensurate with its power, to make it a profession for gentlemen to pursue, moralists to rejoice in, and the Commonwealth to hold as a sure bulwark and high honor.

There are needed reforms in the profession which, under such influences, we may hope the sooner to attain. First among these I reckon an increasing sense of responsibility for the printed word—thrown heedlessly from the weary pen at midnight, but borne with the daybreak to the attention and confidence of fifty thousand homes, to mend or mar some man's honest name. With this will come an increasing sense of the wrong every editor does the whole profession, who permits his press to become the vehicle either for actual slander, or for that reckless trifling with character and that invasion of personal concerns which make so marked a feature of many of our most successful newspapers. I look indeed for an absolute revolution in the attitude of the whole respectable press toward the laws against slander and libel. It has been common to regard these as laws for the persecution of the press, and such, a hundred years

ago, they certainly were. But to-day they ought to be among the most valuable agencies for its protection. I, for one, rejoice in the institution of every libel suit for which there is the color of justification; and count every fair conviction for libel a gain to the cause of decent Journalism. I do not forget that the law of libel once allowed one of Richard Hildreth's Atrocious Judges to sentence the Editor of *The Observer* to those public floggings through the towns of Western England, which Pope embalmed for infamy in the couplet:

"Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe,  
And Tutchin, flagrant from the scourge below."

I do not forget the series of legal persecutions and follies that made "Junius" a power as mysterious and awful as fate, took John Wilkes from prison to make him Chamberlain of London, and soiled ineffaceably the ermine of Mansfield. But here and now we suffer from no such dangers. Instead, we lose standing and influence because our liberty runs into license. Were every clear slander, whereof correction on due application and proof has been refused, remorselessly prosecuted to conviction and inexorable punishment, we should have reason to canonize alike prosecutor and judge. No higher service can be rendered Journalism to-day than by making it responsible for what it says, and giving the humblest citizen, whom its gigantic power may purposely wrong, easy and cheap justice. Make libel suits easy; make them cheap and speedy; let them lie only in cases where the publication was palpably malicious, or fair and prompt correction was, on due application and proof, refused; then sustain them by a sentiment in the profession, which will, in turn, soon create a sentiment in the community; and you have done more to make our press cautious, and truthful, and just than all the oppressive libel laws of a century ago ever did to harm it. My own opinion is that the press of New York, during some months past, would have been vastly helped by a libel suit a day. If the journal with which I am myself connected came in for its share of them, so much the better. It would be a deserved discipline, if we have done any man a wrong and refused correction. It would make easier the business of enforcing caution and fair dealing on the hundred assistants, whose several judgments must be more or less trusted in making up every issue. It would give to every word we did utter an additional

weight, and it would deprive the bad men we expose of their present ready answer: "Oh, that doesn't amount to anything; the newspapers abuse everybody." It is an ill day for Journalism when people do not care what the newspapers say against them. It is an ill day for the Country when people do care and cannot get their wrongs redressed. It will be better for both when justice is cheap and Journalism is just.

Another reform, which we may fairly expect, will be shown in a better comprehension of the scope of the news, which is the life-blood of the paper. It is possible to fill up the largest metropolitan sheet with a record of actual news which shall be simply revolting; yet you shall go over it, line by line, and put your finger on no paragraph to which you can fairly object as not a part of the news of the day. Led by its hand, you stroll the world around, and gather every vice on Christian ground. It is possible, again, to fill the same sheet with another record of actual news which shall be simply respectable, and unreadable; yet you shall go over it, line by line, and put your finger on no paragraph which does not convey genuine information about the actual events of the day. Once again, it is possible to fill the same sheet with a record so compounded of that which most freshly and widely interests your average constituency, that you shall have neglected no pressing topic of the times; shall have fairly given your readers as minute a glance as their occupations will permit, at the salient features of the world's progress for the day; and yet shall have cast the lights in your picture on what a gentleman wants to see, and the shades on what he only sees because he must. Now the vicious newspaper pays, and the only way to make the other kind stand the competition is by making it equally interesting. Many a daily journal is loaded down with such feculence that it should only be handled in your homes with a pair of tongs, not because its proprietor really prefers to minister to men's baser instead of their better wants, but because he has found the one way of making money, and hasn't yet hit on the other. It is easy to fill his columns with prurient stories of crime from the police courts; it is harder to find men who can make the details of politics, the wonders of our material development, the progress of thought, as readily and certainly interesting. But we shall get larger ideas of news. We shall come to regard it as something other than a daily chapter of accidents and crimes;



more even than a detail of public meetings, a history of legislation and the Courts, a record of political intrigue at home, and diplomatic complication abroad. We shall come to embrace in it far more generally and systematically every new and significant fact affecting the social, political, intellectual, or moral movements of the world; and to comprehend that this world is composed of two sexes, the one demanding a recognition of its tastes and wants as well as the other. We shall learn to winnow the vast mass of facts which the mails over all continents and the wires under all seas are perpetually bearing to the newspaper doors. We shall learn to reject the most of these as worthless or inconsequent; to adjust the perspective of the rest more in accordance with their intrinsic importance, not their fuss; to divine what the public want, and what they will want when they come to know about it; and to give the whole with a completeness, a spirit, a *verve* which shall make this chronicle of the times as attractive as its themes are absorbing.

With these larger capacities, we may hope too for some of the sanctions of a profession. The mere soldier, who ostentatiously carries his sword to the side of the highest bidder, is despised:—not all the genius, not all the excuse of Jomini could save even his career from blight. Shall we accord greater privileges to intellectual free lances? There was a vealy period in our journalistic development, when young men, with a flavor of Byron and bad beer about them, prated of fair Bohemia, and held it noble to believe nothing, but to write like a believer, for anything that would pay. But the age of fair Bohemia is gone, and the seedy, disreputable Bohemian lags superfluous on the stage. Lawyers may still, in the worst spirit of Lord Brougham's bad maxim, sell faith and honor as well as intellect to their clients if they will, but it is already reckoned a disgrace that a writer should enforce upon the Public a faith he is himself known to despise. "My friend never writes what he does not conscientiously believe," said one distinguished Western journalist of another; "but, of all men living, he has the greatest facility of belief." The profession grows less fond of these facile beliefs. The noisome weed of Bohemianism is well-nigh uprooted, and, when it is, the Press may better command, as it will better deserve, the services of gentlemen and men of letters.

"Shall we ever see a Press that we can always trust to tell the whole truth, without

reference to business considerations?" Of course not; and the question is perpetually asked, as a conclusive demonstration of the worthlessness of newspapers, by men who ought to know better. Do you know any business man who tells the whole truth in his operations, irrespective of business considerations;—any Lawyer, any Doctor, any Statesman? Till that always promising, never performing race of long-delayed patriots appear, who are to publish great newspapers for the mere advancement of truth, it is probable that the poor papers we have will still be issued by their mercenary owners with some sordid purpose of making money by them.

Not irrespective of business considerations then, but because of them, I believe that in the better Journalism to which we are tending, we shall approach more and more nearly to an absolute divorce between the Editorial Offices and the Counting-room. The great newspapers are those which look for news, not advertisements. With the news comes circulation, and when circulation commands, the advertisements seek the paper, not the paper the advertisements. Make your newspaper so good, so full of news, so truthful, so able that people must take it; make its circulation so great that advertisers will plead for the privilege of getting into it—those seem to me the two great business commandments of our better Journalism. When at last we get our feet planted on this solid ground, no newspaper can afford to suppress or soften the truth in any business interest. *The London Times* threw away twenty thousand dollars a week in advertisements in the railway mania of 1845. It made money by the loss. It could not have afforded not to throw the money away, for it thereby vindicated its spirit of honest dealing with its readers, in the eyes of all Europe; and its readers were of infinitely more consequence to it than its advertisers. This is precisely the view that your *small* business man would never take; he would see nothing but the twenty thousand dollars a week that could be had as easily as not by only keeping quiet in the editorial columns; but great newspapers are neither built up nor maintained by small business men. More and more the trade of selling advertisements is getting reduced to as plain a basis as the trade of selling flour or potatoes, where the money paid over the counter represents the exact selling price of the article bought, and there is no dream of further obligation on either side. By and by



we shall see all reputable journals stop depreciating their own wares by admitting that it is necessary to call attention to an advertisement in the reading columns, to get it seen; treat as preposterous the request that there shall be some notice of theater or lecture, "just to accompany the advertisement, you know;" take as an insult the suggestion that if an editorial could be made speaking well of the capabilities of a region and its need of a railroad, there would be a heavy advertisement of railroad bonds; utterly refuse, on whatever specious plea of public as well as private interest, to suffer one line to appear as reading matter which the Editor did not select because he thought it of more interest than any other matter it might displace, and the paper did not publish without a penny of pay. Some of these reforms, in the case of any but the strongest journals, will come slowly, for they amount to revolution; but come they will—not because publishers will be more disinterested than now, but because, looking to the rights of readers, their paramount importance to the newspaper they support and the imperative need of keeping faith with them, publishers will see such reform to be sound business policy, and any other course to be business quackery.

I have left myself no time to speak of some of the problems of Journalism that may soon come up for settlement:

Whether, as the fields, over which our enterprise gleams, keep ever expanding, we shall enlarge our newspapers or condense our news; or, in other words, whether people want their daily paper to furnish them more matter, in more frequent triple sheets, or regular twelve-page issues, or whether they do not find it already taking up too much time, and ask instead that it be judiciously edited to smaller compass;—

Whether the great metropolitan newspapers are or are not in danger, in their eager pursuit and elaborate presentment of important city news, of impairing their value as the accredited records of the larger news of the world;—

Whether, as in the differentiation of Journalism, class papers spring up, the great dailies shall keep up the present competition, say in shipping news, with *The Journal of Commerce*, in markets with the pure commercial papers, in stock reports with the technical journals of the street; and shall extend their competition into yet other fields, as in courts with the law reports and the official records, in railways and inven-

tions with the Engineering journals, in insurance with the Insurance journals; or whether technical details shall be abandoned almost entirely to the class papers, and only what is likely to be of general interest to the largest number retained;—

Whether the further development of our Journalism is to tend towards the French or English pattern, towards reckless epigram and affairs of society almost to the overshadowing and neglect of the news, or towards stately essay writing, and dullish letters;—

Whether the French *feuilleton* can ever be ingrafted on American journals;—

Whether we might therewith secure a more convenient shape for our papers; as, for example, by taking Henry Watterson's suggestive idea of an evening daily of the shape of *The Saturday Review* or *The Nation*, with its last six or eight pages surrendered to advertisements, set without display, and this space made the most valuable and attractive on the paper by keeping a serial story, from the pen of the best novelist money can command, running on the lower half of each advertising page continuously;—

Whether the new Journalism will follow Public Opinion or make it;—

Whether a great paper can ever afford for any considerable length of time to set itself deliberately athwart what it knows to be the overwhelming popular desire;—

What are the inherent limitations of this gigantic power;—

These, and many kindred topics, may still be classed among the unsolved problems of Journalism. On the solutions which the young men of the Profession give to some of them will largely rest its Future.

But above all these is the larger question whether they will not make an end of personal and official Journalism. Half the force of many a great paper is now consumed in warding off attacks upon its Editor, or making attacks upon his antagonist, which nowise concern the justice or acceptability of the principles it advances. The public is invited to a discussion of the political crisis; and is regaled with an onslaught upon Editor Smith, because he once supported a Custom-house candidate, though he now has the unblushing mendacity to stand on a Tammany Republican platform;—is asked to consider the grave situation at the South, and is met by a denunciation of Editor Jenkins, because his partner made money by running cotton through the block-

ade, or his brother-in-law had a wife's nephew in the rebel army. This is not entertaining to the reader, and is not profitable to the Editor. No man is so good as his preaching, and sound discussion of public affairs will always get a fairer hearing when no man's personality colors or compromises it. It has been a long time since the Editors of our best papers paraded their names at the head of the columns; if now they could keep their existence absolutely out of sight, their papers would carry double weight for every judicious article, or every sagacious stroke of policy. With our Nestors of the Press, scarred in half a century of its fights, and crowned with many a grateful honor, this is not possible. But with the younger generation it is; and in their hands American Journalism will reach its most commanding influence, when it most nearly conceals its journalists. When Sir Robert Peel retired from office, and wished to thank the editor of *The Times* for the powerful support it had given his government, he could not learn the Editor's name. The name is common in men's mouths now, and the power has waned. In Paris they get away as far as possible from the habit of their sad island neighbors, and every writer signs his leading article. But the average life of a Paris newspaper is under a year, and a steady, journalistic influence in France seems an impossibility. They have plenty of editorial office-holders too; but the newspapers are worthless. When we come to esteem the direction of a great newspaper that has seen a dozen Administrations rise and fall, and may outlive many a dozen yet, as far higher than any four years' office any administration can bestow; when we rigorously require that the man who wants to hold office shall quit trying to be an Editor, and devote himself to his vocation; and when there shall be no relations whatever between the Government and the Press, save honest publicity on the one hand, and candid criticism on the other, our Journalism will at last have planted itself on its true plane.

That most charming of recent discussions, Arthur Helps's *Thoughts upon Government*, goes farther still, in words that deserve the profoundest attention of any young man proposing to himself a future in newspapers. "If any part of the Press," he

says, "enters into close alliance with any great political party, that part of the Press loses much of its influence; for the public desires the Press to represent its views and wishes, and does not delight in manifest advocacy on behalf of political parties. Then comes the question, what should be the relations between the Press and the Government? Before all things, these relations should not be slavish on either side. They should, if possible, be friendly, and, at any rate, should be just."

There at last we have it! Independent Journalism!—that is the watchword of the future in the profession. An end of concealments because the truth would hurt the party; an end of one-sided expositions, because damaging things must only be allowed against our antagonists; an end of assaults that are not believed fully just, but must be made because the exigency of party warfare demands them; an end of slanders that are known to be slanders, but must not be exploded because it would hurt the party; an end of hesitation to print the news in a newspaper, because it may hurt the party; an end of doctoring the reports of public opinion in South Carolina and Alaska, because the honest story of the feeling there might hurt the party; an end of all half-truths and hesitated lies; an end of public contempt for the voice that barks only approval to Sir Oracle, and through all the busy marts of trade and amusement, and learning and religion, keeps ever barking only this:—

"I am His Highness's dog at Kew;  
Pray, tell me, Sir, whose dog are you?"

an end, as Emerson has taught us the happy phrase, at once of official and officinal Journalism—that is the boon which to every perplexed, conscientious member of the Profession a new and beneficent Declaration of Independence affords. Under it Journalism expands in a balanced and unfettered development; ceases to be one-sided in its views, and to be distrusted, even in its facts; becomes the master, not the tool, of Party; tells the whole truth, commands the general confidence; ceases to be the advocate, rises to be the judge. To that passionless ether we may not from these partisan struggles soon ascend; but if not the near, it is at least the certain future of successful and honored Journalism.

DRAXY MILLER'S DOWRY.

(Continued from page 97.)

DRAXY's first night was spent at the house of a brother of Captain Melville's, to whom he had given her a letter. All went smoothly, and her courage rose. The next day at noon she was to change cars in one of the great railroad centers; as she drew near the city she began to feel uneasy. But her directions were explicit, and she stepped bravely out into the dismal, dark, underground station, bought her ticket, and walked up and down on the platform with her little valise in her hand, waiting for the train.

In a few moments it thundered in, enveloped in a blinding, stifling smoke. The crowd of passengers poured out. "Twenty minutes for refreshments" was shouted at each car, and in a moment more there was a clearing up of the smoke, and a lull in the trampling of the crowd. Draxy touched the conductor on the arm.

"Is this the train I am to take, sir?" she said, showing him her ticket.

He glanced carelessly at it. "No, no," said he; "this is the express: don't stop there. You must wait till the afternoon accommodation."

"But what time will that train get there?" said Draxy, turning pale.

"About ten o'clock, if it's on time," said the conductor, walking away. He had not yet glanced at Draxy, but at her "Oh, what shall I do!" He turned back; Draxy's face held him spellbound, as it had held many a man before. He stepped near her, and, taking the ticket from her hand, turned it over and over irresolutely. "I wish I could stop there, Miss," he said. "Is it any one who is sick?"—for Draxy's evident distress suggested but one explanation.

"Oh no," replied Draxy, trying in vain to make her voice steady. "But I am all alone, and I know no one there, and I am afraid, it—it is so late at night. My friends thought I should get there before dark."

"What are you going for, if you don't know anybody?" said the conductor, in a tone less sympathizing and respectful. He was a man more used to thinking ill than well of people.

Draxy colored. But her voice became very steady.

"I am Reuben Miller's daughter, sir, and I am going there to get some money which a bad man owed my father. We need the money, and there was no one else to go for it."

The conductor had never heard of Una, but the tone of the sentence, "I am Reuben Miller's daughter," smote upon his heart, and made him as reverent to the young girl as if she had been a saint.

"I beg your pardon, Miss," he said involuntarily.

Draxy looked at him with a bewildered expression, but made no reply. She was too pure to know that for the rough manner which had hurt her he ought to ask such pardon.

The conductor proceeded, still fingering the ticket:—

"I don't see how I can stop there. It's a great risk for me to take. If there was only one of the Directors on board now." Draxy looked still more puzzled. "No," he said, giving her back the ticket: "I can't do it no how;" and he walked away.

Draxy stood still in despair. In a few minutes he came back. He could not account for its seeming to him such an utter impossibility to leave that girl to go on her journey at night.

"What shall you do?" said he.

"I think my father would prefer that I should find some proper place to spend the night here, and go on in the morning," replied Draxy; "do you not think that would be better, sir?" she added, with an appealing, confiding tone which made the conductor feel more like her knight than ever.

"Yes, I think so, and I will give you my card to take to the hotel where I stay," said he, and he plunged into the crowd again.

Draxy turned to a brakeman who had drawn near.

"Has the conductor the right to stop the train if he chooses?" said she.

"Why yes, Miss, he's right enough, if that's all. Of course he's got to have power to stop the train any minute. But stoppin' jest to let off a passenger, that's different."

Draxy closed her lips a little more firmly, and became less pale. When the conductor came back and gave her his card, with the name of the hotel on it, she thanked him, took the card, but did not stir. He looked at her earnestly, said "Good day, Miss," lifted his hat, and disappeared. Draxy smiled. It yet wanted ten minutes of the time for the train to go. She stood still, patiently biding her last chance. The first bell rang—the steam was up—the crowd of passengers poured in; at the last minute but

one came the conductor. As he caught sight of Draxy's erect, dignified figure he started; before he could speak Draxy said, "I waited, sir, for I thought at the last minute a director might come, or you might change your mind."

The conductor laughed out, and seizing Draxy's valise, exclaimed, "By George, I will stop the train for you, Miss Miller! Hang me if I don't; jump in!" and in one minute more Draxy was whirling out of the dark station into the broad sunlight, which dazzled her.

When the conductor first came through the car he saw that Draxy had been crying. "Do her good," he thought to himself; "it always does do women good; but I'll be bound she wouldn't ha' cried if I'd left her."

Half an hour later he found her sound asleep, with her head knocking uneasily about on the back of the seat. Half ashamed of himself, he brought a heavy coat and slipped it under her head for a pillow. Seeing a supercilious and disagreeable smile on the face of a fashionable young man in the seat before Draxy, he said sharply: "She's come a long journey, and was put under my care."

"I guess that's true enough to pass muster," he chuckled to himself as he walked away. "If ever I'd believed a woman could make me stop this train for her! An', by George, without askin' me to either!"

Draxy slept on for hours. The winter twilight came earlier than usual, for the sky was overcast. When she waked the lamps were lit, and the conductor was standing over her, saying: "We're most there, Miss, and I thought you'd better get steadied on your feet a little before you get off, for I don't calculate to make a full stop."

Draxy laughed like a little child, and put up both hands to her head as if to make sure where she was. Then she followed the conductor to the door and stood looking out into the dim light.

The sharp signal for "down brakes" made experienced passengers spring to their feet. Windows opened; heads were thrust out. What had happened to this express train? The unaccustomed sound startled the village also. It was an aristocratic little place, much settled by wealthy men whose business was in a neighboring city. At many a dinner-table surprised voices said: "Why, what on earth is the down express stopping here for? Something must have broken."

"Some director or other to be put off," said others; "they have it all their own way on the road."

In the mean time Draxy Miller was walking slowly up the first street she saw, wondering what she should do next. The conductor had almost lifted her off the train; had shaken her hand, said "God bless you, Miss," and the train was gone, before she could be sure he heard her thank him. "Oh, why did I not thank him more before we stopped," thought Draxy.

"I hope she'll get her money," thought the conductor. "I'd like to see the man that wouldn't give her what she asked for."

So the benediction and protection of good wishes, from strangers as well as from friends, floated on the very air where Draxy walked, all unconscious of the invisible blessings.

She walked a long distance before she met any one of whom she liked to ask direction. At last she saw an elderly man standing under a lamp-post, reading a letter. Draxy studied his face, and then stopped quietly by his side without speaking. He looked up.

"I thought as soon as you had finished your letter, sir, I would ask you to tell me where Stephen Potter lives."

It was marvelous what an ineffable charm there was in the subtle mixture of courtesy and simplicity in Draxy's manner.

"I am going directly by his house myself, and will show you," replied the old gentleman. "Pray let me take your bag, Miss."

"Was it for you," he added, suddenly recollecting the strange stopping of the express train, "was it for you that the express train stopped just now?"

"Yes, sir," said Draxy. "The conductor very kindly put me off."

The old gentleman's curiosity was strongly roused, but he forbore asking any further questions until he left Draxy on the steps of the house, when he said: "Are they expecting you?"

"Oh no, sir," said Draxy quietly. "I do not know them."

"Most extraordinary thing," muttered the old gentleman as he walked on. He was a lawyer, and could not escape from the professional habit of looking upon all uncommon incidents as clues.

Draxy Miller's heart beat faster than usual as she was shown into Stephen Potter's library. She had said to the servant simply, "Tell Mr. Potter that Miss Miller would like to see him alone."

The grandeur of the house, the richness of the furniture would have embarrassed her, except that it made her stern as she thought

of her father's poverty. "How little a sum it must be to this man," she thought.

The name roused no associations in Stephen Potter; for years the thought of Reuben Miller had not crossed his mind, and as he looked in the face of the tall, beautiful girl who rose as he entered the room, he was utterly confounded to hear her say—

"I am Reuben Miller's daughter. I have come to see if you will pay me the money you owe him. We are very poor, and need it more than you can probably conceive."

Stephen Potter was a bad man, but not a hard-hearted bad man. He had been dishonest always; but it was the dishonesty of a weak and unscrupulous nature, not without generosity. At that moment a sharp pang seized him. He remembered the simple, upright, kindly face of Reuben Miller. He saw the same simple uprightness, kindled by strength, in the beautiful face of Reuben Miller's daughter. He did not know what to say. Draxy waited in perfect composure and silence. It seemed to him hours before he spoke. Then he said, in a miserable, shuffling way—

"I suppose you think me a rich man."

"I think you must be very rich," said Draxy, gently.

Then, moved by some strange impulse in the presence of this pure, unworldly girl, Stephen Potter suddenly spoke out, for the first time since his boyhood, with absolute sincerity.

"Miss Miller, you are your father over again. I revered your father. I have wronged many men without caring, but it troubled me to wrong him. I would give you that money to-night if I had it, or could raise it. I am not a rich man. I have not a dollar in the world. This house is not mine. It may be sold over my head any day. I am deep in trouble, but not so deep as I deserve to be," and he buried his face in his hands.

Draxy believed him. And it was true. At that moment Stephen Potter was really a ruined man, and many others were involved in the ruin which was impending.

Draxy rose, saying gravely, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter. We heard that you were rich, or I should not have come. We are very poor, but we are not unhappy, as you are."

"Stay, Miss Miller, sit down; I have a thing which might be of value to your father," and Mr. Potter opened his safe and took out a bundle of old yellow papers. "Here is the title to a lot of land in the north-

ern part of New Hampshire. I took it on a debt years ago, and never thought it was worth anything. Very likely it has run out, or the town has taken possession of the land for the taxes. But I did think the other day, that if worst came to worst, I might take my wife up there and try to farm it. But I'd rather your father should have it if it's good for anything. I took it for \$3,000, and it ought to be worth something. I will have the necessary legal transfer made in the morning, and give it to you before you leave."

This was not very intelligible to Draxy. The thin and tattered old paper looked singularly worthless to her. But rising again, she said simply as before, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter; and I thank you for trying to pay us! Will you let some one go and show me to the Hotel where I ought to sleep?"

Stephen Potter was embarrassed. It cut him to the heart to send this daughter of Reuben Miller's out of his house to pass the night. But he feared Mrs. Potter very much. He hesitated only a moment, however.

"No, Miss Miller. You must sleep here. I will have you shown to your room at once. I do not ask you to see my wife. It would not be pleasant for you to do so." And he rang the bell. When the servant came, he said—

"William, have a fire kindled in the blue room at once; as soon as it is done, come and let me know."

Then he sat down near Draxy and asked many questions about her family, all of which she answered with childlike candor. She felt a strange sympathy for this miserable, stricken, wicked man. When she bade him good-night she said again, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter. My father would be glad if he could help you in any way."

Stephen Potter went into the parlor where his wife sat, reading a novel. She was a very silly, frivolous woman, and she cared nothing for her husband, but when she saw his face she exclaimed, in terror, "What was it, Stephen?"

"Only Reuben Miller's daughter, come two days' journey after some money I owe her father and cannot pay," said Stephen, bitterly.

"Miller? Miller?" said Mrs. Potter, "one of those old canal debts?"

"Yes," said Stephen.

"Well, of course all those are outlawed long ago," said she. "I don't see why you need worry about that; she can't touch you."



Stephen looked scornfully at her. She had a worse heart than he. At that moment Draxy's face and voice, "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Miller," stood out in the very air before him.

"I suppose not," said he, moodily; "I wish she could! But I shall give her a deed of a piece of New Hampshire land which they may get some good of. God knows I hope she may," and he left the room, turning back, however, to add, "She is to sleep here to-night. I could not have her go to the hotel. But you need take no trouble about her."

"I should think not, Stephen Potter," exclaimed Mrs. Potter, sitting bolt upright in her angry astonishment; "I never heard of such impudence as her expecting—"

"She expected nothing. I obliged her to stay," interrupted Stephen, and was gone.

Mrs. Potter's first impulse was to go and order the girl out of her house. But she thought better of it. She was often afraid of her husband at this time; she dimly suspected that he was on the verge of ruin. So she sank back into her chair, buried herself in her novel, and soon forgot the interruption.

Draxy's breakfast and dinner were carried to her room, and every provision made for her comfort. Stephen Potter's servants obeyed him always. No friend of the family could have been more scrupulously served than was Draxy Miller. The man-servant carried her bag to the station, touched his hat to her as she stepped on board the train, and returned to the house to say in the kitchen: "Well, I don't care what she come for; she was a real lady, fust to last, an' that's more than Mr. Potter's got for a wife, I tell you."

When Stephen Potter went into his library after bidding Draxy good-bye, he found on the table a small envelope addressed to him. It held this note:

"MR. POTTER:—I would not take the paper [the word "money" had been scratched out and the word "paper" substituted] for myself; but I think I ought to for my father, because it was a true debt, and he is an old man now, and not strong.

"I am very sorry for you, Mr. Potter, and I hope you will become happy again.

"DRAXY MILLER."

Draxy had intended to write, "I hope you will be 'good' again," but her heart failed her. "Perhaps he will understand that

'happy' means good," she said, and so wrote the gentler phrase. Stephen Potter did understand; and the feeble outreaching which, during the few miserable years more of his life, he made towards uprightness were partly the fruit of Draxy Miller's words.

Draxy's journey home was uneventful. She was sad and weary. The first person she saw on entering the house was her father. He divined in an instant that she had been unsuccessful. "Never mind, little daughter," he said, gleefully, "I am not disappointed; I knew you would not get it, but I thought the journey 'd be a good thing for you, may be."

"But I have got something, father dear," said Draxy; "only I'm afraid it is not worth much."

"Tain't likely to be if Steve Potter gave it," said Reuben, as Draxy handed him the paper. He laughed scornfully as soon as he looked at it. "Tain't worth the paper it's writ on," said he, "and he knew it; if he hain't looked the land up all these years of course 'twas sold at vendue sale long ago."

Draxy turned hastily away. Up to this moment she had clung to a little hope.

When the family had all gathered together in the evening, and Draxy had told the story of her adventures, Reuben and Captain Melville examined the deed together. It was apparently a good clear title; it was of three hundred acres of land. Reuben groaned, "Oh, how I should like to see land by the acre once more." Draxy's face turned scarlet, and she locked and unlocked her hands, but said nothing. "But it's no use thinking about it," he went on; "this paper isn't worth a straw. Most likely there's more than one man well under way on the land by this time."

They looked the place up on an atlas. It was in the extreme north-east corner of New Hampshire. A large part of the county was still marked "ungranted," and the township in which this land lay was bounded on the north by this uninhabited district. The name of the town was Clairvend.

"What could it have been named for?" said Draxy. "How pleasantly it sounds."

"Most likely some Frenchman," said Captain Melville. "They always give names that 're kind o' musical."

"We might as well burn the deed up. It's nothing but a torment to think of it a lyn' round with it's three hundred acres of land," said Reuben in an impulsive tone, very rare for him, and prolonging the "three hundred"

with a scornful emphasis ; and he sprang up to throw the paper into the fire.

"No, no, man," said Captain Melville ; "don't be so hasty. No need of burning things up in such a roomy-house 's this! Something may come of that deed yet. Give it to Draxy ; I'm sure she's earned it, if there's anything to it. Put it away for your dowry, dear," and he snatched the paper from Reuben's hands and tossed it into Draxy's lap. He did not believe what he said, and the attempt at a joke brought but a faint smile to any face. The paper fell on the floor, and Draxy let it lie there till she thought her father was looking another way, when she picked it up and put it in her pocket.

For several days there was unusual silence and depression in the household. They had really set far more hope than they knew on this venture. It was not easy to take up the old routine and forget the air castle. Draxy's friend, Mrs. White, was almost as disappointed as Draxy herself. She had not thought of the chance of Mr. Potter's being really unable to pay. She told her husband, who was a lawyer, the story of the deed, and he said at once : "Of course ; it isn't worth a straw. If Potter didn't pay the taxes, somebody else did, and the land's been sold long ago."

So Mrs. White tried to comfort herself by engaging Draxy for one month's steady sewing, and presenting her with a set of George Eliot's novels. And Draxy tried steadily and bravely to forget her journey, and the name of Clairvend.

About this time she wrote a hymn, and showed it to her father. It was the first thing she had ever let him see, and his surprise and delight showed her that here was one more way in which she could brighten his life. She had not before thought, in her extreme humility, that by hiding her verses she was depriving him of pleasure. After this she showed him all she wrote, but the secret was kept religiously between them.

DRAXY'S HYMN.

I cannot think but God must know  
About the thing I long for so ;  
I know he is so good, so kind,  
I cannot think but he will find  
Some way to help, some way to show  
Me to the thing I long for so.

I stretch my hand—it lies so near :  
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.  
"Dear Lord," I pray, "Oh, let me know  
If it is wrong to want it so?"

VOL. IV.—14

He only smiles—He does not speak :  
My heart grows weaker and more weak,  
With looking at the thing so dear,  
Which lies so far, and yet so near.

Now, Lord, I leave at thy loved feet  
This thing which looks so near, so sweet ;  
I will not seek, I will not long—  
I almost fear I have been wrong.  
I'll go, and work the harder, Lord,  
And wait till by some loud, clear word  
Thou callest me to thy loved feet,  
To take this thing so dear, so sweet.

PART II.

As the spring drew near, a new anxiety began to press upon Draxy. Reuben drooped. The sea-shore had never suited him. He pined at heart for the inland air, the green fields, the fragrant woods. This yearning always was strongest in the spring, when he saw the earth waking up around him ; but now the yearning became more than yearning. It was the home-sickness of which men die sometimes. Reuben said little, but Draxy divined all. She had known it from the first, but had tried to hope that he could conquer it.

Draxy spent many wakeful hours at night now. The deed of the New Hampshire land lay in her upper bureau drawer, wrapped in an old handkerchief. She read it over, and over, and over. She looked again and again at the faded pink township on the old atlas. "Who knows," thought she, "but that land was forgotten and overlooked? It is so near the 'ungranted lands,' which must be wilderness, I suppose!" Slowly a dim purpose struggled in Draxy's brain. It would do no harm to find out. But how? No more journeys must be taken on uncertainties. At last, late one night, the inspiration came. Who shall say that it is not an unseen power which sometimes suggests to sorely tried human hearts the one possible escape? Draxy was in bed. She rose, lit her candle, and wrote two letters. Then she went back to bed and slept peacefully. In the morning when she kissed her father good-bye she looked wistfully in his face. She had never kept any secret from him before, except the secret of her verses. "But he must not be disappointed again," said Draxy ; "and there is no real hope."

So she dropped her letter into the post-office and went to her work.

The letter was addressed—

"To the Postmaster of Clairvend,  
"New Hampshire."

It was a very short letter.

"DEAR SIR :—I wish to ask some help from a minister in your town. If there is more than one minister, will you please give my letter to the kindest one.

"Yours truly,  
"DRAXY MILLER."

The letter inclosed was addressed—  
"To the Minister of Clairvend."  
This letter also was short.

"DEAR SIR :—I have asked the Postmaster to give this letter to the kindest minister in the town.

"I am Reuben Miller's daughter. My father is very poor. He has not known how to do as other men do to be rich. He is very good, sir. I think you can hardly have known any one so good. Mr. Stephen Potter, a man who owed him money, has given us a deed of land in your town. My father thinks the deed is not good for anything. But I thought perhaps it might be; and I would try to find out. My father is very sick, but I think he would get well if he could come and live on a farm. I have written this letter in the night, as soon as I thought about you; I mean as soon as I thought that there must be a minister in Clairvend, and he would be willing to help me.

"I have not told my father, because I do not want him to be disappointed again as he was about the deed.

"I have copied for you the part of the deed which tells where the land is; and I put in a stamp to pay for your letter to me, and if you will find out for us if we can get this land, I shall be grateful to you all my life.

"DRAXY MILLER."

Inclosed was a slip of paper on which Draxy had copied with great care the description of the boundaries of the land conveyed by the deed. It was all that was necessary. The wisest lawyer, the shrewdest diplomatist in the land never put forth a subtler weapon than this simple girl's simple letter.

It was on the morning of the 3d of April that Draxy dropped her letter in the office. Three days later it was taken out of the mail-bag in the post-office of Clairvend. The post-office was in the one store of the village. Ten or a dozen men were lounging about the store, as usual, smoking and talking in the inert way peculiar to rural New England. An old window had been set up on one end of the counter, and a latticed

gate shut off that corner of the space behind to make the post-office.

Now and then one of the men flattened his face against the dusty panes and peered through; but there was small interest in the little mail; nobody expected letters in Clairvend, and generally nobody got them. In a few moments the sorting was all over, but as the postmaster took up the last letter he uttered an ejaculation of surprise. "Well, that's queer," said he, as he proceeded to open it.

"What is it, John?" said two or three of the bystanders at once.

Mr. Twiner did not answer; he was turning the letter over and over, and holding it closer to the smoky kerosene lamp.

"Well, that's queer enough, I vow. I'd like to know if that's a girl or a boy?" he went on.

"Jest you read that letter loud," called some one, "if it ain't no secret."

"Well, I reckon there is a secret; but it's inside the inside letter," said the postmaster; "there ain't no great secret in mine," and then he read aloud Draxy's simple words to the postmaster of Clairvend.

The men gathered up closer to the counter and looked over.

"It's a gal's writing," said one; "but that ain't no gal's name."

"Wal, 'd ye ever hear of it's bein' a boy's name nuther?" said a boy, pressing forward. But the curiosity about the odd name was soon swallowed up in curiosity as to the contents of the letter. The men of Clairvend had not been so stirred and roused by anything since the fall election. Luckily for Draxy's poor little letter, there was but one minister in the village, and the only strife which rose was as to who should carry him the letter. Finally, two of the most persistent set out with it, both declaring that they had business on that road, and had meant all along to go in and see the Elder on their way home.

Elder Kinney lived in a small cottage high up on a hill, a mile from the post-office, and on a road very little traveled. As the men toiled up this hill, they saw a tall figure coming rapidly towards them.

"By thunder! there's the Elder now! That's too bad," said little Eben Hill, the greatest gossip in the town.

The Elder was walking at his most rapid rate; and Elder Kinney's most rapid rate was said to be one with which horses did not easily keep up. "No, thank you, friend, I haven't time to ride to-day," he often replied

to a parishioner who, jogging along with an old farm-horse, offered to give him a lift on the road. And, sure enough, the elder usually would come in ahead. He was six feet two inches tall, and his legs were almost disproportionately long, so that his stride was something gigantic.

"Elder! Elder! here's a letter we was a bringin' up to you!" called out both of the men at once, as he passed them like a flash, saying hurriedly "Good evening! good evening!" and was many steps down the hill beyond them before he could stop.

"Oh, thank you!" he said, taking it hastily and dropping it into his pocket. "Mrs. Williams is dying, they say; I cannot stop a minute," and he was out of sight while the baffled parishioners stood confounded at their ill luck.

"Now jest as like 's not we shan't never know what was in that letter," said Eben Hill, disconsolately. "Ef we'd ha' gone in and set down while he read it, we sh'd ha' had some chance."

"But then he mightn't ha' read it while we was there," replied Joseph Bailey, resignedly; "an' I expect it ain't none o' our business anyhow, one way or tother."

"It's the queerest thing 's ever happened in this town," persisted Eben; "what's a girl—that is if 'tis a girl—got to do writin' to a minister she don't know? I don't believe it's any good she's after."

"Wal, ef she is, she's come to the right place; and there's no knowin' but that the Lord's guided her, Eben; for ef ever there was a man sent on this airth to do the Lord's odd jobs o' lookin' arter folks, it's Elder Kinney," said Joseph.

"That's so," answered Eben in a dismal tone, "that's so; but he's drefful close-mouthed when he's a mind to be. You can't deny that!"

"Wal, I dunno 's I want ter deny it," said Joseph, who was beginning, in Eben's company, to grow ashamed of curiosity; "I dunno 's it's anything agin him," and so the men parted.

It was late at night when Elder Kinney went home from the bedside of the dying woman. He had forgotten all about the letter. When he undressed, it fell from his pocket, and lay on the floor. It was the first thing he saw in the morning. "I declare!" said the Elder, and reaching out a long arm from the bed he picked it up.

The bright winter sun was streaming in on the Elder's face as he read Draxy's letter. He let it fall on the scarlet and white coun-

terpane, and lay thinking. The letter touched him unspeakably. Elder Kinney was no common man: he had a sensitive organization and a magnetic power, which, if he had had the advantages of education and position, would have made him a distinguished preacher. As a man, he was tender, chivalrous, and impulsive; and even the rough, cold, undemonstrative people among whom his life had been spent had, without suspecting it, almost a romantic affection for him. He had buried his young wife and her first-born stillborn child together in this little village twelve years before, and had lived ever since in the same house from which they had been carried to the graveyard. "If you ever want any other man to preach to you," he said to the people, "you've only to say so to the Conference. I don't want to preach one sermon too many to you. But I shall live and die in this house; I can't ever go away. I can get a good livin' at farmin'—good as preachin', any day!"

The sentence, "I am Reuben Miller's daughter," went to his heart as it had gone to every man's heart who had heard it before from Draxy's unconscious lips. But it sunk deeper in his heart than in any other.

"If bāby had lived she would have loved me like this, perhaps," thought the Elder, as he read the pathetic words over and over. Then he studied the paragraph copied from the deed. Suddenly a thought flashed into his mind. He knew something about this land. It must be—yes, it must be on a part of this land that the sugar-camp lay from which he had been sent for, five years before, to see a Frenchman who was lying very ill in the little log sugar-house. The Elder racked his brains. Slowly it all came back to him. He remembered that at the time some ill-will had been shown in the town toward this Frenchman; that doubts had been expressed about his right to the land; and that no one would go out into the clearing to help take care of him. Occasionally, since that time, the Elder had seen the man hanging about the town. He had an evil look; this was all the Elder could remember.

At breakfast he said to old Nancy, his housekeeper: "Nancy, did you ever know anything about that Frenchman who had a sugar-camp out back of the swamp road? I went out to see him when he had the fever a few years ago."

Nancy was an Indian woman with a little white blood in her veins. She never forgot an injury. This Frenchman had once jeered



at her from the steps of the village store, and the village men had laughed.

"Know anythin' about *him*? Yes, sir. He's a son o' Satan, an' I reckon he stays to hum the great part-o' the year, for he's never seen round here except jest sugarin' time."

The Elder laughed in spite of himself. Nancy's tongue was a member of which he strongly disapproved; but all his efforts to enforce charity and propriety of speech upon her were rendered null and void by his lack of control of his risibles. Nancy loved her master; but she had no reverence in her composition, and nothing gave her such delight as to make him laugh out against the consent of his will. She went on to say that the Frenchman came every spring, bringing with him a gang of men, some twelve or more, "all sons o' the same Father, sir; you'd know 'em's far's you see 'em." They took a large stock of provisions, went out into the maple clearing, and lived there during the whole sugar season in rough log huts. "They do say he's jest carried off a good two thousand dollars' worth o' sugar this very week," said Nancy.

The Elder brought his hand down hard on the table, and said "Whew!" This was Elder Kinney's one ejaculation. Nancy seldom heard it, and she knew it meant tremendous excitement. She grew eager, and lingered, hoping for further questions; but the Elder wanted his next information from a more accurate and trustworthy source than old Nancy. Immediately after breakfast he set out for the village; he soon slackened his pace, however, and began to reflect. It was necessary to act cautiously; he felt instinctively sure that the Frenchman had not purchased the land. His occupation of it had evidently been acquiesced in by the town for many years; but the Elder was too well aware of the slack and unbusiness-like way in which much of the town business was managed to attach much importance to this fact. He was perplexed—a rare thing for Elder Kinney. Finally, he stopped and sat down on the top of a stone wall to think. In a few minutes he saw the steaming heads of a pair of oxen coming up the hill. Slowly the cart came in sight: it was loaded with sugar-buckets; and there, walking by its side, was—yes! it was—the very Frenchman himself!

Elder Kinney was too much astonished even to say "Whew!"

"This begins to look like the Lord's own business," was the first impulsive thought of

his devout heart. "There's plainly something to be done. That little Draxy's father shall get some o' the next year's sugar out o' that camp, or my name isn't Seth Kinney;" and the Elder sprang from the wall and walked briskly towards the Frenchman. As he drew near him, however, and saw the forbidding look on the fellow's face, he suddenly abandoned his first intention, which was to speak to him, and, merely bowing, passed on down the hill.

"He's a villain, if I know the look of one," said the honest Elder. "I'll think a little longer. I wonder where he stores his buckets. Now, there's a chance," and Elder Kinney turned about and followed the plodding cart up the hill again. It was a long pull and a tedious one; and for Elder Kinney to keep behind oxen was a torture like being in a straight waistcoat. One mile, two miles, three miles! The elder half repented of his undertaking; but, like all wise and magnetic natures, he had great faith in his first thoughts, and he kept on.

At last the cart turned into a lane on the right-hand side of the road.

"Why, he's goin' to old Ike's," exclaimed the Elder. "Well, I can get at all old Ike knows, and it's pretty apt to be all there is worth knowin'," and Elder Kinney began, in his satisfaction, to whistle,

"This life's the time to serve the Lord,"

in notes as clear and loud as a Bob-o'-link's.

He walked on rapidly, and was very near overtaking the Frenchman, when suddenly a new thought struck him. "Now, if he's uneasy about himself,—and if he knows he ain't honest, of course he's uneasy,—he'll may be think I'm on his track, and be off to his 'hum,' as Nancy calls it," and the Elder chuckled at the memory, "an' I shouldn't have any chance of ketchin' him here for another year." The Elder stood still again. Presently he jumped a fence, and, walking off to the left, climbed a hill, from the top of which he could see old Ike's house. Here, in the edge of a spruce grove, he walked back and forth, watching the proceedings below. "Seems little too much like bein' a spy," thought the good man, "but I never felt a clearer call in a thing in my life than I do in this little girl's letter," and he fell to singing

"Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,"

till the crows in the wood were frightened by the strange sound, and came flying out and flapping their great wings above his head.



The Frenchman drove into old Ike's yard. Ike came out of the house and helped him unload the buckets, and carry them into an old corn-house which stood behind the barn. As soon as the Frenchman had turned his oxen's head down the lane, the Elder set out for the house, across the fields. Old Ike was standing in the barn-door. When he saw the tall figure striding through the pasture, he ran to let down the bars, and hurried up to the Elder and grasped both his hands. Not in all Elder Kinney's parish was there a single heart which beat so warmly for him as did the heart of this poor lonely old man, who had lived by himself in this solitary valley ever since the Elder came to Clairvend.

"Oh, Elder, Elder," said he, "it does me reel good to see your face. Be ye well, sir?" looking closely at him.

"Yes, Ike, thank you, I'm always well," replied the Elder absently. He was too absorbed in his errand to have precisely his usual manner, and it was the slight change which Ike's affectionate instinct felt. But Ike saved him all perplexity as to introducing the object of his visit by saying at once, picking up one of the sugar-buckets which had rolled off to one side, "I'm jest pilin' up Ganew's sugar-buckets for him. He pays me well for storin' 'em, but I kind o' hate to have anythin' to do with him. Don't you remember him, Sir—him that was so awful bad with the fever down 'n the clearin' five years ago this month? You was down ter see him, I know."

"Yes, yes, I remember," said the Elder, with a manner so nonchalant that he was frightened at his own diplomacy. "He was a bad fellow, I thought."

Ike went on: "Wall, that's everybody's feelin' about him: and there ain't no great thing to show for't nuther. But they did say a while back that he hadn't no reel right to the land. He turned up all of a sudden, and paid up all there was owin' on the taxes, an' he's paid 'em regular ever sence. But 'e hain't never showed how the notes come to be signed by some other name. Yes, sir, the hull lot—it's nigh on ter three hundred acres, such 's 'tis; a good part on't 's swamp though, that ain't wuth a copper—the hull lot went to a man down in York State, when the Iron Company bust up here in '8—, and for two or three year, the chap he jest sent up his note for the taxes, and they've a drefful shiftless way o' lettin' things go in this ere town, 's you know, sir; there wan't nobody that knowed what a sugar orchard was a lyin' in there, or there'd been plenty to grab for it;

but I don't s'pose there's three men in the town'd ever been over back o' Birch Hill till this Ganew he come and cut a road in, and had his sugar-camp agoin' one spring, afore anybody knew what he was arter. But he's paid all up reg'lar, and well he may, sez everybody, for he can't get his sugar off, sly 's he is, w'thout folks gettin' some kind o' notion about it, an' they say 's he's cleared thousands an' thousands o' dollars. I expect they ain't overshot the mark nuther, for he's got six hundred new buckets this spring, and Bill Sims, he's been in with 'em the last two years, 'n he says there ain't no sugar orchard to compare, except Squire White's over in Mill Creek, and he's often taken in three thousand pounds off his'n."

Ike sighed as he paused, breathless. "It's jest my luck, allers knockin' about 'n them woods 's I am, not to have struck trail on that air orchard. I could ha' bought it 's well 's not in the fust on't, if it had been put up to vendue, 's 't oughter ben, an' nobody knowin' what 'twas wuth."

Elder Kinney sat on the threshold of the barn-door, literally struck dumb by the un-hoped-for corroboration of his instincts; clearing up of his difficulties. His voice sounded hoarse in his own ears as he replied:—

"Well, Ike, the longest lane has a turnin'. It's my belief that God doesn't often let dishonest people prosper very long. We shall see what becomes of Ganew. Where does he live? I'd like to see him."

"Well, he don't live nowhere, 's near 's anybody can find out. He's in the camp with the gang about six weeks, sometimes eight; they say 's it 's a kind of settlement down there, an' then he's off again till sugarin' comes round; but he's dreadful sharp and partikler about the taxes, I tell you, and he's given a good deal too, fust and last, to the town. Folks say he wants to make 'em satisfied to let him alone. He's coming up here again to-morrow with two more loads of buckets, sir: if 't wouldn't be too much trouble for you to come here agin so soon," added poor Ike, grasping at the chance of seeing the Elder again.

"Well, I think perhaps I'll come," replied the Elder, ashamed again of the readiness with which he found himself taking to tortuous methods, "if I'm not too busy. What time will he be here?"

"About this same time," said Ike. "He don't waste no time, mornin' nor evenin'."

The Elder went away soon, leaving poor Ike half unhappy.

"He's got somethin' on his mind, thet's

plain enough," thought the loving old soul. "I wonder now ef it's a woman; I've allus thought the Elder war'n't no sort of man to live alone all his days."

"Dear, good little Draxy," thought the Elder, as he walked down the road. "How shall I ever tell the child of this good luck, and how shall I manage it all for the best for her?"

Draxy's interests were in good hands. Before night Elder Kinney had ascertained that there had never been any sale of this land since it was sold to "the New York chap," and that Ganew's occupation of it was illegal. After tea the Elder sat down and wrote two letters.

The first one was to Draxy, and ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR CHILD:—

"I received your letter last night, and by the Lord's help I have found out all about your father's land to-day. But I shall write to your father about it, for you could not understand.

"I wish the Lord had seen fit to give me just such a daughter as you are.

"Your friend,

"SETH KINNEY."

(To be continued.)

The letter to Reuben was very long, giving in substance the facts which have been told above, and concluding thus:—

"I feel a great call from the Lord to do all I can in this business, and I hope you won't take it amiss if I make bold to decide what's best to be done without consulting you. This fellow's got to be dealt with pretty sharp, and I, being on the ground, can look after him better than you can. But I'll guarantee that you'll have possession of that land before many weeks." He then asked Reuben to have an exact copy of the deed made out and forwarded to him; also any other papers which might throw light on the transfer of the property, sixteen years back. "Not that I calculate there'll be any trouble," he added; "we don't deal much in lawyers' tricks up here, but it's just as well to be provided."

The Elder went to the post-office before breakfast to post this letter. The address did not escape the eyes of the postmaster. Before noon Eben Hill knew that the Elder had written right off by the first mail to a "Miss Draxy Miller."

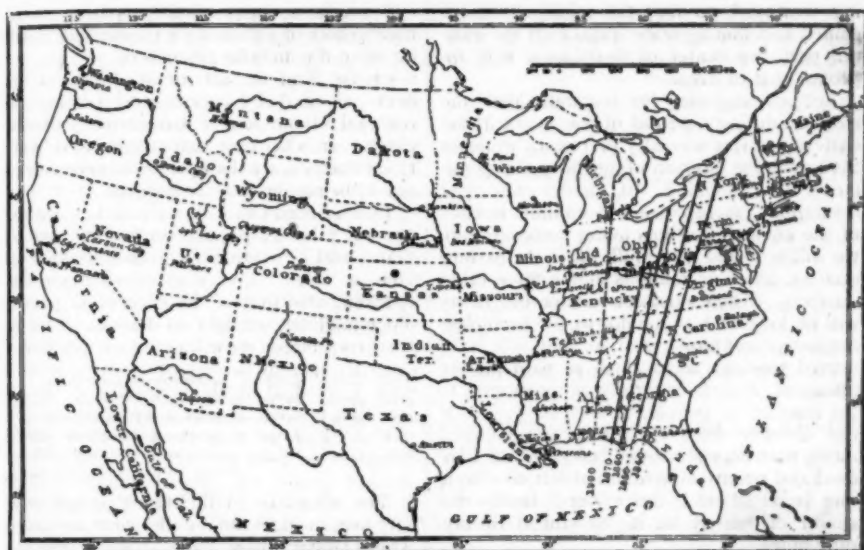
Meantime the Elder was sitting in the doorway of old Ike's barn, waiting for the Frenchman; ten o'clock came, eleven, twelve—he did not appear.

## THE ADVANCE OF POPULATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

THE decennial inventory of the nation forms an almost inexhaustible source from which the statistician and political economist may draw information concerning the development of the country as to its population, wealth, and industry in their most varied aspects. Not that our census has been as comprehensive in its scope as might be desired. In providing for the last enumeration, some of our ablest statesmen exerted themselves unsuccessfully in favor of having many inquiries, of great interest to political economy, included in its schedules; but, even as it is, the records obtained are fraught with the richest store of information, which, in the able hands of the Superintendent, Gen. Francis A. Walker, will doubtless be made to yield results of so great importance and value as will irresistibly lead to a more perfect system of inquiry at the next recurring term.

A census of the United States offers many aspects widely different from those of any taken in the older countries of Europe, where

an almost stationary condition as to area occupied by population, distribution of crops, industries, and nationalities, prevails. In the United States vast new areas are continually being settled by a population drawn from the older states and largely reinforced by emigration from different nations of Europe. These people, according to some natural instinct, either seek sparsely settled districts to devote themselves to agriculture, or collect in towns and cities, resorting to level or hilly countries, to cooler or warmer climates, according to some bias which it would be difficult to predicate, but which an attentive study of the results strikingly exhibits. Questions like these have not been dealt with by the able statisticians of Europe, since the conditions that give rise to them do not exist in their countries. That they will be treated in a masterly manner in the forthcoming reports, those who have had an opportunity of watching the progress of the work can confidently promise.



THE UNITED STATES.

In the present article it is proposed to deal with the Advance of Population in its most general aspect, the data being derived from the advance sheets of the population volume distributed by Superintendent Walker.

In order to get some measure of this advance, or some general idea of the rate at which the country is filling up, we will consider the centers of population at different periods and examine their progress.

If the population of a country were uniformly distributed, the center of population would coincide with the geographical center, being that point upon which the area may be said to balance; and if the rate of increase of population were uniform over the whole area, the center of population would not vary from its position. But if, on the other hand, the population be denser in one portion of the country than in others, the center of population will fall away from the geographical center toward the denser portions, and if the population increases more rapidly in the less populated portions, it will advance toward the center of area. This center of population may be more particularly defined as the *center of gravity* of the population, it being, in fact, the point in which the area, loaded with its population, each man in his place, would balance. In order to form a definite idea in regard to this

center of gravity, and its movement under a given supposition, let us imagine a rectangular area, as shown in the diagram, divided into

	$w$	$x$	$c'$	$c$
$\frac{3}{16}$	$\frac{2}{16}$	$\frac{3}{16}$	$\frac{1}{2}$	

four equal parts, containing respectively, one half, three-sixteenths, two-sixteenths, and three-sixteenths of the whole population, reckoning from east to west, and conceiving the population evenly distributed over each quarter. It is now easily seen that the center of population of the eastern quarter lies in the middle of its area, while the center of the other three quarters lies in the middle of the third quarter. Each of these two centers representing one-half of the whole population collectively, that of the whole population must lie midway between them, or in the middle of the second quarter, at  $c$ , the center of area ( $x$ ) being on the middle dividing line. If now the population were to increase uniformly over the whole area, the relative position of these two centers would not be changed; but if, as in the United States, the population were advanc-

ing westward, so that the middle portions gained in a much greater ratio than the eastern part, the center of population will approach that of area.

Let us suppose, for instance, that the increase during a period of ten years in the eastern quarter was fifty per cent., while in the remaining portion of territory the population had doubled. If, under our first assumption, there were two millions in each of the unequal portions under consideration, we will now find three millions in the eastern quarter, and four millions in the three other quarters. Their common center of gravity will no longer be at  $c$ , midway between their respective centers  $e$  and  $w$ , but will have moved towards  $w$  to  $c'$ , so as to make the distances  $c'e$ ,  $c'w$  inversely proportioned to the number of people, or as 4 to 3; and if the distance from  $c$  to  $e$  be two hundred miles, that from  $c'$  to  $e$  will now be two hundred and twenty-nine miles, and from  $c'$  to  $w$  one hundred and seventy-one miles, the center of gravity having advanced twenty-nine miles.

We shall furthermore observe, before proceeding to the actual case in hand, that when the tendency is to a uniform distribution of the population, the excess of increase in the new country over that in the old settlements will in time diminish, and that therefore the approach of the center of population to that of area will proceed at a constantly lessening rate. Without entering upon an elaborate discussion of this proposition, it will suffice to say that the resulting law will not differ essentially from a movement of the center of gravity of population toward its ultimate limit, in a nearly constant ratio of the remaining distance—that is to say, if within a given period the center of gravity has advanced toward its permanent place by one-fourth part of the distance at the beginning of the period, it will in an equal period next succeeding advance over one-fourth of the remaining space, and so on, always assuming that the movement of population is not affected by any extraordinary disturbances.

Let us now turn to the map of the United States. Its geographical center is indicated by the dot just below the middle of the northern boundary of Kansas. Owing to the comparative infertility of the territory lying west of the meridian passing through that center, it is certain that the center of population, when a permanent ratio of distribution shall have been reached, cannot lie far West of the Mississippi river; and since there is no great disparity in the northern

and southern zones of the territory as to their power of sustaining a population, it will be near the middle latitude of  $39^\circ$ , placing it not far from the city of St. Louis, as has been claimed by persons advocating the removal of the seat of Government to that place. In what time that condition is likely to be reached, we shall presently endeavor to show our readers how to estimate.

In connection with this article is given the general table of population for the several States and Territories for each decade, from 1840 to 1870. Our map shows the corresponding positions of the centers of gravity. To enable our readers to transfer them to their own maps, we will give their positions:

Year.	Lat.	Long.	Approximate Description.
1840	$39^\circ 05'$	$89^\circ 18'$	22 miles south of Clarksburg, W. Va.
1850	$38^\circ 55'$	$81^\circ 19'$	25 miles S. E. of Parkersburg, W. Va.
1860	$39^\circ 03'$	$82^\circ 50'$	30 miles south of Chillicothe, Ohio.
1870	$39^\circ 15'$	$83^\circ 39'$	5 miles west of Hillsboro, Ohio, or 48 miles east by north of Cincinnati.

The advances in the three periods were fifty-five, eighty-two, and forty-six miles. The comparatively large stride during the second decade, and the checked advance and more northwardly direction in the third, at once strike the eye. The former is attributable to the rapid settlement of California after the discovery of gold, by which a considerable population was transferred from the eastern half of the country to its westernmost regions; the latter exhibits the loss in the rate of increase occasioned by the civil war, especially in the South. We may safely assume that disturbing causes of such magnitude cannot again occur, and that the progression will show hereafter but slight fluctuations from a regular law, since those extraordinary events have, after all, produced but very moderate inequalities.

Placing now, at a venture, the ultimate position of the center of population 600 miles to the west of its location in 1840, which will bring it between fifty and sixty miles west of St. Louis, we observe that the advance of 180 miles in the last three decades is just three-tenths of the whole distance, leaving 420 miles still to be gained. But three-tenths of this remaining distance is 126 miles, which may be taken as a good estimate of the advance during the next thirty years, and will bring us to a point some thirty miles south of Indianapolis.

Not wishing to stretch our inferences too far, we leave it to such of our readers as choose to perform the simple calculation for subsequent periods, which will lead them to the result that in the year 2000 the center

## POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

STATES AND TERRITORIES.	1870		1880		1890		1900	
Total of the U. States.	38,555,693	31,443,331	23,101,876	17,069,453				
Total of the States.	38,113,253	31,183,744	23,067,562	17,019,641				
Alabama.....	16 996,692	13 964,901	12 771,693	12 590,796				
Arkansas.....	26 484,471	25 435,450	26 209,897	25 971,574				
California.....	24 960,447	26 379,694	29 99,597	30 399,078				
Connecticut.....	25 537,454	24 460,147	21 370,792	20 78,085				
Delaware.....	34 128,015	32 112,216	30 91,532	27 54,477				
Florida.....	33 187,748	31 140,444	31 87,445	27 69,139				
Georgia.....	12 1,186,109	11 1,037,866	9 906,185	9 476,183				
Illinois.....	4 2,538,691	4 1,711,951	11 851,470	14 685,866				
Indiana.....	6 1,680,637	6 1,350,488	7 988,416	10 43,112				
Iowa.....	11 1,191,792	10 674,913	27 192,214	28 43,112				
Kansas.....	29 364,399	33 107,206	.. ..	.. ..				
Kentucky.....	8 1,331,011	9 1,155,684	8 984,405	6 779,828				
Louisiana.....	21 706,915	17 706,002	18 517,762	19 339,411				
Maine.....	23 606,615	22 608,279	16 581,169	13 470,219				
Maryland.....	20 760,894	19 687,049	17 583,014	15 470,219				
Massachusetts.....	7 1,457,351	7 1,331,066	6 999,514	8 737,699				
Michigan.....	13 1,184,039	16 749,113	20 397,654	23 812,267				
Minnesota.....	28 439,706	30 177,023	33 607,7	.. ..				
Mississippi.....	18 827,922	14 791,705	15 606,566	17 375,651				
Missouri.....	5 1,721,295	8 1,180,012	13 682,044	16 313,702				
Montana.....	35 127,993	35 28,441	.. ..	.. ..				
Nevada.....	37 42,491	36 6,537	.. ..	.. ..				
STATES AND TERRITORIES.								
New Hampshire.....	31 318,300	27 346,073	22 467,095	20 490,555				
New Jersey.....	17 966,096	21 470,735	23 3,097,735	25 3,448,921				
New York.....	1 4,382,759	3 3,886,735	2 3,097,735	1 3,448,921				
North Carolina.....	14 1,071,561	13 997,622	10 866,099	7 733,419				
Ohio.....	3 8,665,460	3 8,335,511	3 8,097,399	3 7,539,467				
Oregon.....	26 90,093	34 34,465	38 13,964	.. ..				
Pennsylvania.....	2 3,511,791	2 2,604,215	2 2,115,716	2 1,774,033				
Rhode Island.....	30 877,353	29 174,600	28 147,545	24 108,830				
South Carolina.....	22 205,606	18 202,201	14 147,545	12 56,328				
Tennessee.....	9 1,028,520	10 1,100,801	5 1,002,717	5 893,210				
Texas.....	19 818,579	23 604,215	25 812,592	.. ..				
Vermont.....	30 330,551	28 315,091	23 314,120	21 291,948				
Virginia.....	20 1,225,161	5 1,566,218	4 1,411,661	4 1,039,797				
West Virginia.....	27 442,014	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..				
Wisconsin.....	13 1,034,070	15 775,531	24 905,391	29 30,945				
Total of the Territories.								
Arizona.....	9 5,658	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..				
Colorado.....	4 29,664	4 34,977	.. ..	.. ..				
Dakota.....	8 14,181	6 4,837	.. ..	.. ..				
District of Columbia.....	1 131,700	2 75,080	2 51,697	1 43,712				
Idaho.....	7 14,999	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..				
Montana.....	6 20,595	1 93,516	.. ..	.. ..				
New Mexico.....	2 91,874	1 40,373	3 11,380	.. ..				
Utah.....	3 88,786	3 21,594	.. ..	.. ..				
Washington.....	5 23,933	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..				
Wyoming.....	10 9,118	.. ..	.. ..	.. ..				

NOTE.—The narrow column under each census year shows the order of the States and Territories when arranged according to magnitude of population in the aggregates, or in each class.



of population will still be lingering in Illinois, some thirty miles east of St. Louis. However that may be, it is certainly safe to predict that in 1880 our center will be about ten miles north of Cincinnati.

To some of our readers it will be of interest to learn that in calculating the positions above given the centers for each State have been computed with regard to the relative density of population in their different parts, and that all cities having over 50,000 inhabitants have been treated as separate centers, thus insuring a great degree of accuracy in the result.

Our map exhibits another aspect of the same question. We have drawn upon it lines that divided the population into two equal parts in the several years of the census. Thus, in 1870 one-half of the entire population of 38,556,000 people lived east of a line drawn from Cleveland, Ohio, through West Point, on the boundary between Georgia and Alabama. In 1840, when the population was but little over 17,000,000, such a line might be drawn from Oswego to the northeastern bight of Appalachee Bay, in Florida. The direction of such a bisecting line for any given date is indeed optional, but we have so chosen the arrangement as to conform in some degree to the natural diffusion of the people. The settlements having begun at the sea-coast and spread inward, the line for 1840 is drawn somewhat to represent that idea; at some future time, a line drawn north and south along

the meridian of St. Louis will appear the most natural and instructive dividing line. From the point of intersection of the line of 1840 with the 90th meridian, the other lines have been drawn at such distances apart as to bisect the population for each epoch. We may measure their relative advance upon any arc drawn from the point of intersection—as, for instance, on an arc passing through Cincinnati—and find the decennial progress to be fifty-eight, sixty-nine, and fifty-one miles. These distances show a similar disparity as those of the centers, but the effect of California is felt here only by the increased number of persons going westward, unaffected by the great distance to which they have traveled, which enters as a factor in determining the center of gravity.

The lines here presented may be drawn on any good map of the United States by the following data:—

Year.	Intersection on Parallel 45°.	Intersection on Parallel 30°.
1840.....	Long. 75° 29'	Long. 83° 58'
1850.....	" 77 04	" 84 36
1860.....	" 78 51	" 85 20
1870.....	" 80 15	" 85 55

By a process of reasoning and computation similar to that above adopted, making some allowance for the irregular outline of the northern border, we find that after the lapse of three more decades a line drawn from the western shore of Saginaw Bay to Pensacola will equally divide the population in the year 1900.

### HER SPHERE.

No outward sign her angelhood revealed,  
Save that her eyes were wondrous mild and fair,—  
The aureole round her forehead was concealed  
By the pale glory of her shining hair.

She bore the yoke and wore the name of wife  
To one who made her tenderness and grace  
A mere convenience of his narrow life,  
And put a seraph in a servant's place.

She cheered his meager hearth,—she blessed and warmed  
His poverty, and met its harsh demands  
With meek, unvarying patience, and performed  
Its menial tasks with stained and battered hands.

She nursed his children through their helpless years,—  
Gave them her strength, her youth, her beauty's prime,—  
Bore for them sore privation, toil, and tears,  
Which made her old and tired before her time.

And when fierce fever smote him with its blight  
Her calm, consoling presence charmed his pain;  
Through long and thankless watches, day and night,  
Her fluttering fingers cooled his face like rain.

With soft magnetic touch, and murmurs sweet,  
She brought him sleep, and stilled his fretful moan,  
And taught his flying pulses to repeat  
The mild and moderate measure of her own.

She had an artist's quick, perceptive eyes  
For all the beautiful; a poet's heart  
For every changing phase of earth and skies,  
And all things fair in nature and in art.

She looked with all a woman's keen delight  
On jewels rich and dainty drapery,  
Rare fabrics and soft hues,—the happy right  
Of those more favored but less fair than she;

On pallid pearls, which glimmer cool and white,  
Dimming proud foreheads with their purity;  
On silks which gleam and ripple in the light,  
And shift and shimmer like the summer sea;

On gems like drops by sudden sunlight kissed,  
When fall the last large brilliants of the rain;  
On laces delicate as frozen mist  
Embroidering a winter window-pane;—

Yet, near the throng of worldly butterflies,  
She dwelt, a chrysalis, in homely brown;  
With costliest splendors flaunting in her eyes,  
She went her dull way in a gingham gown.

Hedged in by alien hearts, unloved, alone,  
With slender shoulders bowed beneath their load,  
She trod the path that Fate had made her own,  
Nor met one kindred spirit on the road.

Slowly the years rolled onward; and at last,  
When the bruised reed was broken, and her soul  
Knew its sad term of earthly bondage past,  
And felt its nearness to the heavenly goal,

Then a strange gladness filled the tender eyes,  
Which gazed afar beyond all grief and sin,  
And seemed to see the gates of Paradise  
Unclosing for her feet to enter in.

Vainly the master she had served so long  
Clasped her worn hands, and, with remorseful tears,  
Cried: "Stay, oh, stay! Forgive my bitter wrong;  
Let me atone for all these dreary years!"

Alas for heedless hearts and blinded sense!  
With what faint welcome and what meager fare,  
What mean subjections and small recompense,  
We entertain our angels unaware!

## "SURLY TIM'S TROUBLE."

A LANCASHIRE STORY.

"SORRY to hear my fellow-workmen speak so disparagin' o' me? Well, Mester, that's as it may be, yo know. Happen my fellow-workmen ha made a bit o' a mistake—happen what seems loike crustiness to them beant so much crustiness as summut else—happen I mought do my bit o' complainin' too. Yo munnot trust aw yo hear, Mester; that's aw I can say."

I looked at the man's bent face quite curiously, and, judging from its rather heavy but still not unprepossessing outline, I could not really call it a bad face, or even a sulky one. And yet both managers and hands had given me a bad account of Tim Hibblethwaite. "Surly Tim" they called him, and each had something to say about his sullen disposition to silence, and his short answers. Not that he was accused of anything like misdemeanor, but he was "glum loike," the factory people said, and "a surly fellow well deserving his name," as the master of his room had told me.

I had come to Lancashire to take the control of my father's spinning-factory a short time before, and, being anxious to do my best toward the hands, I often talked to one and another in a friendly way, so that I could the better understand their grievances and remedy them with justice to all parties concerned. So, in conversing with men, women, and children, I gradually found out that Tim Hibblethwaite was in bad odor, and that he held himself doggedly aloof from all; and this was how, in the course of time, I came to speak to him about the matter, and the opening words of my story are the words of his answer. But they did not satisfy me by any means. I wanted to do the man justice myself, and see that justice was done to him by others; and then again when, after my curious look at him, he lifted his head from his work and drew the back of his hand across his warm face, I noticed that he gave his eyes a brush, and, glancing at him once more, I recognized the presence of a queer moisture in them.

In my anxiety to conceal that I had noticed anything unusual, I am afraid I spoke to him quite hurriedly. I was a young man then, and by no means as self-possessed as I ought to have been.

"I hope you won't misunderstand me, Hibblethwaite," I said; "I don't mean to complain—indeed, I have nothing to complain of, for Foxley tells me you are the

steadiest and most orderly hand he has under him; but the fact is I should like to make friends with you all, and see that no one is treated badly. And somehow or other I found out that you were not disposed to feel friendly towards the rest, and I was sorry for it. But I suppose you have some reason of your own."

The man bent down over his work again, silent for a minute, to my discomfiture, but at last he spoke, almost huskily.

"Thank yo, Mester," he said; "yo're a kindly chap or yo wouldn't ha noticed. An' yo're not fur wrong either. I ha reasons o' my own, tho' I'm loike to keep 'em to mysen most o' toimes. Th' fellows as throws their slurs on me would na understand 'em if I were loike to gab, which I never were. But happen th' toime 'll come when Surly Tim 'll tell his own tale, though I often think its loike it wunnot come till th' Day o' Judgment."

"I hope it will come before then," I said, cheerfully. "I hope the time is not far away when we shall all understand you, Hibblethwaite. I think it has been misunderstanding so far which has separated you from the rest, and it cannot last always, you know."

But he shook his head—not after a surly fashion, but, as I thought, a trifle sadly or heavily—so I did not ask any more questions, or try to force the subject upon him.

But I noticed him pretty closely as time went on, and the more I saw of him the more fully I was convinced that he was not so surly as people imagined. He never interfered with the most active of his enemies, or made any reply when they taunted him, and more than once I saw him perform a silent, half-secret act of kindness. Once I caught him throwing half his dinner to a wretched little lad who had just come to the factory, and worked near him; and once again, as I was leaving the building on a rainy night, I came upon him on the stone steps at the door bending down with an almost pathetic clumsiness to pin the woollen shawl of a poor little mite who, like so many others, worked with her shiftless father and mother to add to their weekly earnings. It was always the poorest and least cared for of the children whom he seemed to befriend, and very often I noticed that even when he was kindest, in his awkward man fashion, the

litt  
the  
T  
of  
and  
the  
path  
chun  
hom  
the  
I w  
thro  
pret  
no d  
and  
brok  
It  
nigh  
mar  
of a  
unde  
hand  
nized  
Surly  
He  
almo  
alone  
with  
lifted  
bright  
"W  
owt?  
"It  
return  
to join  
low?  
now."  
"Yo  
swere  
not kn  
as I k  
He  
gan to  
mound  
was tre  
It w  
spoke a  
"Th  
ly at las  
feet.  
indescr  
which h  
"Poo  
"A l  
and tren  
—an' his  
"Wha  
that you  
He dr

little waifs were afraid of him, and showed their fear plainly.

The factory was situated on the outskirts of a thriving country town near Manchester, and at the end of the lane that led from it to the more thickly populated part there was a path crossing a field to the pretty church and church-yard, and this path was a short cut homeward for me. Being so pretty and quiet, the place had a sort of attraction for me, and I was in the habit of frequently passing through it on my way, partly because it was pretty and quiet, perhaps, and partly, I have no doubt, because I was inclined to be weak and melancholy at the time, my health being broken down under hard study.

It so happened that in passing here one night, and glancing in among the graves and marble monuments as usual, I caught sight of a dark figure sitting upon a little mound under a tree and resting its head upon its hands, and in this sad-looking figure I recognized the muscular outline of my friend Surly Tim.

He did not see me at first, and I was almost inclined to think it best to leave him alone; but as I half turned away he stirred with something like a faint moan, and then lifted his head and saw me standing in the bright, clear moonlight.

"Who's theer?" he said. "Dost ta want owt?"

"It is only Doncaster, Hibblethwaite," I returned, as I sprang over the low stone wall to join him. "What is the matter, old fellow? I thought I heard you groan just now."

"Yo mought ha done, Mester," he answered heavily. "Happen tha did. I dun-not know mysen. Nowts th' matter though, as I knows on, on'y I'm a bit out o' soarts."

He turned his head aside slightly and began to pull at the blades of grass on the mound, and all at once I saw that his hand was trembling nervously.

It was almost three minutes before he spoke again.

"That un belongs to me," he said suddenly at last, pointing to a longer mound at his feet. "An' this little un," signifying with an indescribable gesture the small one upon which he sat.

"Poor fellow," I said, "I see now."

"A little lad o' mine," he said, slowly and tremulously. "A little lad o' mine an'—an' his mother."

"What!" I exclaimed, "I never knew that you were a married man, Tim."

He dropped his head upon his hand again,

still pulling nervously at the grass with the other.

"Th' law says I beant, Mester," he answered in a painful strained fashion. "I canna tell mysen what God-a'-moighty 'ud say about it."

"I don't understand," I faltered; "you don't mean to say the poor girl never was your wife, Hibblethwaite."

"That's what th' law says," slowly; "I thowt different mysen, an' so did th' poor lass. That's what's the matter, Mester: that's th' trouble."

The other nervous hand went up to his bent face for a minute and hid it, but I did not speak. There was so much of strange grief in his simple movement that I felt words would be out of place. It was not my dogged inexplicable "hand" who was sitting before me in the bright moonlight on the baby's grave; it was a man with a hidden history of some tragic sorrow long kept secret in his homely breast—perhaps a history very few of us could read aright. I would not question him, though I fancied he meant to explain himself. I knew that if he was willing to tell me the truth it was best that he should choose his own time for it, and so I left him alone.

And before I had waited very long he broke the silence himself, as I had thought he would.

"It wor wellly about six year ago I cum 'n here," he said, "more or less, wellly about six year. I wor a quiet chap then, Mester, an' had na many friends, but I had more than I ha' now. Happen I wor better nater'd, but just as loike I wor loighter-hearted—but that's nowt to do wi' it.

"I had na been here more than a week when theer comes a young woman to moind a loom i' th' next room to me, an' this young woman bein' pretty an' modest takes my fancy. She wor na loike th' rest o' the wenches—loud talkin' an' slattern i' her ways, she wor just quiet loike and nowt else. First time I seed her I says to mysen, 'Theer's a lass 'at's seed trouble;' an' somehow every toime I seed her afterward I says to mysen, 'There's a lass 'at's seed trouble.' It wur in her eye—she had a soft loike brown eye, Mester—an' it wur in her voice—her voice wur soft loike, too—I sometimes thowt it wur plain to be seed even i' her dress. If she'd been born a lady she'd ha' been one o' th' foine soart, an' as she'd been born a factory-lass she wur one o' th' foine soart still. So I took to watchin' her

an' tryin' to mak' friends wi' her, but I never had much luck wi' her till one neet I was goin' home through th' snow, and I seed her afore fighten' th' drift wi' nowt but a thin shawl over her head; so I goes up behind her an' I says to her, steady and respectul, so as she wouldna be feart, I says:—

“Lass, let me see thee home. It's bad weather fur thee to be out in by thyssen. Tak' my coat an' wrop thee up in it, an' tak' hold o' my arm an' let me help thee along.”

“She looks up right straight forrad i' my face wi' her brown eyes, an' I tell yo, Mester, I wur glad I wur an honest man 'stead o' a rascal, fur them quiet eyes 'ud ha fun me out before I'd ha' done sayin' my say if I'd meant harm.

“Thaank yo kindly, Mester Hibblethwaite,” she says, ‘but dunnot tak’ off tha’ coat fur me; I’m doin’ pretty nicely. It is Mester Hibblethwaite, beant it?’

“Aye, lass,” I answers, ‘it’s him. Mought I ax yo’re name.’

“Aye, to be sure,” said she. ‘My name’s Rosanna—Sanna Brent th’ folk at th’ mill allus ca’s me. I work at th’ loom i’ th’ next room to thine. I’ve seed thee often an’ often.’

“So we walks home to her lodgings, an’ on th’ way we talks together friendly an’ quiet loike, an’ th’ more we talks th’ more I sees she’s had trouble, an’ by an’ by—bein’ ony common workin’ folk, we’re straightforrad to each other in our plain way—it comes out what her trouble has been.

“Yo p’raps wouldn’t think I’ve been a married woman, Mester,” she says; ‘but I ha’, an’ I wedded an’ rued. I married a sojer when I wur a giddy young wench, four years ago, an’ it wur th’ worst thing as ever I did i’ aw my days. He wur one o’ yo’re handsome fastish chaps, an’ he tired o’ me as men o’ his stripe allers do tire o’ poor lasses, an’ then he ill-treated me. He went to th’ Crimea after we’n been wed a year, an’ left me to shift fur mysen. An’ I heard writ back to me nor sent me no help, but I couldna think he wur dead till th’ letter comn. He wur killed th’ first month he wur out fightin’ th’ Rooshians. Poor fellow! Poor Phil! Th’ Lord ha mercy on him!’

“That wur how I found out about her trouble, an’ somehow it seemed to draw me to her, an’ make me feel kindly to’ards her. ‘t wur so pitiful to hear her talk about th’ rascal, so sorrowful an’ gentle, an’ not gi’ him a real hard word for a’ he’d done. But

that’s allers th’ way wi’ women folk—th’ more yo harry’s them, th’ more they’ll pity yo an’ pray for yo. Why she wurna more than twenty-two then, an’ she must ha been nowt but a slip o’ a lass when they wur wed.

“How’s sever, Rosanna Brent an’ me got to be good friends, an’ we walked home together o’ nights, an’ talked about our bits o’ wage, an’ our bits o’ debt, an’ th’ way that wench ‘ud keep me up i’ spirits when I wur a bit down-hearted about owt, wur just a wonder. She wur so quiet an’ steady, an’ when she said owt she meant it, an’ she never said too much or too little. Her brown eyes allers minded me o’ my mother, though th’ old woman deed when I were nobbut a little chap, but I never seed ‘Sanna Brent smile ‘bout thinkin’ o’ how my mother looked when I wur kneelin’ down sayin’ my prayers after her. An’ bein’ as th’ lass wur so dear to me, I made up my mind to ax her to be summat dearer. So once goin’ home along wi’ her, I takes hold o’ her hand an’ lifts it up an’ kisses it gentle—as gentle an’ wi’ summat th’ same feelin’ as I’d kiss th’ Good Book.

“‘Sanna,’ I says; ‘bein’ as yo’ve had so much trouble wi’ yo’re first chance, would yo’ be afeard to try a second? Could yo’ trust a mon again? Such a mon as me, ‘Sanna?’

“‘I wouldna be feart to trust thee, Tim,’ she answers back soft an’ gentle after a manner. ‘I wouldna be feart to trust thee any time.’

“I kisses her hand again, gentler still.

“‘God bless thee, lass,’ I says. ‘Does that mean yes?’

“She crept up closer to me i’ her sweet, quiet way.

“‘Aye, lad,’ she answers. ‘It means yes, an’ I’ll bide by it.’

“‘An’ tha shalt never rue it, lass,’ said I. ‘Tha’s gi’en thy life to me, an’ I’ll gi’ mine to thee, sure and true.’

“So we wur axed i’ th’ church t’ next Sunday, an’ a month fra then we were wed, an’ if ever God’s sun shone on a happy mon, it shone on one that day, when we come out o’ church together—me and Rosanna—an’ went to our bit o’ a home to begin life again. I couldna tell thee, Mester—theer beant no words to tell how happy an’ peaceful we lived fur two year after that. My lass never altered her sweet ways, an’ I just loved her to make up to her fur what had gone by. I thanked God-a-moighty fur his blessing every day, an’ every day I prayed to be made worthy of it. An’ here’s just



where I'd like to ax a question, Mester, about summat 'ats worretted me a good deal. I dunnot want to question th' Maker, but I would loike to know how it is 'at sometime it seems 'at we're clean forgot—as if He couldna fash hissen about our troubles, an' most loike left 'em to work out theirsens. Yo see, Mester, an' we aw see sometime he thinks on us an' gi's us a lift, but hasna tha thysen seen times where tha stopt short an' axed thysen, 'Wheer's God-a'-moighty 'at he isna straighten things out a bit? Th' world's i' a power o' a snarl. Th' righteous is forsaken 'n his seed's beggin' bread. An' th' devil's topmost again.' I've talked to my lass about it sometimes, an' I dunnot think I meant harm, Mester, for I felt humble enough—an' when I talked, my lass she'd listen an' smile soft an' sorrowful, but she never gi' me but one answer.

"'Tim,' she'd say, 'this is on'y th' skoo' an' we're th' scholars, an' He's teachin' us His way. We munnot be loike th' children o' Israel i' th' Wilderness, an' turn away fra th' cross 'cause o' th' Serpent. We munnot say, 'Theers a snake:' we mun say, 'Theers th' Cross, an' th' Lord gi' it to us.' Th' teacher wouldna be o' much use, Tim, if th' scholars knew as much as he did, an' I allers think it's th' best to comfort mysen wi' sayin', Th' Lord-a'-moighty, he knows.'

"An' she allers comforted me too when I wur worretted. Life looked smooth somehow then three year. Happen th' Lord sent 'em to me to make up fur what wur comin'.

"'At th' eend o' th' first year th' child wur born, th' little lair here," touching the turf with his hand, "'Wee Wattie' his mother ca'd him, an' he wur a fine lightsome little chap. He filled th' whole house wi' music day in an' day out, crowin' an' crowin'—an' cryin' too sometime. But if ever yo're a feyther, Mester, yo'll find out 'at a baby's cry's music often enough, an' yo'll find, too, if yo ever lose one, 'at yo'd give all yo'd gotten just to hear even th' worst o' cryin'. Rosanna she couldna find i' her heart to set th' little 'un out o' her arms a minnit, an' she'd go about th' room wi' her eyes aw leeted up, an' her face bloomin' like a slip o' a girl's, an' if she laid him i' th' cradle her head 'ud be turnt o'er her shoulder aw' th' time lookin' at him an' singin' bits o' sweet-soundin' foolish woman-folks' songs. I thowt then 'at them old nursery songs wur th' happiest music I ever heard, an' when 'Sanna sung 'em they minded me o' hymn-tunes.

"Well, Mester, before th' spring wur out Wee Wat was toddlin' round holdin' to his mother's gown, an' by th' middle o' th' next he was cooin' like a dove, an' prattlin' words i' a voice like hers. His eyes wur big an' brown an' straightforrad like hers, an' his mouth was like hers, an' his curls wur the color o' a brown bee's back. Happen we set too much store by him, or happen it wur on'y th' Teacher again teachin' us his way, but how'sever that wur, I came home one sunny mornin' fro' th' factory, an' my dear lass met me at th' door, all white an' cold, but tryin' hard to be brave an' help me to bear what she had to tell.

"'Tim,' said she, 'th' Lord ha' sent us a trouble; but we can bear it together, canna we, dear lad?'

"That wor aw, but I knew what it meant, though t' poor little lamb had been well enough when I kissed him last.

"I went in an' saw him lyin' theer on his pillows strugglin' an' gaspin' in hard convulsions, an' I seed aw' was over. An' in half an hour, just as th' sun crept across th' room an' touched his curls, th' pretty little chap opens his eyes aw at once.

"'Daddy!' he crows out. 'Sithee Dad—!' an' he lifts hissen up, catches at th' floatin' sunshine, laughs at it, and fa's back—dead, Mester.

"I've allers thowt 'at th' Lord-a'-moighty knew what he wur doin' when he gi' th' woman t' Adam i' th' Garden o' Eden. He knowed he wor nowt but a poor chap as couldna do fur hissen; an' I suppose that's th' reason he gi' th' woman th' strength to bear trouble when it comn. I'd ha' gi'en clean in if it hadna been fur my lass when th' little chap deed. I never tackl'dt owt i' aw my days 'at hurt me as heavy as losin' him did. I couldna abear th' sight o' his cradle, an' if ever I comn across any o' his bits o' playthings, I'd fall to cryin' an' shakin' like a babby. I kept out o' th' way o' th' neebors' children even. I wasna like Rosanna. I couldna see quoite clear what th' Lord meant, an' I couldna help murmuring sad and heavy. That's just loike us men, Mester; just as if th' dear wench as had give him her life fur food day an' meet, hadna fur th' best reet o' th' two to be weak an' heavy-hearted.

"But I gotten welly over it at last, an' we was beginnin' to come round a bit an' look forrad to th' toime we'd see him agen 'stead o' lookin' back to th' toime we shut th' round bit o' a face under th' coffin lid. Day comn when we could bear to talk about

him an' moind things he'd said an' tried to say i' his broken babby way. An' so we were creepin' back again to th' old happy quiet, an' we had been for welly six month, when summat fresh come. I'll never forget it, Mester, th' neet it happened. I'd kissed Rosanna at th' door an' left her standin' theer when I went up to th' village to buy summat she wanted. If wur a bright moon-light neet, just such a neet as this, an' th' lass had followed me out to see th' moon-shine, it wur so bright an' clear; an' just before I starts she folds both her hands on my shoulder an' says, soft an' thoughtful:—

"Tim, I wonder if th' little chap sees us?"

"I'd loike to know, dear lass," I answers back. An' then she speaks again:—

"Tim, I wonder if he'd know he was ours if he could see, or if he'd ha' forgot? He wur such a little fellow."

"Them wur th' last peaceful words I ever heerd her speak. I went up to th' village an' gotten what she sent me fur, an' then I comn back. Th' moon wur shinin' as bright as ever, an' th' flowers i' her slip o' a garden wur aw sparklin' wi' dew. I seed 'em as I went up th' walk, an' I thowt again of what she'd said bout th' little lad."

"She wasna outside, an' I couldna see a leet about th' house, but I heerd voices, so I walked straight in—into th' entry an into th' kitchen, an' theer she wur, Mester—my poor wench, crouchin' down by th' table, hidin' her face i' her hands, an' close beside her wur a mon—a mon i' red sojer clothes."

"My heart leaped into my throat, an fur a minnit I hadna a word, for I saw summat wur up, though I couldna tell what it wur. But at last my voice come back."

"Good evenin', Mester," I says to him; "I hope yo ha'not broughten ill-news? What ails thee, dear lass?"

"She stirs a little, an' gives a moan like a dyin' child; an' then she lifts up her wan, broken-hearted face, an' stretches out both her hands to me."

"Tim," she says, 'dunnot hate me, lad, dunnot. I thowt he wur dead long sin'. I thowt 'at th' Rooshans killed him an' I wur free, but I amna. I never wur. He never deed, Tim, an' theer he is—the mon as I wur wed to an' left by. God forgi' him, an' oh, God forgi' me!'

"Theer, Mester, theer's a story fur thee. What dost ta' think o't? My poor lass wasna my wife at aw—th' little chap's mother wasna his feyther's wife, an' never had been. That theer worthless fellow as beat

an' starved her an' left her to fight th' world alone, had comn back alive an' well, ready to begin again. He could tak' her away fro' me any hour i' th' day, an I couldna say a word to bar him. Th' law said my wife—th' little dead lad's mother—belonged to him, body an' soul. Theer was no law to help us—it wur aw on his side."

"Theer's no use o' goin' o'er aw we said to each other i' that dark room theer. I raved an' prayed an' pled wi' th' lass to let me carry her across th' seas, wheer I'd heerd tell theer was help fur such loike; but she pled back i' her broken patient way that it wouldna be reet, an' happen it wur the Lord's will. She didna say much to th' sojer. I scarce heerd her speak to him more than once, when she axed him to let her go awdy by hersen."

"Tha canna want me now, Phil," she said. "Tha canna care fur me. Tha must know I'm more this mon's wife than thine. But I dunnot ax thee to gi me to him because I know that wouldna be reet; I only ax thee to let me aloan. I'll go fur enough off an' never see him more."

"But th' villain held to her. If she didna come wi him, he said, he'd ha' me up before th' court fur bigamy. I could ha' done murder then, Mester, an' I would ha' done if it hadna been for th' poor lass runnin' in betwixt us an' pleadin' wi' aw her might. If we'n been rich foak theer might ha' been some help fur her, at least; th' law might ha' been browt to mak him leave her be, but bein' poor workin' foak theer was was one thing: th' wife mun go wi' th' husband, an' theer th' husband stood—a scoundrel, cursing, wi' his black heart on his tongue."

"Well," says th' lass at last, fair wearied out wi' grief, 'I'll go wi' thee, Phil, an' I'll do my best to please thee, but I wunnot promise to forget th' mon as has been true to me, an' has stood betwixt me an' th' world.'

"Then she turned round to me."

"Tim," she said to me, as if she wur haaf feart—aye, feart o' him, an' me standin' by. Three hours afore, th' law ud ha let me mill any mon 'at feart her. "Tim," she says, 'surely he wunnot refuse to let us go together to th' little lad's grave—fur th' last time.' She didna speak to him but to me, an' she spoke still an' strained as if she wur too heart-broke to be wild. Her face was as white as th' dead, but she didna cry, as any other woman would ha' done. "Come, Tim," she said, 'he canna say no to that.'

"An' so out we went 'thout another word,

an' left th' black-hearted rascal behind, sittin' i' th' very room t' little un deed in. His cradle stood theer i' th' corner. We went out into th' moonlight 'thout speakin', an' we didna say a word until we come to this very place, Mester.

"We stood here for a minute silent, an' then I sees her begin to shake, an' she throws hersen down on th' grass wi' her arms flung o'er th' grave, an' she cries out as ef her death-wound had been give to her.

"'Little lad,' she says, 'little lad, dost ta see thee mother? Canst na tha hear her callin' thee! Little lad, get nigh to th' Throne an' plead!'

"I fell down beside o' th' poor crushed wench an' sobbed wi' her. I couldna comfort her, fur wheer wur there any comfort for us? Theer wur none left—theer wur no hope. We was shamed an' broke down—our lives was lost. Th' past wur nowt—th' future wur worse. Oh, my poor lass, how hard she tried to pray—fur me, Mester—yes, fur me, as she lay theer wi' her arms round her dead babby's grave, an' her cheek on th' grass as grew o'er his breast. 'Lord God-a'-mighty,' she says, 'help us—dunnot gi' us up—dunnot, dunnot. We canna do 'thowt thee now, if th' time ever wur when we could. Th' little chap mun be wi' Thee, I moind th' bit o' comfort about getherin' th' lambs i' His bosom. An', Lord, if Tha could spare him a minnit, send him down to us wi' a bit o' leet. Oh, Feyther! help th' poor lad here—help him. Let th' weight fa' on me, not on him. Just help th' poor lad to bear it. If ever I did ow't as wur worthy i' Thy sight, let that be my reward. Dear Lord-a'-mighty, I'd be willin' to gi' up a bit o' my own heavenly glory fur th' dear lad's sake.'

"Well, Mester, she lay theer on t' grass prayin' an' cryin', wild but gentle, fur nigh haaf an hour, an' then it seemed 'at she got quuite loike, an' she got up. Happen th' Lord had hearkened an' sent th' child—happen He had, fur when she gotten up her face looked to me aw white an' shinin' i' th' clear moonlight.

"'Sit down by me, dear lad,' she said, 'an' hold my hand a minnit.' I set down an' took hold of her hand, as she bid me.

"'Tim,' she said, 'this wur why th' little chap deed. Dost na tha see now 'at th' Lord knew best?'

"'Yes, lass,' I answers humble, an' lays my face on her hand, breakin' down again.

"'Hush, dear lad,' she whispers, 'we hannot time fur that. I want to talk to thee. Wilta listen?'

"'Yes, wife,' I says, an' I heerd her sob when I said it, but she catches hersen up again.

"'I want thee to mak' me a promise,' said she. 'I want thee to promise never to forget what peace we ha' had. I want thee to remember it allus, an' to moind him 'at's dead, an' let his little hand howd thee back fro' sin an' hard thowts. I'll pray fur thee neet an' day, Tim, an' tha shalt pray fur me, an' happen theer'll come a leet. But ef theer dunnot, dear lad—an' I dunnot see how theer could—if theer dunnot, an' we never see each other agen, I want thee to mak' me a promise that if tha sees th' little chap first tha'll moind him o' me, and watch out wi' him nigh th' gate, and I'll promise thee that if I see him first, I'll moind him o' thee an' watch out true an' constant.'

"I promised her, Mester, as yo' can guess, an' we kneeled down an' kissed th' grass, an' she took a bit o' th' sod to put i' her bosom. An' then we stood up an' looked at each other, an' at last she put her dear face on my breast an' kissed me, as she had done every neet sin' we were mon an' wife.

"'Good-bye, dear lad,' she whispers—her voice aw broken. 'Doant come back to th' house till I'm gone. Good-bye, dear, dear lad, an' God bless thee.' An' she slipped out o' my arms an' wur gone in a moment awmost before I could cry out.

"Theer isna much more to tell, Mester—th' eend's comin' now, an' happen it'll shorten off th' story, so 'at it seems suddent to thee. But it were na suddent to me. I lived alone here, an' worked, an' moinded my own business an' answered no questions fur nigh about a year, hearin' nowt, an' seein' nowt, an' hopln' nowt, till one toime when th' daisies were blowin' on th' little grave here, theer come to me a letter fro' Manchester fro' one o' th' medical chaps i' th' hospital. It wur a short letter wi' prent on it, an' the moment I seed it I knowed summat wur up, an' I opened it tremblin'. Mester, theer wur a woman lyin' i' one o' th' wards dyin' o' some long-named heart-disease, an' she'd prayed 'em to send fur me, an' one o' th' young soft-hearted ones had writ me a line to let me know.

"I started awmost afore I'd finished readin' th' letter, an' when I gotten to th' place I fun just what I knowed I should. I fun Her—my wife—th' blessed lass, an' if I'd been an hour later I would na ha' seen her alive, fur she were nigh past knowin' me then.

"But I knelt down by th' bedside an' I

plead wi' her as she lay theer, until I browt her back to th' world again fur one moment. Her eyes flew wide open aw' at onct, an' she seed me and smiled, aw her dear face quiv-erin' i' death.

"'Dear lad,' she whispered, 'th' path was na so long after aw. Th' Lord knew—he trod it hissen' onct, yo' know. I knowed tha'd come—I prayed so. I've reached th' very eend now, Tim, an' I shall see th' little lad first. But I wunnot forget my promise—no. I'll look out—for thee—for thee—at th' gate.'

"An' her eyes shut slow an' quiet, an' I knowed she was dead.

"Theer, Mester Doncaster, theer it aw is, for theer she lies under th' daisies cloost by her child, fur I browt her here an' buried her. Th' fellow as come betwixt us had tortured her fur a while an' then left her again, I fun out—an' she were so afeard of doin' me some harm that she wouldna come nigh me. It wur heart disease as killed her, th' medical chaps said, but I knowed better—it wur heart-break. That's aw. Sometimes I think o'er it till I canna stand it any longer, an' I'm fain to come here an' lay my hand on th' grass,—an' sometimes I ha' queer dreams about her. I had one last neet. I thowt 'at she comn to me aw at onct just as she used to look, ony, wi' her white face shinin' loike a star, an' she says, 'Tim, th' path isna so long after aw—tha's come nigh to th' eend, an' me an' th' little chap is waitin'. He knows thee, dear lad, fur I've tow't him.'

"That's why I comn here to neet, Mester; an' I believe that's why I've talked so free to thee. If I'm near th' eend I'd loike some one to know. I ha' meant no hurt when I seemed grum an' surly. It wurna ill-will, but a heavy heart."

He stopped here, and his head drooped upon his hands again, and for a minute or so there was another dead silence. Such a story as this needed no comment. I could make none. It seemed to me that the poor fellow's sore heart could bear none. At length he rose from the turf and stood up, looking out over the graves into the soft light beyond with a strange, wistful sadness.

"Well, I mun go now," he said slowly. "Good neet, Mester, good neet, an' thank yo fur listenin'."

"Good night," I returned, adding, in an impulse of pity that was almost a passion, "And God help you!"

"Thank yo again, Mester!" he said, and then turned away; and as I sat pondering I

watched his heavy drooping figure threading its way among the dark mounds and white marble, and under the shadowy trees, and out into the path beyond. I did not sleep well that night. The strained, heavy tones of the man's voice were in my ears, and the homely yet tragic story seemed to weave itself into all my thoughts, and keep me from rest. I could not get it out of my mind.

In consequence of this sleeplessness I was later than usual in going down to the factory, and when I arrived at the gates I found an unusual bustle there. Something out of the ordinary routine had plainly occurred, for the whole place was in confusion. There was a crowd of hands grouped about one corner of the yard, and as I came in a man ran against me, and showed me a terribly pale face.

"I ax pardon, Mester Doncaster," he said in a wild hurry, "but theer's an accident happened. One o' th' weavers is hurt bad, an' I'm goin' fur th' doctor. Th' loom caught an' crushed him afore we could stop it."

For some reason or other my heart misgave me that very moment. I pushed forward to the group in the yard-corner, and made my way through it.

A man was lying on a pile of coats in the middle of the bystanders,—a poor fellow crushed and torn and bruised, but lying quite quiet now, only for an occasional little moan that was scarcely more than a quick gasp for breath. It was Surly Tim!

"He's nigh th' eend o' it now!" said one of the hands pityingly. "He's nigh th' last now, poor chap! What's that he's sayin', lads?"

For all at once some flickering sense seemed to have caught at one of the speaker's words, and the wounded man stirred, murmuring faintly—but not to the watchers. Ah, no! to something far, far beyond their feeble human sight—to something in the broad Without.

"Th' eend!" he said; "aye, this is th' eend, dear lass, an' th' path's aw shinin' or summat an'!—Why, lass, I can see thee plain, an' th' little chap too!"

Another flutter of the breath, one slight movement of the mangled hand, and I bent down closer to the poor fellow,—closer, because my eyes were so dimmed that I could not see.

"Lads," I said aloud a few seconds later, "you can do no more for him. His pain is over!"

For with the sudden glow of light which shone upon the shortened path and the waiting figures of his child and its mother, Surly Tim's earthly trouble had ended.



## MR. LOWELL'S PROSE.

## SECOND ARTICLE.

We suspended our discussion of Mr. Lowell's Prose last month with the promise to present some further illustration of that enthusiasm of momentary sympathy to which his intellectual temperament disposes him, and by which he is often betrayed into broaching quite irreconcilably contrary critical opinions. We attribute this fault of inconsistency in him to an excess that he is apt to indulge of present sympathy in some particular direction—and yet at times Mr. Lowell appears rather to us almost, as it were, pure faculty of intelligence joined to pure capacity of expression apart from any power of judgment, either to embarrass or to guide. We exaggerate, of course, the defect, though scarcely the merit, in choosing our statement. His mind is an incomparable instrument of apprehension for all possible forms of human thought. Nothing is so high, nothing so large, nothing so deep, nothing so strange, nothing so subtle, nothing so near, and nothing so far, but once propose it to that "keen seraphic flame" of intelligence, and it will instantly yield its ultimate secret up to the importunate and imperious quest. His gift of language, too, is adequate to all the hard demands for expression that thus arise. Given a sense, or the shade of a sense, a flavor, or the suspicion of a flavor in his author, and Mr. Lowell will not only seize it for you in an instant. In the same instant he will improvise a form of words for it that shall possess every degree of felicity except that last degree, the grace not of nature but of art, which, in a charming paradox, that would seem to have been, though it probably was not,\* itself an illustration, long ago received the name of "curious felicity"—we English transfer rather than translate the happy Latin phrase, *curiosa felicitas*—"careful good-luck." If, therefore, our search were solely for an intellect to apprehend, commanding language to express, every conception that could possibly be submitted to its operation, there would be little left to desire beyond the qualifications that meet in Mr. Lowell. In fact the mere delight of understanding and of putting into speech too often seems to satisfy his aspiration. There

is no insatiable need incorporated into his mental constitution to seek a ground of unity or of harmony for his various impressions. It is enough for him that he has the present impression, and that he is able to give it a suitable language. To adjust it with another previous impression is no part of his concern. Let both take their chance together. There is no paramount claim. Neither owns any right that can exclude the other. As there was no seizure, there can be no dis seizure. The second comer is as good as the first—and no better.

If we compare the closing paragraph of the essay on Shakespeare with a sentence or two occurring incidentally in the course of an essay on "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists," we shall meet with a very good illustration. Mr. Lowell's title, "Shakespeare Once More," implies his own sense of the difficulty of attracting public literary attention by saying anything new on so hackneyed a theme, and the whole essay seems to betray that uneasy effort to overtop predecessors in far-sought hyperbole of adulation, which such a consciousness was likely to beget in a mind not disposed to break in any degree with the prevalent best-bred traditions of criticism on the subject. Accordingly the entire paper has too much the air of seeking its reason of existence in assuming what has already anywhere been said in eulogy of the lucky dramatist, and advancing upon it a degree or two farther in the direction of the conventional extravagance. Having therefore exhausted the resources of his intense and brilliant rhetoric in praising the genius of Shakespeare, what had the critic left for crowning his climax but to set the character of Shakespeare still higher than his genius? It seems that Shakespeare is not only the greatest genius, but the most admirable character, in human history! And this is the style in which the thing is done:—

"But higher even than the genius we rate the character of this unique man, and the grand impersonality of what he wrote." What has he told us of himself? In our self-exploiting nineteenth century, with its melancholy liver-complaint, how serene and high he seems! If he had sorrows, he has made them the woof of everlasting consolation to his kind; and if, as poets are wont to whine, the outward world was cold to him, its biting air did but trace itself in loveliest frost-work of fancy on the many windows of that self

\* We say "probably was not"—for the phrase is attributed to Petronius Arbitrator (Beau Brummel to Nero), who used it in speaking of Horace. Petronius was still more a dissolute man of fashion than he was an accomplished man of letters—whence little likely to have bestowed much curious pains upon his work.



centred and cheerful soul."—*Among my Books*, p. 227.

Before analyzing this paragraph to determine the quality of what it contains in itself, let us set alongside of it a few sentences which we find in the essay entitled "Rousseau and the Sentimentalists:"—

"There is nothing so true, so sincere, so downright and forthright, as genius. It is always truer than the man himself is, greater than he. If Shakespeare the man had been as marvelous a creature as the genius that wrote his plays, that genius so comprehensive in its intelligence, so wise even in its play, that its clowns are moralists and philosophers, so penetrative that a single one of its phrases reveals to us the secret of our own character, would his contemporaries have left us so wholly without record of him as they have done, distinguishing him in no wise from his fellow-players?"—*Among my Books*, p. 359.

The collation of these two passages offers to the pleased student of truth the following important results:

On the one hand, in the same individual the genius is always greater than the character.

On the other hand, the character is sometimes greater than the genius in the same individual.

In Shakespeare notably the genius was greater than the character.

But in turn the character was greater than the genius in Shakespeare.

If now it could also appear that perhaps, in addition to being sometimes both mutually superior and mutually inferior to each other, genius and character were likewise never either superior or inferior to each other, but were, on the contrary, always exactly equal, or, better still, essentially identical, the satisfaction of the inquiring and ingenuous mind would be complete. Nothing is to be despaired of to the reader of Mr. Lowell. We shuffle the pages and we have: "Nay, may we not say that great character is as rare a thing as great genius, if it be not even a nobler form of it?"—*Among my Books*, p. 298. All the stimulating antinomies necessary to constitute a many-sided, in fact, a completely spherical criticism are realized here.

In close connection with the sentence just cited from the essay on Lessing we find this: "Since Luther, Germany has given birth to no such intellectual athlete [as Lessing]—to no son so German, to the core. [The anti-climax is a favorite figure of Mr.

Lowell's.] Greater poets she has had, but no greater writer." Poets and writers are not generally understood to be antithetical classes. What Mr. Lowell means by the discrimination we have honestly studied to find out, but in vain. Whether he means that take Lessing's poetry, indifferent as it is, and his prose together, they make him a greater author than any other German poet or prose writer, greater even than Goethe (*posthabita Sams*); or whether he means that Lessing, though surpassed in poetry, has never been surpassed in prose by any German; or whether he means that, considering Lessing the man along with Lessing the author, we must rank him as Germany's greatest,—whether one of these three things, or some fourth thing, far wiser, that we have not had the luck to hit upon at all, Mr. Lowell himself would have to be invoked to decide. He ends the passage by acknowledging Goethe to be "rightfully pre-eminent," and then putting Lessing above him, both in the same sentence. On the whole, Mr. Lowell in this instance has chosen not to offer us Lessing's famous hypothetical alternative. His right hand, with the truth of his meaning in it, he keeps back. But in his left hand he certainly holds out to us the most liberal opportunity of eternally seeking the truth.

It were an idle inquiry which one of the two somewhat inconsistent judgments of Shakespeare above quoted is Mr. Lowell's more intimate conviction. The one incidentally suggested by way of illustration in the course of a discussion not directly related to Shakespeare is perhaps more likely to reflect Mr. Lowell's habitual thought, and it has, beyond that, the advantage of common sense on its side. But attentive reading of nearly the entire body of criticism comprised in these volumes strongly tends to persuade us that both the judgments of Shakespeare which we have thus brought together for mutual acquaintance from quarters so widely separated, were neither more nor less, in their several places, than mere rhetorical expedients. They were improvised for different occasions. It was but natural that they should differ from each other.

It was not necessary to bring together sentences from separate essays in order to illustrate Mr. Lowell's cheerful independence of himself. Within the brief compass of the essay on Pope these various expressions occur—harmonize them who can: "In Pope's next poem, the 'Essay on Criticism,' the wit and poet become apparent."—*My Study*

*Windows*, pp. 409-410. "I come now to what in itself would be enough to have immortalized him as a poet, the 'Rape of the Lock,' in which, indeed, he appears more purely as poet than in any other of his productions."—*Ib.*, p. 410. "I think he has here touched exactly the point of Pope's merit, and, in doing so, tacitly excludes him from the position of poet, in the highest sense."—*Ib.*, p. 423-4. "However great his merit in expression, I think it impossible that a true poet could have written such a satire as the *Dunciad*."—*Ib.*, p. 425. "Even in the 'Rape of the Lock,' the fancy is that of a wit rather than of a poet."—*Ib.*, p. 425. "The abiding presence of fancy in his best work [the 'Rape of the Lock'] forbids his exclusion from the rank of poet."—*Ib.*, p. 432. "Where Pope, as in the 'Rape of the Lock,' found a subject exactly level with his genius, he was able to make what, taken for all in all, is the most perfect poem in the language."—*Ib.*, p. 432.\* These citations we have given in the order in which they occur in the text with the exception of the last two, which we could not resist the temptation to transpose for the sake of securing, as we thought, a little happier climax.

But let us return to look again at the paragraph with which Mr. Lowell concludes the most important, and in many respects the best, of his essays. Mr. Lowell says that he honors the character still more than he honors the genius of Shakespeare. "Higher even than the genius we rate the character of this unique man," are his words. Thus far the sentence is simple and the sense is easy to the understanding, however hard it may be to the judgment. But after a manner of Mr. Lowell's he adds an unexpected clause. The purpose apparently is to make the sense easier to the judgment. The principal effect, however, is to make the sense harder to the understanding. The whole sentence is: "Higher even than the genius we rate the character of this unique man, and the grand impersonality of what he wrote." As if suddenly conscious, with that swift, not seldom too swift, synthesis of thought for which Mr. Lowell is justly remarkable, as if thus suddenly conscious of the bald absurdity involved in such an avowal of preference with respect to a man of whose personal history we know little, and of whose personal history his wisest admirers

would wish we knew less, Mr. Lowell attaches a kind of rider to his principal clause, in the words "and the grand impersonality of what he wrote," by way of an interpretative enfeeblement of the meaning, as willing so to reduce it within rational bounds. Mr. Lowell, then, unable to ground his preference of Shakespeare's character to Shakespeare's genius on knowledge, grounds it on ignorance, of the man. Shakespeare the man is more admirable than Shakespeare the genius, because Shakespeare the genius is impersonal in his work! But Shakespeare was far from impersonal certainly in his sonnets—poems full of a luscious sweetness in passages, and with hints here and there of the Shakespearean insight, but of a prevailing quality such that the gentle-spoken and judicious Hallam is well warranted in his regret that they ever were written. Mr. Lowell therefore must refer to the impersonal quality of Shakespeare in his dramas. But the inexorable condition of success in dramatic composition is that the writer shall forego the pleasure of obtruding his own personality in his work. To be willing to forego this pleasure is one thing—to be able to forego it is another. To be willing to forego it may be manly. That perhaps is a matter of character. To be able to forego it is a higher achievement. But that is a matter of genius. To use a homely figure, emboldened by the plentiful example of Mr. Lowell himself, we may say that the sentence has neatly, like a cat, caught its tail in its mouth. For, saying that Shakespeare's character is more wonderful than his genius, because his genius is impersonal in its work, is only saying that Shakespeare's genius is more wonderful than his genius. A lame and impotent conclusion, to be sure, but worthier than to have let the unqualified absurdity of the first declaration stand.

The few sentences that follow the one on which we have now particularly remarked at the close of the essay on Shakespeare, are characterized by a peculiarity of Mr. Lowell's manner which often offends in him against purity and homogeneity of tone. We quote again: "What has he told us of himself? In our self-exploiting nineteenth century, with its melancholy liver-complaint, how serene and high he seems! If he had sorrows, he has made them the woof of everlasting consolation to his kind; and if, as poets are wont to *whine*, the outward world was cold to him, its biting air did but trace itself in loveliest frost-work of fancy on the many windows of that self-centred and cheer-

\* "That is, I mean, it seems to me so,  
But, ef the public think I'm wrong,  
I wunt deny but wut I be so,—"  
—*The Biglow Papers*.

ful soul." We do not think that poets are wont to "whine" that the outward world was cold to Shakespeare. Nor do we think that the world was cold to Shakespeare, or is, or is ever likely to be, to him, or to any of his kind. Shakespeare is of the world, and the world always loves its own. Nor again, to take Mr. Lowell now as he means, and no longer as he says, can it be truly charged against "poets" that they "are wont to whine" of the world as cold to them. Here and there a poet "whines," no doubt, often with good reason, too, of the world's coldness to his claims. But more poets, against good reason, refrain from whining. "Whining" is not characteristic of their class.\* Whatever may be the truth as to this, it is a disagreeable, a peevish, a morbid note interjected here to speak of the century's "melancholy liver-complaint," and of the poets' "whine." Such discords in tone are very frequent everywhere with Mr. Lowell. They have a singularly disenchanting effect on the reader. They make him ask himself, Does this cracked voice, this frequent sudden falsetto, betray the critic's natural expression, and is the manful heartiness and wholesomeness, are the sound chest-tones, with which he generally aims to speak, the artificial instrument which nature, overmastering habit, ever and anon makes him forget to use?

How purely false and sentimental the suggestion is about Shakespeare's exposure to the neglect of the world, is understood at once on recalling the fact that he retired to Stratford, in his still unbroken prime, accompanied by the general good-will, to enjoy an income reasonably computed to have been equivalent to ten thousand dollars (present value) a year. And as to the admirableness of his temper under such very tolerable poet's adversity, Mr. Richard Grant White sorrowfully testifies that Shakespeare's chief latter wish seemed to be to rank as a considerable landed proprietor in his native shire, and that the records show his serene highness to have been repeatedly engaged in the extremely human occupation of suing delinquent debtors to recover sums nominated in his bonds!

But Mr. Lowell loves to say whatever admits of being said, and he has been willing to compromise his challenge for Shakespeare

of complete impersonality in his dramas, so far as to suggest the ingenious and interesting conjecture that Prospero perhaps was consciously intended to represent the dramatist himself.\* There is at least a plausible illustrative fitness in the suggestion. No character of all that miniature mankind which inhabits the microcosmic page of Shakespeare so happily answers to our conception of Shakespeare himself as the gracious and gentle wizard Prospero. The wisest loyalty to Shakespeare's fame will not seek to enthrone him too high. Tennyson's lines seat him high enough:—

For there was Milton like a seraph strong,  
Beside him Shakespeare bland and mild.

It is much if Shakespeare be admitted to smooth his placid brow in neighborhood to the severe and serene, the seraphic aspect of Milton. More it were mere fatuity to ask.

Mr. Lowell is perhaps at his strongest as critic when he is characterizing single qualities of his author, and when he is indulging those minor appreciations of particular passages and phrases or charm-like words which he loves to intersperse throughout his more general discussions. His sentiment and his fancy are exquisitely susceptible to verbal spells, and he is seldom or never at fault in divining just where the true secret of a poetic incantation lies.† He thus speaks of Milton's "fulmined over Greece" as "Virgilian" in its Latinized phrase, and as conveying "at once the idea of flash and [of] reverberation," while avoiding "that of riving and shattering." He contrasts with this the Shakespearean "oak-cleaving thunderbolts" and "the all-dreaded thunder-stone" as differently fine in equally effective adherence to the native Saxon idiom. "What home-bred English," he aptly asks, however, "could ape the [.]high Roman fashion[.]" of such togated words as

The multitudinous sea[s] incarnadine,

where the huddling epithet implies the tempest-tossed soul of the speaker, and at the same time pictures the wallowing waste of ocean more vividly than the famous phrase of Æschylus does its rippling sunshine?" The "more vividly" here is in accordance with Mr. Lowell's tendency to overstatement. The "innumerable laughter" of Æschylus is Attic, and "the multitudinous seas incarnate"

\* Mr. Lowell repeatedly accuses his age of "liver-complaint." In *Among my Books*, p. 332, he says sentimentalism ["melodious whining"] began with Rousseau. In the same volume, p. 366, he says it began with Petrarch—several centuries earlier.

† "Prospero (the very Shakespeare himself, as it were, of the tempest)."

Coleridge, *Am. Ed.*, vol. iv., p. 75.

dine" is a kind of British Romanesque, but the Greek and the English, so far as we can see, are equally vivid for the several purposes. It is hard for Mr. Lowell to secure harmony—his single felicities are instinctive. "Milton's parsimony (so rare in him) [in whom else, pray, than Milton, should 'Milton's parsimony' be rare? But how again, if parsimony be rare in Milton, is there properly any such quality as 'Milton's parsimony' to be spoken of at all?] makes the success of his

'Sky lowered, and muttering thunder some sad drops Wept at completion of the mortal sin.'

Here the particular appreciation is just and fine, but the generalized depreciation is hasty and unsustained. Can the author of

"Rose like an exhalation"

to describe the noiseless, swift, and buoyant spring of that ærial architecture under fallen-angelic hands—of

"seems another morn  
Risen on midnight,"

to describe the sudden illumination of Raphael's descent to Adam and Eve in Eden—of

"Led her blushing like the morn,"\*

to describe the auroral flush of color that suffused the maiden Eve as Adam for the first time took her hand—of

"Rose, as in dance, the stately trees,"

to describe the solemn and choral alacrity with which the just-created trees sprang to their station and their stature, at the fiat of the Omnic Word—of

"what seemed his head  
The likeness of a kingly crown had on,"

to describe the spectral brow, that wore the spectral crown, of Death—the apparition of a crown on the apparition of a brow—of

"Far off his coming shone,"

to describe the advancing state of Filial Deity bent against the rebel angels—of

"Eternal wrath  
Burned after them to the bottomless pit,"

\* With the incandescent purity of this unfallen similitude of Milton's, to which it would not be unfit to apply the language of his own resplendent line—

"Of radiant Urim, work divinely wrought—"

Mr. Richard Grant White, with such felicity, compares the following equivocal leer in Shakespeare—

"A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't

Might well have warmed old Saturn—"

to the advantage of Shakespeare of course—because Shakespeare's verses have no "like" in them!

to describe the pauseless, measureless, ruinous rout of the apostate host fleeing into the abyss—can the author of these and of many other such creative phrases of the great imagination be wisely characterized as not knowing how to be effectively frugal in words? But Mr. Lowell, according to his wont, was exclusively occupied with devotion to a single author. He had no use for Milton here but to make him a foil for his Shakespeare.

A curious parallel might be cited that superficially would prove the exact opposite of Mr. Lowell's dictum as to Shakespeare's and Milton's comparative parsimony with words in the production of their effects. Shakespeare has:

"as sweet  
And musical as bright Apollo's lute  
Strung with his hair."

Milton has:

"As musical as is Apollo's lute."

Milton's line is from one of his youthful pieces, the "Comus," and if he followed Shakespeare's in it, as is unlikely, the copyist's natural temptation to justify himself by drawing out his original in additions, only makes the self-restraint manifested more noteworthy. It would look at first sight as if Milton were here, in a crucial case, proved the more frugal of the two. The wanton overgrowth, if there is any in either, is certainly Shakespeare's rather than Milton's. But we should fall into Mr. Lowell's own mistake of precipitate judgment to affirm a characteristic difference between the two poets on so slight a foundation. The truth rather is, that Milton was discoursing of divine philosophy and an Attic taste happened here best to become him. Shakespeare's different purpose permitted the fanciful excesses of his verse, and with help to his more composite effect. And in general the fact seems to be that both Shakespeare (at least when he is pure dramatist and not proper poet at all) and Milton are indifferently ready to be now concentrated and now diffuse, as the particular occasion requires. If Shakespeare wishes to flash a sudden effect upon us, like a gleam of lightning which reveals a whole world in an instant, he makes King Lear invoke the aged elements in that sublime, that most pathetic adjuration—though even here the luxurious habits of Shakespeare's less disciplined genius tempt him to be lavish after he had shown himself capable of munificent parsimony.\* If he describes Cleopatra's

\* We are perfectly conscious that our instance from



barge or the Field of the Cloth of Gold, he does as Milton does in describing Hell and in describing Paradise; he overwhelms us with profusion. Mr. Lowell is primarily a poet, next he is a rhetorician, pure critic is he last of all, or not at all. He criticises very well as long as he remains a poet. When he becomes a rhetorician, his criticism is often a series of misleading freaks.

It seems strange, by the way, to note a word wrong or a word out of place in poetical citations made by a taste so nice as Mr. Lowell's, and, shall we add, by a criticism so very exigent in its demands of exactness from others. That Goldsmith's

"Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,"

should appear

"Remote, unfriendly,"

in Mr. Lowell's text (*Among my Books*; p. 37), may be attributed to negligent revision of the press, or even to intentional change (though the change seems not required by the purpose), the better to humor a pleasantry of the critic's. But Wordsworth's beamy verse,

"The light that never was on sea or land,"

becomes

"The light that never was on land or sea"

on Mr. Lowell's page (*My Study Windows*, p. 388), as if taken carelessly at second-hand from current misquotation.\* Did Mr. Lowell mean to offer us a silent emendation in quoting (*Among my Books*, p. 161)

"The multitudinous sea incarnadine"

for

"The multitudinous seas incarnadine"?

Mr. Lowell very frankly furnishes us the means of tracing the pedigree of that unhappy compound adjective of his in the "Cathedral," *down-shod*, when he invites our admiration to Dryden's heavy-buoyant, tramping-tripping

Shakespeare makes rather against than for our concession to him of the quality in question. The fact is, that Shakespeare's dramatic imagination often enough produces its effects with few words; but his poetic imagination, call it fancy rather, had a quite irresistible tendency to "native" profusion. We have tried in vain to recall a good example in Shakespeare of a distinctively poetic effect, on a grand scale, produced as are so many of Milton's, by a stroke of language. So wholly wrong seems Mr. Lowell to us to have been in his discrimination of Shakespeare and Milton on this point.

\* We notice that Mr. Whittier quoting this line makes the same mistake, in his charming Introduction to John Woolman's Journal.

"—and all ye hours,  
That danced away with down upon your feet."

He can afford to be frank, for he has certainly packed Dryden's conceit in the very smallest possible compass, and it is a case in which verbal parsimony is cogently recommended by the slight value of the idea to be expressed. The sentiment recurs several times in Mr. Lowell's prose, which he has also induced to sing modestly in very neat verse,—verse good enough, in fact, to be let alone for ultimate on the subject, and so to stand for illustration of itself—

"Though old the thought and oft express,  
'Tis his at last who says it best."

This is the theory on which Mr. Lowell appears to have written his essays. Success would have been its own sufficient justification. Adequate effort would have condoned a failure. To have failed without the effort made, betrays a conception on the author's part of the conditions under which a vital literature is produced that falls, we think, very far below the pitch of their true gravity and severity.

But we reproach ourselves. We feel that we have as yet done scant justice to the prolific critical results that flow from Mr. Lowell's emancipated literary methods. This new criticism prepares literally no end of exhilarating shocks for its trustful disciples. Take a fresh example: "The quality in him [Shakespeare] which makes him at once so thoroughly English and so thoroughly cosmopolitan is that æration of the understanding by the imagination which he has in common with all the greater poets, and which is the privilege of genius."—*Among my Books*, p. 182. We easily forgive the inelegance of the duplicated relative constructions here when we consider how much the critic had to express, and what strength of elastic mutual repugnancy among its components he was obliged to overcome in order to embrace them all harmoniously within the bounds of a single sentence. Note: To have the understanding leavened with imagination is English [!], is thoroughly English; it is universal, thoroughly universal; next, in the wide distribution of this English trait to everybody in the world, Shakespeare even, and with him all the greater poets, have not been overlooked; while, finally, genius possesses it in a kind of monopoly. What, we ask, could be more inspiring to the youthful mind than to be whirled about for a season in the vortices of a sentence like that? What—unless it be to find out after the



excitement is over that Mr. Lowell has contrived it all without any real paradox in thought by mere legerdmain of style? For Mr. Lowell's meaning is apparently this: That Shakespeare's solidity of understanding kept him thoroughly national as an Englishman, while his gift of imagination, qualifying that, put him in effective sympathy with all men of every race;—that this temperament belongs to great poets generally, and is indeed the prerogative of genius. A very sensible view, which it required some ingenuity to present so as to produce the authentic lively and refreshing effect of paradox.

Again: "he [Shakespeare] was an English poet in a sense that is true of no other."—*Among my Books*, p. 226. "Dryden, the most English of our poets."—*Ib.*, p. 42.

Once more: "If I may trust my own judgment, it ['the Roman genius'] produced but one original poet, and that was Horace."—*My Study Windows*, pp. 238–239. "The invocation of Venus, as the genetic force of nature, by Lucretius, seems to me the one sunburst of purely poetic inspiration which the Latin language can show."—*Ib.*, p. 239.

Of Burns, Mr. Lowell says that he has been wronged by that "want of true appreciation which deals in panegyric, and would put asunder those two things which God has joined,—the poet and the man."—*Among my Books*, p. 291. Having thus once for all declared the genius and the man indissolubly married, he divorces them (and it happens by a very fine felicity to be in allusion to Burns again) after this fashion: "With genius itself we never find any fault. . . . We care for nothing outside the poem itself. . . . Whatever he was or did, somehow or other God let him be worthy to write *this*, and that is enough for us. We forgive everything to the genius; we are inexorable to the man."—*Among my Books*, p. 356.

"Character,—the only soil in which real mental power can root itself and find sustenance."—*Among my Books*, p. 318. "Shakespeare, Goethe, Burns,—what have their biographies to do with us? 'Genius is not a question of character.'"—*Among my Books*, p. 357.

Mr. Lowell's talent for fairness (give him room to "orb about") is, we half suspect, something more than talent. It has at least one of the characteristics which he himself attributes to genius. It is exceedingly "forthright." And sometimes we even think it is "greater than he;" for we find it

now and then snatching a grace of comprehensive impartiality a little beyond, we are sure, the reach of the critic's conscious art. The analysis and harmony of the following passages will supply several instances:

"[We] will venture to assert that it is only poets of the second class that find successful imitators. And the reason seems to us a very plain one. The genius of the great poet seeks repose in the expression of itself, and finds it at last in style, which is the establishment of a perfect mutual understanding between the worker and his material. The secondary intellect, on the other hand, seeks for excitement in expression, and stimulates itself into mannerism, which is the wilful obtrusion of self, as style is its unconscious abnegation." . . . "I know that Milton's manner is very grand. . . . But it is manner, nevertheless, as is proved by the ease with which it is parodied," etc.—*Among my Books*, p. 181, and 184.

"Language, I suspect, is more apt to be reformed by the charm of some master of it, like Milton, than by any amount of precept. The influence of second-rate writers for evil is at best ephemeral, for true style, the joint result of culture and natural aptitude, is always in fashion, as fine manners always are, in whatever clothes."—*My Study Windows*, pp. 401–402.

"The dainty trick of Tennyson cloys when caught by a whole generation of versifiers, as the style [italics Mr. Lowell's] of a great poet never can be."—*My Study Windows*, p. 211.

The first of the foregoing citations makes broad the distinction between "manner" and "style," and affirms that "manner" is the brand of second-class genius, while "style" is the attribute exclusively of first-class genius. It ascribes "manner" to Milton, accounting thus for the fact alleged of his being imitable, and inferring thence his second-class rank:

The second of the citations contrasts the ephemeral influence exerted on letters for evil by the mannerisms of second-rate writers, with the perennial influence exerted on letters for good by the "true style" of a master of language like Milton:

The third of the citations pronounces it a universal law that "style," pertaining only to first-class genius, is beyond the reach of imitation.

It thus appears that

First, if Mr. Lowell has in one place roundly refused to Milton the attribute of "style," that circumstance in his opinion is no reason why he should not, in another

place, handsomely concede to Milton the attribute of "style;"

Secondly, if Mr. Lowell has in one place formally demonstrated that Milton was a second-class writer, he is not therefore the less ready in another place, with great and unconscious liberality, to imply that he was not a second-class writer; and,

Thirdly, if Mr. Lowell has seen it necessary to affirm in one place that Milton's lack of "style," as distinguished from "manner," exposed him to imitation, he would consider it mere critical bigotry not to acknowledge in another place the equally important complementary fact that Milton's possession of "style," as distinguished from "manner," rendered him for ever incapable of being imitated.

It may possibly be that within the compass of these volumes an instance could be found where either the positive or the negative pole of expressed opinion on a critical point has been left unsupported by the presence somewhere in them of the just counterpoising repulsion of its diametrical opposite. But in face of criticism so unconsciously provident as this, we should not like to assert it.

One experiences several successive degrees, as the medical men say, of effect from the influence of Mr. Lowell's company when he is exercising his office of critic. The first degree is a certain bewilderment. Follows a rallying surprise and shock. Then for a while one feels his spirits constantly rising. One could take critical excursions forever with Mr. Lowell. There is such a delightful sense of escape. The attraction of gravitation is abolished, and we are careering away at large on the wings of the wind in the boundless country of the unconditioned. In fact, we are going up in a balloon. It is glorious. But we grow a little light-headed. We remember Gambetta. Gambetta went up in a balloon. One would not like to resemble Gambetta. Our elation gives way. We pray for a return to the domain of law. We sigh like Ganymede, like Europa, for the solid ground. The Pegasian gait that seems proper for the poet becomes extremely discomposing at last in the critic. If the journey is to be a critical one (no pun is intended, though the temptation is great, and Mr. Lowell's example is very contagious) we choose the peaceful paces of the steady-going paltry that keeps to mother earth rather than the ample bounds in air of a "courser of immortal strain."

What has already been given may suffice

for a conspectus of Mr. Lowell's critical discrepancies. We are ready now for a little further attention to the style independently of the criticism.

The most characteristic and most essential happens also to be the most salient quality of Mr. Lowell's style. It is a *wit* that is as omnipresent and as tireless as electricity itself. He himself says in English of Carlyle what, as has elsewhere been pointed out by another, had already been said in French of Michelet, that he saw history by flashes of lightning. It would be equally true to say of Mr. Lowell that he reads literature by flashes of wit. The effect is quite indescribable. A quivering phosphorescent sheen plays everywhere over the pages, and sets them in a tremulous illumination that never permits the attention of the reader to sleep. To give any adequate idea by example of the pervasive influence on his prose of this quality of Mr. Lowell's, we should be obliged to quote the entire contents of the volumes. We are sure that no other equal amount of literature could be produced that would yield to a competent assay a larger net result of pure wit. Generally the spirit of the wit is humane and gracious. Often, even in cases where it appears to be otherwise, the acerbity is so manifestly assumed for the sake of the wit that we easily forgive the illusion of pain inflicted to the reality of the pleasure conferred. But here, as in some other points, Mr. Lowell sins by too much. He has humored his wit till his wit has become too wayward for him. The servant and the master exchange places. Mr. Lowell's exaggerated sense of the ludicrous cheats him into the indulgence of the extravagant and grotesque. The "aërating" principle predominates in his temperament. And yet when we encounter in him the levity that results from vivacity unrestrained, we remain still at a loss whether to blame or to excuse. On the one hand, his gifts and his accomplishments, perhaps we ought to add the pretensions implied in his work, incline us to hold him to a strict accountability. But, on the other, we doubt if his opportunities have been favorable. It is true enough that brilliant table-talk and the wit that wins the easy applause of wondering undergraduates are a material that needs to be selected from with very wasteful heed before it can be wrought into a durable literature. But how, suppose one is worked so hard in an every-day vocation that the bright improvisations which have been forced out of an overtaxed mental vitality by the common-

place, occasions of the dinner-table and the class-room, are the best or the only response that he has in his power to make to the demand on him for books? We do not affirm that the genesis of Mr. Lowell's essays is such as we have suggested. That would be presumptuous, for we know nothing about the matter. But it is a perfectly sincere overture of extenuation on Mr. Lowell's behalf to have made the suggestion. And we insist that the texture of much of the composition agrees well with our hypothesis. It is extemporisation. The sallies of wit are frequently, if they are not prevailing, of just that sort which a very ready-minded and very full-minded man might make, stimulated in a helpful atmosphere of sympathetic social appreciation on the convivial occasion, or from the professor's chair. They are lively, but they are too lively. The criticism likewise and the discussion have that unconsidered and desultory quality which, while very misbecoming to serious composition, is a fault readily excused in the extemporary lecture, and is a positive charm in conversation. The construction of the sentences is indeed often very elaborate, but elaborate in such a way as almost tempts one to think that all were written under some whimsical resolution never once to change the mould of expression in which the crude thought sought first to be cast. The really remarkable incoherences and inconsistencies that characterize Mr. Lowell's prose, considered as an individual body of literature, are most naturally accounted for when we suppose that his essays grew under his hands sentence on sentence and paragraph on paragraph, as chance opportunity served, by a process of distinct accretions separated from each other by irregular intervals of time, without the patience afterward bestowed to fuse all into unity in the costly welding glow of one long-continued imaginative heat. It is pertinent further to say that criticisms produced as these have been, at different epochs in the history of a living and growing mind, might naturally contain some few expressions of opinion not wholly congruous with one another. The just reason why Mr. Lowell is liable now to critical censure on account of his incongruous expressions is threefold: in the first place, they often occur in one and the same essay; in the second place, they are too serious and too numerous, as found in different essays; and, in the third place, the essays should, at all events, have been made to harmonize when they were finally collected into volumes. Was the

leisure lacking to him for such editorial revision of his work? Then it would have profited to remember that a single one of these essays severely finished—as a patience on Mr. Lowell's part equal to his genius might surely have finished at least one of them—would constitute a better guaranty to him of his individual fame than all of them together do in their actual state. It would, too, be incalculably a more useful genetic and regulative force in literature. Mr. Higginson has learned from Emerson a wiser lesson than Mr. Lowell.

As already suggested, we should despair of making any fair impression of Mr. Lowell's wit by specimen quotations. But here is a good stroke, sudden, light, and, rarest of all qualities in Mr. Lowell's wit, momentary as an electric spark. He is speaking of Lessing's play, "Nathan:" "As a play it has not the interest of Minna or Emilia, though the Germans, who have a praiseworthy national stoicism where one of their great writers is concerned, find in seeing it represented a grave satisfaction, like that of subscribing to a monument."—*Among my Books*, p. 345.

Again, in the essay on "Witchcraft" he is describing the circumstances under which a man who had sold himself to the Devil was taken away by the purchasing party "as per contract:" "The clothes and wig of the involuntary aeronaut were, in the handsomest manner, left upon the bed, as not included in the bill of sale."—*Among my Books*, p. 98.

Once again, what could be more delicious than this? Mr. Lowell relates one of his experiences in relieving mendicants: "For seven years I helped maintain one heroic man on an imaginary journey to Portland,—as fine an example as I have ever known of hopeless loyalty to an ideal."—*My Study Windows*, p. 58. One has here, it is true, to blink the element of personal weakness on Mr. Lowell's own part, revealed in the incident, supposed real, or the element of extravagance and improbability in it, supposed imaginary.

We give a few specimens of the faults in wit which we blame in Mr. Lowell. He is speaking of the sixteenth century as prodigal in its production of great men. "An attack of immortality in a family might have been looked for then as scarlet-fever would be now," he says.—*Among my Books*, p. 163. "Shakespeare himself has left us a pregnant satire on dogmatical and categorical aesthetics (which commonly in discussion soon lose their ceremonious tails and are reduced to

the internecine *dog* and *cat* of their bald first syllables)" *Ibid.* p. 195. "It is comparatively easy for an author to *get up* [italics Mr. Lowell's] any period with tolerable minuteness in externals, but readers and audiences find more difficulty in *getting them* [whom? or what?] *down*, though oblivion *swallows* scores of them at a *gulp*." *Ibid.*, p. 208. Does the following parenthesis pleasantly let slip something besides a pun? Is it a true word spoken in jest? "I might suspect his thermometer (as indeed I did, for we Harvard men are apt to think ill of any *graduation* but our own)." *My Study Windows*, p. 4. Speaking of a certain literary vogue, Mr. Lowell says "the rapid and almost simultaneous [simultaneous with what?] diffusion of this purely *cutaneous eruption*." *My Study Windows*, p. 391. "For my own part, though I have been forced to *hold my nose* in picking my way through these *ordures* of Dryden." *Among my Books*, p. 49. Speaking of the "Transcendental movement of thirty years ago," Mr. Lowell says, "No brain but had its private maggot, which must have found pitifully short commons sometimes." *My Study Windows*, p. 194. We smile at the sudden witty turn in the last clause, though we immediately perceive that its wit is rather apparent than real, since of course if *every* brain had its maggot, some maggots must necessarily have found short commons. The smart *mot*, in fact, only says that some human brains are poor. "Most\* descriptive poets seem to think that a *hogshead* of water caught at the *spout* will give us a livelier notion of a thunder-storm than the sullen muttering of the first big drops on the roof." *Among my Books*, p. 185. (Was he thinking of Byron's magnificent "like the first of a thunder-shower?") "For such purposes of mere æsthetic nourishment Goethe always *milked* other minds,—if minds those ruminators and digesters of antiquity into *asses' milk* may be called." *Among my Books*, p. 188—a half-page being devoted to an absurd but witty and laughable carrying out of the fantasy, until metaphor fairly becomes allegory. Mr. Lowell says "the average German professor spends his life in making lanterns fit to guide

us through the obscurest passages of all the *ologies* and *ysics*, and there are none [that is, we suppose, no *other*] in the world of such honest workmanship. They are durable, they have intensifying glasses, reflectors of the most scientific make, capital sockets in which to set a light, and a handsome lump of potentially illuminating tallow is thrown in. But in order to *see* by them, the explorer must make his own candle, supply his own cohesive wick of common-sense, and light it himself." *Among my Books*, p. 293. And on the same page, with exquisitely unconscious irony upon himself, Mr. Lowell says, "Delightful as Jean Paul's humor is, how much more so [that is, how much more 'delightful as it is'] it would be, if he only knew when to stop!" We simply need to add, "and when not to begin," to make the conditions suit Mr. Lowell's case completely.

So much surpassing beauty is marred by so much infesting defect in Mr. Lowell's prose style that the appreciative reader is kept constantly at his wit's end whether to be more provoked at the carelessness or more delighted with the genius. Here is a sentence which, for its imaginative quality, might have been written by Sir Thomas Browne. The expression is nearly perfect. It is not statuesque. It is something better. It blooms, and it breathes, and it moves like the Apollo Belvidere: "A new world was thus opened to intellectual adventure at the very time when the keel of Columbus had [just] turned the first daring furrow of discovery in that unmeasured ocean which still girt the known earth with a beckoning horizon of hope and conjecture, which was still fed by rivers that flowed down out of primeval silences, and which still washed the shores of Dreamland." *Among my Books*, p. 154. Why did not Mr. Lowell take the trouble to notice that no "*very*" time was pointed out unless he said "when the keel of Columbus had '*just*,' " etc.?

The following fine simile for Shakespeare's cosmopolitan quality has a crystal clearness and a massy calm in its expression which make it like the summit of Mont Blanc itself: "Among the most alien races he is as solidly at home as a mountain seen from different sides by many lands, itself superbly solitary, yet the companion of all thoughts and domesticated in all imaginations."

What a gracious gleam of beauty,—like a glimpse of lovely June ("Then, if ever, come perfect days")—the words we italicize in the following sentence impart to a context that is otherwise so perplexedly constructed:

\* Here again Mr. Lowell's impulsive generosity to his immediate subject becomes unconsidered injustice to the subject in contrast. Does not a different law properly govern the descriptive poet from that which governs the dramatic? A descriptive poet's *business* is description. Might he not be permitted without blame to use "water" somewhat freely in describing a thunderstorm?

"Praise art as we will, that which the artist did not mean to put into his work, but which found itself there by some generous process of Nature of which he was as unaware as *the blue river is of its rhyme with the blue sky*, has somewhat in it that snatches us into sympathy with higher things than those which come by plot and observation."—*Among my Books*, p. 224.

There is a singularly delicate appreciation conveyed in singularly delicate language in this about style: "that exquisite something called Style, which, like the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere pervasive and nowhere emphatic, makes itself felt by the skill with which it effaces itself, and masters us at last

with a sense of indefinable completeness."—*Among my Books*, p. 175. The adhering fault (slight, to be sure) in it is, that when we come to the word "masters," we are left uncertain whether that is connected by the preceding "and," to the "effaces itself," or to the whole clause commencing "makes itself." Will it be too close criticism if we ask, also, Does "everywhere pervasive" exactly express the idea intended? To be "everywhere pervasive" is "to possess at every point the capacity of pervading." But, instead of that, 'to possess the capacity of going to every point' is, we suppose, what Mr. Lowell meant.

(To be continued.)

### A MESSAGE.

It was Spring in the great city,—every gaunt and withered tree  
Felt the shaping and the stir at heart of leafy prophecy;  
All the wide-spread umber branches took a tender tint of green,  
And the chattering brown-backed sparrow lost his pert, pugnacious mien.  
In a dream of mate and nestlings shaded by a verdant screen.

It was Spring,—the grim ailantus, with its snaky arms awry,  
Held out meager tufts and bunches to the sun's persistency;  
Every little square of greensward, railed in from the dusty way,  
Sent its straggling forces upward, blade and spear in bright array,  
While the migratory organs Offenbach and Handel play.

Through the heart of the vast Babel, where the tides of being pour,  
From his labor in the evening came the sturdy stevedore,  
Towering like a son of Anak, of a coarse, ungainly mould;  
Yet the hands begrimed and blackened in the harden'd fingers hold  
A dandelion blossom, shining like a disk of gold.

Wayside flower! with thy plucking did remembrance gently lay  
Her hand upon the tomb of youth and roll the stone away?  
Did he see a barefoot urchin wander singing up the lane,  
Carving from the pliant willow whistles to prolong the strain,  
While the browsing cows, slow driven, chime their bells in low refrain?

Did his home rise up before him, and his child, all loving glee,  
Hands and arms in eager motion, for the golden mystery;  
Or the fragile, pallid mother, seeing in that starry eye  
God's eternal fadeless garden,—God's wide sunshine, and His sky,—  
Hers through painless endless ages, bright'ning through immensity?

None may know—the busy workings of the brain remain untold,  
But the loving deed—the outgrowth—brings us lessons manifold.  
Smiles and frowns—a look—a flower growing by the common way,  
Trifles born with every hour make the sum of life's poor day,  
And the jewels that we garner are the tears we wipe away.



## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

## Theaters and Theater-going.

To say that a theater cannot teach good morals, is to say that it cannot teach bad morals: is to deny to it the ability to exercise any moral influence whatsoever. What the theater can be, in any direction, is really a question with which we have no practical concern. It can be, if it tries to be, a great power for good in the world, and equally a great power for evil; but we have yet to learn either that managers and actors are generally endowed with a missionary spirit, or that they have a desire to degrade and demoralize their audiences. There are some professions which are endowed with a strong if not a supreme desire to make men better; but we do not remember any manager of a theater who has been called upon to suffer martyrdom for his devotion to religion or morality. We will go still further and say that we do not believe there is a manager in America who tries to do moral injury to his patrons. As a rule, so far as managers and actors are concerned, there are no moral motives of any sort involved. The motive of the manager is to make money. The motive of the actor is to make reputation, and win applause and popular favor, that he also may make money. There is probably one actor in ten who is a genuine artist, and who endeavors to win an honorable place in his profession by the hard and patient study of his art, by pure associations, and by the nurture and preservation of his self-respect. There are actors and actresses who are as true gentlemen and gentlewomen as are to be found in the world, and who deserve and receive the affectionate respect of all who know them.

An examination of the motives of actors and audiences will show us that theaters are not, and are not likely to become, "schools of morals" of any sort. No man ever goes to a theater for moral instruction. He may go for instruction in the graces of oratory, or for instruction in dramatic literature, but never for any moral or religious object. Ninety-nine out of every one hundred persons, in every theater-full of people, are there to be intellectually interested or amused. On the stage are the people who wholly recognize this motive, and who invariably address themselves to it; for, by the degree in which they can gratify the popular desire for amusement, are they successful in their profession. In this way, inevitably, the morals of the stage become the mirror of the popular morals. If they are good, it is because the tone of morality is high in the audience; if they are bad, it is simply because the audience is vulgar and low, and sympathetic with that which is bad. There is only one way in which the theater will ever be elevated, and that is by elevating the community in which it exists. We do not say that there can be no other way; but so long as actors live on the good-will of their audiences, they will never be either much above or much below them. Perhaps there is no one institution connected with American

life that is more thoroughly the reflection of the public morality than the stage. If a profane word, or a ribald jest, or a *double-entendre* is indulged in by an actor, it is indulged in because it pays,—because it catches the response of vulgar sympathy from his patrons. Men who live as actors live can never afford to be either too good or too bad for those upon whose plaudits and pence they rely for bread.

Of one thing we may be certain: the theater exists, and will never cease to exist, until something can be contrived to take its place. It seems to be based wholly on the universal love of and demand for amusement, and the fondness which nature has implanted in every mind for the dramatic element in life. Strip Mr. Gough of his dramatic power, and we have only a common-place lecturer left. Denude Mr. Beecher's sermons of their dramatic element, and though still excellent, they are no longer Mr. Beecher's sermons. The man whose writings or spoken words have great dramatic power is always the favorite of the people. In the pulpit, at the bar, on the stump, in the *salon*, the dramatic man carries everything before him. So strong is the natural taste for the dramatic in life, literature and conversation, that, more than anything else, it enchains the popular interest; while the greatest poems of all literatures are dramatic always in material, and mainly in form. It is to this taste for the dramatic and the love of amusement that the theater appeals; and we can see at once that if the theater is with us, it has come to stay. It thrives under opposition, like all plants that have their root in human nature.

The theater is here, then, and will remain. What shall we do with it, and what shall be done about it? We do not propose to do anything about it, except to endeavor so to elevate the popular mind and taste that the stage, as the reflection of that mind and taste, shall grow purer and better all the time. When truly meritorious men and women appear as actors, it will be the duty and privilege of this MAGAZINE to recognize them and all there is of good in them. When charlatans appear, it will be equally its duty and privilege to condemn them. Their art is undoubtedly legitimate, though it is surrounded by a thousand more temptations for themselves than for those whom they entertain. Artists of all names and callings—singers as well as actors—who are dependent upon the popular applause almost inevitably grow mean and childish and jealous in their greed for praise, and especially for partiality of praise. These temptations seem to be almost inseparable from their calling; but there have been noble men and women enough on the stage to show that they can be resisted.

The question touching the right or wrong of attending the theater, we do not propose to discuss. It certainly is not right for any man to offend his conscience in anything; but we do not keep any

man's conscience, and do not permit any man to keep ours. There is no doubt that the theater has dangerous associations, which the young should shun. There are natures that are very much fascinated by the stage—so much so as to make theater-going a snare and a temptation to them. Again, it is a very expensive amusement, which young men and women dependent on their own labor can very rarely afford. A day's work in real life for an evening's enjoyment of mimic life is a very poor exchange. Yet there are men and women to whom the theater is an inspiration, a recreation, and a rest. If there were not a great many such, the theater could not live a month. The life of cities is most intense—almost intolerable, often—and anything not vicious or degrading in itself—which can bring diversion and forgetfulness, is healthful and helpful.

Admitting that the theater is to remain, that it really has its root in human nature and human want, that it possesses unhealthy fascinations for some natures, that it is expensive, and that it holds its life in the midst of untoward incidents and associations, what are we to do about it? When the dweller upon the prairie sees the fire sweeping toward him he does not fly out to it to fight it, but he lights the grass and stubble around his dwelling, and meets half-way and vanquishes his enemy by the destruction of that which feeds him. The desire for amusement and for dramatic amusement is of nature's own implantation; and if there is any amusement more innocent, delightful, stimulating, instructive, and inspiring than that which comes of amateur dramatic representations, we are not aware of its existence. If we would make the theater better, we must make the community better, of whose morals it is, by its very constitution and necessities, the most faithful reflex and representative. If we would feed the desire for dramatic amusement in some other way, and so destroy the fascination of the theater for the young, let good people frown no longer upon the home and neighborhood representations of the drama, but countenance and cultivate them. The young are easily driven from us by irrational restraint. Let us show by our sympathy with them, that we recognize their needs and desires, and feed at home, or in neighborly assemblies, the tastes which only find aliment elsewhere in dangerous places.

#### The Loneliness of Farming-life in America.

AN American traveler in the Old World notices, among the multitude of things that are new to his eye, the gathering of agricultural populations into villages. He has been accustomed in his own country to see them distributed upon the farms they cultivate. The isolated farm-life, so universal here, either does not exist at all in the greater part of continental Europe, or it exists as a comparatively modern institution. The old populations, of all callings and professions, clustered together for self-defense, and

built walls around themselves. Out from these walls, for miles around, went the tillers of the soil in the morning, and back into the gates they thronged at night. Cottages were clustered around feudal castles, and grew into towns; and so Europe for many centuries was cultivated mainly by people who lived in villages and cities, many of which were walled, and all of which possessed appointments of defense. The early settlers in our own country took the same means to defend themselves from the treacherous Indian. The towns of Hadley, Hatfield, Northfield, and Deerfield, on the Connecticut River, are notable examples of this kind of building; and to this day they remain villages of agriculturists. That this is the way in which farmers ought to live we have no question, and we wish to say a few words about it.

There is some reason for the general disposition of American men and women to shun agricultural pursuits which the observers and philosophers have been slow to find. We see young men pushing everywhere into trade, into mechanical pursuits, into the learned professions, into insignificant clerkships, into salaried positions of every sort that will take them into towns and support and hold them there. We find it impossible to drive poor people from the cities with the threat of starvation, or to coax them with the promise of better pay and cheaper fare. There they stay, and starve, and sicken, and sink. Young women resort to the shops and the factories rather than take service in farmers' houses, where they are received as members of the family; and when they marry, they seek an alliance, when practicable, with mechanics and tradesmen who live in villages and large towns. The daughters of the farmer fly the farm at the first opportunity. The towns grow larger all the time, and, in New England at least, the farms are becoming wider and longer, and the farming population are diminished in numbers, and, in some localities, degraded in quality and character.

It all comes to this, that isolated life has very little significance to a social being. The social life of the village and the city has intense fascination to the lonely dwellers on the farm, or to a great multitude of them. Especially is this the case with the young. The youth of both sexes who have seen nothing of the world have an overwhelming desire to meet life and to be among the multitude. They feel their life to be narrow in its opportunities and its rewards, and the pulsations of the great social heart that comes to them in rushing trains and passing steamers and daily newspapers, damp with the dews of a hundred brows, thrill them with longings for the places where the rhythmic throb is felt and heard. They are not to be blamed for this. It is the most natural thing in the world. If all of life were labor,—if the great object of life were the scraping together of a few dollars, more or less,—why, isolation without diversion would be economy and profit; but so long as the object of life is life, and the best and purest and happiest that can come of it, all needless isolation is a crime against

the soul, in that it is a surrender and sacrifice of noble opportunities.

We are, therefore, not sorry to see farms growing larger, provided those who work them will get nearer together; and that is what they ought to do. Any farmer who plants himself and his family alone—far from possible neighbors—takes upon himself a terrible responsibility. It is impossible that he and his should be well developed and thoroughly happy there. He will be forsaken in his old age by the very children for whom he has made his great sacrifice. They will fly to the towns for the social food and stimulus for which they have starved. We never hear of a colony settling on a Western prairie without a thrill of pleasure. It is in colonies that all ought to settle, and in villages rather than on separated farms. The meeting, the lecture, the public amusement, the social assembly, should be things easily reached. There is no such damper upon free social life as distance. A long road is the surest bar to neighborly intercourse. If the social life of the farmer were richer, his life would by that measure be the more attractive.

After all, there are farmers who will read this article with a sense of affront or injury, as if by

doubting or disputing the sufficiency of their social opportunities we insult them with a sort of contempt. We assure them that they cannot afford to treat thoroughly sympathetic counsel in this way. We know that their wives and daughters and sons are on our side, quarrel with us as they may; and the women and children are right. "The old man," who rides to market and the post-office, and mingles more or less in business with the world, gets along tolerably well; but it is the stayers at home who suffer. Instead of growing wiser and better as they grow old, they lose all the graces of life in unmeaning drudgery, and instead of ripening in mind and heart, they simply dry up or decay. We are entirely satisfied that the great curse of farming life in America is its isolation. It is useless to say that men shun the farm because they are lazy. The American is not a lazy man anywhere; but he is social, and he will fly from a life that is not social to one that is. If we are to have a larger and better population devoted to agriculture, isolation must be shunned, and the whole policy of settlement hereafter must be controlled or greatly modified by social considerations.

#### THE OLD CABINET.

WAS it treason? The shrug of Theodosia's shoulders, and the slow down-drawing of her eyelids, just as cousin Bertha passed out of the room.—I knew precisely what they meant:

"Bored."

Suppose that the little gestures had been translated into that awful word, and carried to Bertha's ears—a passion of repentance and a lifetime of remorse had not sufficed!

Our spirits are willing, but sometimes, alas! our flesh is weak. And then we have heard so often about the Jerubbabels of Jobstown, and how their great-aunt's cat ran through our grandmother's garret—and what an aristocratic cat it was, and how extraordinary and ever fruitful an Event its sudden, stately passage; and how it had been long predicted that just such an Event would surely happen; and how it *did* happen exactly, to the whisk of a tail, as it had been long predicted; and how perfectly delighted both families were at this devoutly-wished consummation—that is to say, all except our grandmother's half-brother, who was blind as a bat, and so couldn't have seen it even if he had been in the humor; and wouldn't believe it unless he did see it; and he always was an uncomfortable soul, who wouldn't have lost his eyesight if it hadn't been for going out one pouring—at least drizzly—or was it only cloudy, and dark like; well, it was strange, but she could never remember whether there was really a shower that night or not; or it might have been just before it began to rain, or just after it stopped—or either, or both, or anything, or every-

thing; and now we go up, up, up; and now we go down, down, down; and now we go backwards and forwards, and now we go roundy, round, round in a dreamy mutter, like the purr of the aristocratic Jerubbabel cat itself, on the immemorial Jerubbabel hearth, in the olden, golden days that are so dear to cousin Bertha.

But we do love the old soul. We know what tragedy overwhelmed her young life; we know how well, through these long years, she has kept the faith. Patient, helpful, and true-hearted—her gray, crisp, quivering curls make a saintly halo about her head.

It was not treason—it was only a confidence.

. . . A man would get a very false notion of his standing among his friends and acquaintances if it were possible—as many would like to have it possible—to know what is said of him behind his back. One day he would go about in a glow of self-esteem; and the next he would be bowed under a miserable sense of misapprehension and distrust. It would be impossible for him to put this and that together and "strike an average." The fact is, there is a strange human tendency to take the present friend into present confidence. With strong natures this tendency proves often a stumbling-block—with weak natures it amounts to fickleness. It is a proof, no doubt, of the universal brotherhood; but one has to watch lest, in an unguarded moment, it lead him into ever so slight disloyalty to the absent.

It is a nice question—how much liberty may we allow ourselves in talking of our absent friends?

It is very clear that we may discuss their virtues as much as we choose. That is a holy exercise. But their failings! I think it may be considered a sign that we have gone too far when we sweep away all our fault-finding, our nice balancing of qualities and analyzation of character, in a sudden storm of adulation.

I suppose the distinction between the different grades of friendship should be made clear. Let us say—acquaintances, friends, intimates. Most persons can easily place the people whom they know under these three heads. Now it does seem not only natural but desirable that there should be free, though always loyal and kindly, discussion as to the antecedents, the surroundings, the prejudices, the whims, the characters of those with whom we are thrown in contact, and who come under the first two heads. We may thus learn to bear more easily with their eccentricities, to appreciate their good points, to judge how far we should allow their views to affect ours. As for the third class—go to! is not love its own law?

SPEAKING of friends—and *not* speaking of the one or two, as it may happen, very closest relationships—what good fortune it is that most of us have no idea how little our friends think of us. With all our talk about human loneliness, we are lonelier than we imagine. This strange brutal element of selfishness, how imperious it is, how often, in the best and tenderest of us, it drives out thought or care for others.

As you joined in the hymn at the morning service yesterday, you were touched by a certain plaintiveness in your own tenor—you thought your friend, whose thumb nestled against yours on the opened hymn-book, also noticed and was moved by it. Bless you! it was her own wailful alto, that started the tears in those gentle blue eyes.

I hardly dare put it here in black and white—but it is true as truth—that while there is tender compassion for those upon whom any great personal calamity has fallen; who are stricken, say, by fatal disease, there is also—dim and unacknowledged and impotent it may be—something of the same impatience and pitilessness that causes certain wild beasts to fall upon and rend their sick and crippled. Our friend is well and prosperous—we shudder at the fancy of any great trouble falling upon him; it comes, and, though our hearts go out in loving helpfulness, there is just a little cloud over that sympathy,—partly due to our classing him with others in like manner afflicted. The individual hardship seems to be a trifle less because—well, it may be because there are statistics of misfortune;—just about so many people will become consumptive, just about so many people will lose their limbs by railroad accidents, just about so many people must die this year.

O, that last and most pitiful accident! Have you not sometimes thought of yourself lying there “cold and quiet?” have you not pictured the roomful of

sobbing mourners; the weeping procession bearing you to the grave? It has seemed almost worth the perilous passing for the sake of such an agony of devotion. But, my friend, sincere as would be the grief, not a single human soul could send with you the intimate, intense, all-embracing and constant sympathy for which you yearn.

We have been reading a volume of poems by an English poet, who is hardly known at all in this country.\* The quaint and nervous verse reveals a very interesting and lovable personality in the author—who, as we learn from our traveled friend, is at once poet, painter, and priest. Many of the poems have all the characteristics of paintings—one, indeed, is arranged with “distance,” “middle-distance” and “foreground.” As might be supposed, his little water-color sketches, some of which I have seen, are full of the poetical element; while all his work is beautiful with the light that comes from a religious nature.

The writer seems to have drunk deep not only of nature's living waters, but from the pure fountains of English poetry. As poem after poem was read aloud, now Herbert, now Milton, now Wordsworth, was pleasantly suggested.

WHICH reminds me of our talk about imitation.

Our traveled friend said he had heard a great deal of twaddle on that subject. A painter of ordinary talent will jog on serenely all his life, turning out commonplace pictures in the style of some obscure master from whom he learned his art, and winning a profitable reputation. Another man, with brains enough to make his some of the methods of a great master, with sufficient genius to imbue these with his own individuality, mixing them with his own methods, and using them to express his own distinct and original ideas,—is damned as an imitator! Copy—as servilely as you will—a school or a nobody, and you may be original enough to escape the indignation of the critics. Build your art on “the best that has gone before,” and you are a mere echo!

Of course, said the Critic, it would not be just to the individual or to the world to compel every man to start at the beginning. But the imitation of mere method is as painful to the esthetic sense, as a grain of sand to the eye. The inventor holds the right to his invention, and by an instinct of humanity we protest against any infringement upon it. But, somewhat as in the case of ordinary patent-rights, methods are improved upon—after a time become common property and enter into the body of art. When you come to the soul of the thing, that can't be imitated or plagiarized. No one accuses Wesley of stealing his religion from St. Paul. The more intimately an art is associated with its expression,

\* *The Afterglow: Songs and Sonnets for My Friends.* Second Edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1869.

the more sensitive is the public conscience in the matter of imitation. In musical composition, if a man borrows he is condemned; on the other hand it is a feather in one's cap to "sing like Jenny Lind,"—for singing, of all arts, is nearest to the essential soul. You reach this last, or you do not—a thousand men may march up shoulder to shoulder, and to every one who attains is joy and honor.

I KNEW the artist was going to paint a big picture, but I didn't know how big it would be. It was not begun till he had been back from his summer rambles many months. When I think of his carrying that immense canvas across his brain so long, I wonder that he didn't go through doors sidewise, and call to people to look out when they came near.

Watching the picture grow was like keeping one's eye open during the successive ages of world creation—from darkness to the word Good. The outline was thrown upon the bare canvas in a single day. Afterward great streaks of, to me, meaningless color flashed hither and thither. I saw only hopeless chaos. Then blue sky appeared; by and by, delicate indications of cloud, mist, mountain, rock, and tree crept down the canvas, slowly gathering body and tone; till at last the artist's full, glorious Idea shone perfect in every part.

I believe I have had almost as much worry and pleasure over it as the painter himself, although I put brush to it but once. My figure had a vast deal of action, he said, yet, on the whole, he thought it would look better the other side of a pine-tree. I take satisfaction in knowing it's there, even if nobody can see it—(The Old Cabinet + its mark.)

I dropped in last evening just about dusk. A shadowy glow from the western window half illumined the big canvas.

"Well, how comes on the Baby?" I said.

"Oh, She's behaved like a lady to-day. I guess we'll carry her out to-morrow." And so we talked on about the picture in a low tone of voice, as if it were a child lying asleep there in the twilight.

To-morrow the critics and the public will come rustling and gossiping about it.

I know what some of the critics will do. Because it is a 'new departure' in art; because it is something altogether fresh and daring—they will do as the American Jack tars at Port Mahon did when they saw the French sailors going about with short tails to their jackets—they won't stand that sort of thing. They will "pitch in!"

They will prove that the noble fellow's great-great-uncle, on his mother's side, was hung for horse-stealing some time in the latter part of the last century.

## NATURE AND SCIENCE.

### Marriage and the Death-Rate.

THE death-rate in the married and unmarried was the subject of a paper recently read by M. Bertillon before the Academy of Medicine in Paris. The results are based on statistics derived from France, Belgium, and Holland, and are as follows. Of married men between the ages of 25 and 30, the death-rate was 4 per thousand, unmarried 10 per thousand, widowers 22 per thousand. Of married and unmarried women the rate was the same, viz.: 9 per thousand, while in widows it was 17.

In persons from 30 to 35 the death-rate among married men was 11, the unmarried 5, and the widowers 19 per thousand. Among the women it was 5 for the married, 10 for the unmarried, and 15 per thousand for the widows, from which we obtain the following tables:—

AGE.	MEN.		
25 to 30. Married, 4.	Unmarried, 10.	Widowers, 22.	
30 to 35. " 11.	" 5.	" 19.	
Total for decade 15.	15.	41.	

AGE.	WOMEN.		
25 to 30. Married, 9.	Unmarried, 9.	Widows, 17.	
30 to 35. " 5.	" 10.	" 15.	
Total for decade 14.	19.	32.	

Which demonstrate that while in the case of men the death-rate was the same throughout the decade for the married and unmarried, there was a great fatality among the widowers. We may, therefore, conclude that while the married state does not actively improve the sanitary condition in men, the relapse into the unmarried state is attended by a great fatality. The apparent explanation of this result is the reduction in the tone of the system from the mental affliction that follows the loss of the wife, and doubtless a critical examination into the diseases which carry off widowers in such large proportion would support this hypothesis.

The singular fatality among widowers might be advanced as an argument against the married state for men, for it is not attended by any corresponding advantage, since the rate is the same both in the married and unmarried; but this is only a superficial view of the case, for it must not be forgotten that the very increase in the death-rate among widowers shows how much they have lost in losing their companions, and that loss is an indirect but no less certain evidence that there was a gain, although it may appear to be obscure.

Among women, on the contrary, marriage reduced the death-rate nearly one-third during the decade; it had, therefore, an excellent sanitary effect. On relapsing into the single state of widowhood a great



increase in the death-rate is again seen, although in a less degree than in men. Applying in this instance the same argument as in the case of the men, we are driven to the conclusion that while the loss of the companion increases the death-rate among women, the results are not as fatal as among men, in the proportion as the table shows, of forty-one in the men, to thirty-two in the women.

#### Ostrich Farms.

THE raising of the ostrich in a tame state for its feathers is now carried on extensively in Africa. The birds are kept in inclosures, and fed on lucerne, with which the inclosure is planted. Every eight months they are plucked, some extracting the quill at once, and others cutting the quill a little above its insertion, and then removing the roots a couple of months later. The latter method is said to give better results with less injury to the bird. The yield is about fifty dollars per annum for each bird.

In breeding it is found to be best to allow one female to each male, though in the wild state five females are often attached to a single male. There are usually two broods in a year, and the male and female sit on the eggs by turns, the male generally taking the largest share of this duty. The female takes chief charge of the brood after it is hatched. The young are reared on chopped lucerne, and as they get older a little grain is given to them; they also require abundance of water, and a liberal supply of pulverized quartz and small bones. When grown, no food suits them better than chopped lucerne or trefoil, with an occasional supply of cabbage, fruit, and grain.

#### Utilizing Sewage.

VARIOUS attempts have been made to extract from sewage the organic matter it contains. Among these, that which is known as the method by phosphates appears to have been successfully applied at Tottenham and Leicester in England. The phosphate in question is prepared by the action of dilute hydrochloric or sulphuric acid on a pulverized phosphate of alumina, found in the West Indies. The soluble phosphate thus formed is a powerful antiseptic and disinfectant, and on being properly diluted and added to the sewage water in reservoirs where it can be perfectly tranquil, slowly precipitates all the solid organic matter held in suspension. At the same time it completely deodorizes the water, purifying it so perfectly that, according to Prof. Letheby, fishes can live in it, and it will stand through the hot summer weather without putrefying or emitting a disagreeable odor.

#### Sensation in Plants.

M. FIGUIER believes that a plant has the sensation of pleasure and of pain. Cold, for instance, he says, affects it painfully. We see it contract, or, so to speak, shiver under a sudden or violent depression of temperature. An abnormal elevation of temperature

evidently causes it to suffer, for in many vegetables, when the heat is excessive, the leaves droop on the stalk, fold themselves together and wither; when the cool of the evening comes, the leaves straighten, and the plant resumes a serene and undisturbed appearance. Drought causes evident suffering to plants, for when they are watered after a prolonged drought they show signs of satisfaction.

The sensitive plant, touched by the finger, or only visited by a current of unwelcome air, folds its petals and contracts itself. The botanist Desfontaines saw one which he was conveying in a carriage fold its leaves while the vehicle was in motion and expand them when it stopped,—a proof that it was the motion that disturbed it.

Sensation in plants is of the same kind as in animals, since electricity kills and crushes them as it does animals. Plants may also be put to sleep by washing them in opium dissolved in water, and hydrocyanic acid destroys their vitality as quickly as it does that of animals.

#### Poisonous Colors.

COAL tar colors are frequently the cause of distressing symptoms in the human economy. Aniline itself is a poison, and all colors that contain it in an unchanged state are consequently more or less toxic in their action. The agents employed in the preparation of aniline colors are in many instances very deleterious. Among these are the compounds of arsenic, zinc, tin, antimony, lead, together with hydrochloric and picric acids.

The common or inferior colors prepared from residues are especially dangerous, and are, on account of their cheapness, employed in coloring paper-hangings, wooden toys, matches, India-rubber articles, and confectionery. In the dyeing of woollen and other tissues the common aniline colors are also extensively used, and sewing-girls frequently suffer severely from the presence of arsenic and picric acid in their materials; their fingers become inflamed and dotted with small pimples upon a red ground; the same eruptions after a while appear upon the face, the lips are of a dark violet color, and there is trembling of the hands and feet, accelerated pulse, and difficult respiration.

#### Subjection of Man to Conditions.

IN whatever relation we view man and his actions, we almost invariably find that though we are taught that he is a free agent, nevertheless the evidence of the domination of conditions governing and controlling his actions sooner or later looms into view.

If, for example, we examine into the causes of mortality, we find that his condition or occupations exert an all-important influence on the duration of his life. If he is very poor, his chance of death is half as much again as if he were rich, and as regards profession, Quetelet shows that in Germany, for twenty-four doctors that reach the age of seventy, thirty-two military men and forty-two theologians obtain their three score and ten.

If we inquire into his honesty, we find that it depends on his age to a certain extent, for between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five the tendency to theft is double what it is between the ages of thirty-five and forty. On this and other crimes education has a very important influence, as is shown in Quetelet's statistics of crime in France and England. In the former country, out of one hundred criminals, sixty-one could not read or write, twenty-seven could read imperfectly, and only twelve could read and write well. In England, thirty-six could not read at all, sixty-one could read and write imperfectly, and only three could read and write well.

Actions which appear on the surface to depend entirely on the will of the individual are also strangely influenced by apparently trivial causes. Statistics of suicide by hanging, for example, show that the maximum of such cases occurred between six and eight in the morning; the number decreased slightly till noon, and then dropped suddenly to the minimum, there being 123 cases between ten and twelve o'clock against only 32 between twelve and two o'clock. The number rose in the afternoon to 104 cases between four and six, dropping to an average of about 70 through the night, the second minimum, 45, being between two and four o'clock in the morning. How clearly the influences of the mid-day meal and the midnight sleep are marked in their elevation of the mental tone, while the depression of the morning and afternoon at the prospect of another day or night of misery is likewise indicated by the increased number that sought relief in self-destruction.

Another instance of this influence of obscure laws on the actions of man is the statement by M. Quetelet that, in Belgium, out of 10,000 marriages in each period of five years from 1841 to 1865, 6 men aged from 30 to 45 married women aged 60 or more. M. Quetelet thereupon remarks: "It is curious to see man, proudly entitling himself King of Nature, and fancying himself controlling all things by his free will, yet submitting, unknown to himself, more rigorously than any other being in creation, to the laws to which he is under subjection. These laws are co-ordinated with such wisdom that they even escape his attention."

#### Memoranda.

Brain-work costs more food than hand-work. According to careful estimates and analyses of the excretions, three hours of hard study wear out the body more than a whole day of severe physical labor. Another evidence of the cost of brain-work is obtained from the fact that though the brain is only one-fortieth the weight of the body it receives about one-fifth of all the blood sent by the heart into the system. Brain-workers therefore require a more liberal supply of food, and richer food, than manual laborers.

Every iron rail on a north and south railroad, so far as I have been able to examine, is a perfect magnet, the north end attracting the south pole and the

south end the north pole of a magnetic needle. So also in a T rail on such a railroad, the lower flange attracts the south pole and the upper flange the north pole of a needle. (Dr. Richard Owen, of Indiana State University.)

The St. Gothard tunnel is now the great engineering project in Europe. The success of the Mt. Cenis tunnel has aroused the fears of Switzerland and Germany regarding the future of the Asiatic trade. In order, therefore, to be on an equal footing in this respect with France, it is proposed to pierce the Alps near the St. Gothard Pass. The estimated cost is \$37,000,000; the tunnel will be twice as long as the Mt. Cenis, and the rocks are much more difficult to manage, but it is thought that with the experience which has been gained in other works, it can be constructed in a much shorter time than was required for the Mt. Cenis tunnel.

A balloon capable of a certain degree of guidance through the agency of a rudder and screw worked by four men, has been constructed at Paris by M. Dupuy de Lôme.

To Prof. J. D. Dana, of Yale College, the council of the Geological Society has awarded the Wollaston medal of the present year.

The spectrum of hydrogen has been recently made the subject of experiment by Prof. Angström; he states that it presents only four lines, and considers that the other spectra that have been given are in error from the presence of impurities. He also examined the spectra of atmospheric air under different degrees of rarefaction, and found that at first it was that of air; then of nitrogen; then of carbonic oxide; and when the exhaustion had reached its utmost limit the spectrum obtained was that of sodium and chlorine.

The were-wolves, or man-tigers and man-hyenas of by-gone popular superstition were, according to Mr. A. R. Wallace, probably men who had exceptional power of acting upon certain sensitive individuals, and could make them, when so acted upon, believe they saw whatever the mesmerizer pleased.

A rival to tea and coffee is said to have been found in *guarana* or the seeds of the *Paulinas Sorbitis*, which contain an active principle similar to that found in tea and coffee.

Strawberry plants should be set out as soon as they are received. If the ground is not ready and the planting has to be deferred, open the box or package *at once*. The plants may have become heated, and, as the temperature in the package increases, a few hours' delay may destroy their vitality. (Dr. F. M. Hexamer.)

That railway axles break less frequently in summer than in winter is shown by the recent report of the German Railway Association, in which it is stated that during the summer half year fifty-five axles

broke, while during the winter half seventy-seven broke, although the traffic was less.

Mineral cotton, to be used as a non-conducting packing for steam boilers and pipe, may be made by blowing a jet of steam through a current of liquid slag.

Slag answers admirably for road-making and for preparing concrete.

Petroleum has been successfully applied in St. Louis to the refining of crude cast-iron and its conversion into bar and malleable iron. Common Iron Mountain pig-iron is said to have been converted into the best flange boiler iron by a single application of the liquid fuel in the puddling furnace.

Perfect anaesthesia may be produced and sustained for a long time without the usual danger by administering a subcutaneous injection of hydrochlorate of morphine about a half an hour before the inhalation of chloroform. (Mrs. L. Labbé and G. Guyon.)

There are no leeches or mosquitoes in Thibet, nor are maggots or fleas ever seen there, and in Ding-cham or Thibet proper there are no bees or wasps. A curious disease, known as goomtook, or the laughing disease, at times attacks both the men and women of this country. It is attended by excruciating pain in the throat, and often proves fatal in a few days. (Dr. Campbell, Superintendent of Darjeeling.)

The diving-bell has been successfully used in mines in Westphalia that were flooded with water, for the purpose of repairing the valves of the pumps.

The restoration of the writing on manuscripts charred by fire may, it is said, be accomplished, by separating the charred paper into single leaves, immersing them in a solution of nitrate of silver (forty grains to the ounce of water). The operation is to be conducted in a dark room, and when the writing is sufficiently legible the excess of silver solution should be washed out with distilled water and dilute solution of hyposulphite of soda. (*Am. Artisan.*)

M. Quetelet holds that virtuous and vicious acts are products not merely of the individual who does them, but of the society in which they take place. "The wealthy and educated classes, whose lives seem to themselves as free from moral blame as they are from legal punishment, may at first hear with no pleasant surprise a theory which inculcates them as sharers in the crimes necessarily resulting from the state of society which they are influential in shaping."

The remains of pterodactyls, or winged reptiles, found by Prof. O. C. Marsh in the cretaceous shale of Western Kansas, show for one individual an expanse of both wings equal to nearly twenty feet, and for another twenty-two feet. America therefore not only possessed its pterodactyls, but they are the largest that have as yet been found.

Electricity is developed in metallic wires by merely bending them, and the development appears to be independent of any thermic action.

The great stone monuments of England, like Stonehenge, are supposed by Mr. James Ferguson to be military trophies, erected in the time of King Arthur on the battle-fields by the victorious armies.

Dr. Shaw states that the diamonds of South Africa originally belonged to some metamorphic rock, probably a talcose slate, which occupied the heights during the upheaval of the trap which has given to the country its physical features. This upheaval was followed by a period of lakes, the traces of which still exist, and it is in the soil of these dried-up lakes that the diamonds are found. Prof. T. R. Jones, on the contrary, thinks that the diamonds are supplied both from metamorphic and igneous rocks, and that the gravel in which they are found has been conveyed by glacial action from very remote mountains.

Water-proof leather for various purposes is now prepared by exhausting the air from the pores of the leather and filling them up with a substance which unites with and permeates the material without injuring the elasticity.

In Saxony the children of the lower classes are compelled by law to attend the evening schools for three years during the time they are apprenticed to a trade. The education of such children is thus forced beyond the mere rudiments, and Saxony, hitherto in the van of the educational movement, promises still to hold her place.

Through the agency of the Iron and Steel Institute of Great Britain, important improvements in puddling through the use of machinery are to be introduced, and the iron manufacture relieved from the uncertainties of the present system of hand puddling. This desirable result is entirely owing to the efforts of the society in question, and is an illustration of the great advantages resulting from united action among manufacturers.

The Zoological Station soon to be established at Naples is to be placed about 100 feet from the Mediterranean Sea and furnished with great tanks, through which a continuous stream of sea water is to pass. In these aquaria various creatures from the adjoining waters are to be placed, and their reproduction and development studied by competent observers. Zoological and physiological laboratories and accommodations for the officers are also to be furnished, and every facility afforded for the study of embryology. The important results to be obtained from the systematic, careful investigation of such phenomena cannot be overestimated, and it is to be hoped that we may before long record the establishment of similar stations in our own country.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

Croquet.



THE "National Game" of base ball has had its grand congresses and wonderful match-games, with a special paper in New York to publish the scores. The champion clubs with red stockings and white stockings have roamed around the country, daring any one to tread on their coat-tails or to knock a chip from their shoulders, until, to the infinite disgust of respectable people, the "institution" has degenerated from an innocent and healthy exercise to the gambling and rowdiness of too many of our regattas and horse-races. During these years the quiet and social home game of croquet has been steadily gaining ground, and to-day its devotees, not without justice, claim for it the distinction of the true and only "National Game" of America.

It has been the constant wish of every expert croquetist that some method could be devised to secure a successful croquet congress that should be acknowledged authority on the rules of the game. It is, indeed, remarkable that the game should have flourished notwithstanding the absence of all system in playing. But such a convention or congress has been rendered impossible or impracticable by the very element that has withheld croquet from the unfortunate fate of base ball. Croquet is evidently a home game, and croquet clubs have never flourished to any great extent in this country except in large cities, because every family and neighborhood can have a ground and a game. Therefore, whenever a croquet congress has been suggested, the proposition has proved barren because there have been no organizations to send accredited delegates; and the unarbitrated debate still rages between the advocates of tight croquet and loose croquet, booby and no booby, flinch and no flinch, double points and waived points, rover and no rover.

It may be of little consequence which of a half-dozen recognized authorities is adopted to govern the playing on any croquet ground, but every ground should adopt some one code of rules and stick to it. Without fear of successful contradiction, it may be asserted that of every twenty croqueteries in use

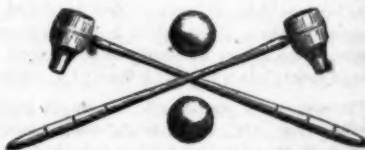
throughout the country, and probably of every fifty, not more than one is used with strict regard on the part of the players to any acknowledged authority in the game.

Much of this is due to the short-sighted and niggardly policy of the manufacturers, who, in order to save the sum of two or three cents in the cost, put out with their croqueteries garbled and condensed books of rules which are worse than useless. Every ground should be governed by some one set of rules, and every player should cheerfully agree to them while on the ground.

If no printed rules can be found that are satisfactory, all amendments or changes should be made in writing, and inserted in the proper places for convenient reference. Such a course will soon convince any one that it is much easier to find fault with the rules than to compile a satisfactory and consistent set, but any other method is always productive of dispute and unpleasantness.

As at this season many are purchasing new implements, some advice concerning style and quality may be of interest. For those who have regard only to economy, nothing can be said. When a complete set of croquet balls, mallets, etc., put up in a case, is manufactured so as to be retailed, after the addition of two profits, for from three to four dollars, quality cannot be taken into account.

Among our native woods few are suitable for croquet-balls and mallet-heads, and none superior to good rock-maple or sugar-maple, and for balls no other should ever be used. Turkey boxwood has been very popular among expert players, and is certainly very durable; but it is the general opinion that in order to keep the proper relative proportion between the weight of the mallet-head and the ball, without making the head too large for convenience or elegance, the material for the head should be of greater specific gravity than the ball. For this reason boxwood mallets and rock-maple balls have formed a very popular combination with experienced players, but for children and others who do not understand the game they are not desirable, because the balls are used up more rapidly than with a lighter and softer mallet.



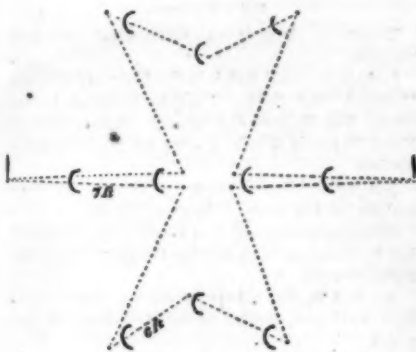
For mallet-heads no wood is superior to Honduras rosewood. This wood is somewhat rare in the market during certain seasons, but is very durable and quite elegant when polished, although not as

beautiful as the dark soft rosewood, which is, however, absolutely useless for croquet.

Many players have mallets of peculiar size, weight, and form for their own use. In the accompanying cut a mallet is presented, the handle of which is about eighteen inches long; the head is larger at one end than the other, and the handle is inserted nearer the large end, so as to balance well.

The large convex face is for ordinary use, and the small end for the tight croquet, although some prefer the small end for all purposes.

There is no occasion for the long handles now in



common use, unless the sledge-hammer style of stroke is to be adopted,—which is, let us suggest, better suited to slaying oxen than playing croquet,—or the spoony style, by which some old Betty in pantaloons secures accuracy of stroke at the sacrifice of all elegance and grace.

The one great cause of the universal popularity of croquet is the fact that it can be played on almost any size or form of ground, although ordinarily it is desirable that the ground be nearly twice as long as wide. By setting the bridges and stakes according to the accompanying diagram, a very good game can be played on a ground nearly square. The side bridges, being out of line, can be placed rather nearer together than the end bridges, because under any circumstances it is impossible to run the three at one blow. Even where the ground is of the usual proportion, this arrangement of the side bridges is considered by many to be better than any other; by it the possibility of running the three bridges at one stroke is avoided, as it is in the nine bridge arrangement, where one bridge is set in the center. Fighting around the center bridge, which forms an objection to the latter arrangement, is obviated by this plan.

#### Roses.

THE Rose requires a deep, rich, loamy soil, unshaded or smothered by trees or shrubs; good drain-

age, careful waterings, if the season is dry, and close, judicious pruning.

The soil should be well intermixed with thoroughly decayed manure; and during the heat of summer it should be mulched with straw manure, to keep the roots moist and cool, and encourage a strong growth.

All the wood which produced flowers last season should be cut clean out, or back to the strong, fresh growth of the past year; and these free shoots can also be pruned one-third or more of their length.

This may seem to the amateur gardener a terrible waste of material, but it will make the rose throw out stronger flowering shoots, and produce flowers of extra size and beauty. So spare not the knife! As early in the spring as is practicable, cut back the branches with a will.

Hybrid Perpetual Roses have been the fashion of late years; but they are not as free bloomers as the Bourbon and Hybrid China. Their name is also a misnomer, for, though they may bloom again in the autumn, they will not flower as profusely as in June, nor will their blossoms be as handsome, unless the shoots are trimmed back in July to within two or three eyes of the main stem.

The old fashioned Moss, Damask, and Provence Roses of our childhood far excel these so-called Perpetuals in fragrance, and they are rapidly coming into favor again.

*Cristata*, or the Crested Moss Rose, is one of the loveliest of its class. The plant from which all this species of roses is descended was discovered years ago, growing in the crevice of a wall at Friburg, Switzerland. There is a difference of opinion among florists as to what particular species the *Cristata* belongs, and it is thought by many to be more like the Provence Roses than the true Mosses, for, when fully developed, it resembles the old Cabbage or Provence species. Its buds are perfection! The calyx is divided into a fringe or mossy crest, clasping and half surmounting the rich pink petals, as they strive to unfold their many leaves. The moss is more abundant and longer than that on other Moss Roses, and the buds are very large. This variety requires a deep, rich, moist soil for its perfect development; and when thus grown, it will command greater admiration than any other rose.

Roses are easily propagated by cuttings, but the shoots should be old enough to be free from softness, yet not too woody or hard. It is best to cut off the shoots just below a joint, trimming off the leaf attached to it, and leaving two or three buds above it, with leaves on them; but when they are too luxuriant cut off a part, for if they wither the cutting will not strike root.

Sand is far better than loam for rooting cuttings: so fill up your tiny pots with it, and insert the cuttings close to the edge of the pot, keeping it thoroughly wet—for if the sand dries the tiny roots will die. Then sink the pots in a hot-bed made of manure, or in a pan of hot water, changing it as it cools.

Bottom heat is a necessity—without its aid there is



little use in attempting to strike tender roses; and a glass shade, to retain the heat and moisture, is also needful. Another way to strike cuttings is to fill a large flower-pot half-full with a little rich loam and two or three inches of sand; then plant the cuttings close to the edge, about half an inch apart, and cover them with a pane of window-glass. Place the pot in a pan of hot water, in a window, and, if you change the water three or four times a day, you will have a good hot-bed for striking tender cuttings of all kinds. It will take from three to five weeks for delicate roses to become rooted, and they must be kept well watered all the time. In planting cuttings, the sand must be firmly pressed around the base, so that it is in the closest contact with it.

Our roses are often ruined by the slug and the green fly. A few days of neglect, and every bush will be shorn of its glory. But if air-slacked lime is scattered over the leaves while wet with morning dew it will usually prove an effectual remedy.

A pint of common soft soap, with a pint of fine salt added to ten gallons of warm water, syringed over the bushes, is also a good insect destroyer. No one can expect to cultivate flowers without trouble. So as soon as the green leaves appear we must begin our fight against their insect enemies.

Rose-bugs are routed by shaking the stems containing them over a dish of hot water, or by hand-picking and burning.

Soot is an excellent remedy for mildew: it must be dusted thickly over the plants while wet with dew, and in twenty-four hours syringed off. It is also an excellent fertilizer to the soil. Wood-ashes can be applied in the same manner for both mildew and insects.

The Florists' Catalogues offer us many roses with high-sounding names, a few of which we select for notice. *Devoniensis* is an unsurpassed tea-rose, creamy white, with a tinged center, and of most delicious odor. It is a delicate rose in northern latitudes, and must be carefully housed in the winter, though at the south it will endure an ordinary winter without protection.

*Maréchal Niel* is of an intense golden yellow, the finest known; its fragrance is unsurpassed; but, like the *Devoniensis*, it cannot endure the cold.

*Madame Falcot* is of a deep nankeen yellow, with a perfect bud! *Cécile Forrétier* is paler and smaller, blossoming in clusters.

*Fils Niphétos* is pure white, with lemon center, and is not very hardy.

*Pius the Ninth* is the deepest, darkest rose that we possess. How perfectly its rich tints set off its more delicate sisters!

This exquisite pink, and model of symmetry, is *Comtesse Chabriland*; and next to it is the *Comte de Nanteuil*, a summer rose sweet and bright, monthly in habit, and hardy in some latitudes.

Those rich, brilliant flowers are *Alfred Colomb*, exquisitely petaled; *Charles Lefebvre*, beautifully

blended with crimson, purple and scarlet—its leaves as regular as those of a Camellia; *Engène Appert*, deepest crimson, and *Madame Charles Wood*, claret crimson, among the largest roses grown.

Moss Roses add to the charms of a bouquet—such as *Princess Adelaide*; *Countess Murinais*, a pure white; *Lancir*, rosy crimson; *William Lobb*, purplish crimson; and *Cristata*, the peerless.

The white "Perpetuals," *Madame Vidot*, *Sophie Coquerelle*, and *Mrs. Rivers* are lovely models of their species, and are more or less flesh-tinged at the center.

#### Dolly Vardens.

THERE are circumstances under which curiosity is laudable.

Perhaps we could find it in the Lives of Celebrated Women? Not there. Eminent Christians? Nor there. New England Celebrities? Female Martyrs? Noted Names of Fiction? Our forty-volume Cyclopædia?

Not a line about it in one of them! There was nothing left but to go to the great Library.

Behold us leaning over that classic railing, biographical dictionary in hand, turning the pages end-of-the-alphabet-ward.

At V A R, the urbane attendant, whom we de-light to honor, smiled knowingly behind his spectacles.

"You'll not find it there," he said. "It's in *Barnaby Rudge*."

"Ah, thank you! The volume, please."

"Sorry to say, we haven't it."

"What! Not *Barnaby Rudge*?" In a great library like this?

"We have a hundred copies, madame; but they all are out. Everybody is reading up on 'Dolly Varden.'"

The load was lifted. At the mere mention of *Barnaby Rudge*, the locksmith's pretty daughter stood before us. Strange that we could have forgotten her,—the sweet, fresh, jaunty English lass, trim, neat and coquettish, with her bright quilted petticoat, and her gown caught up daintily and pinned at the back. The locksmith's daughter, as we know, was no heroine. She advocated no great public principle, suffered in no noble cause. She was just a good, pure, everyday girl—and that is why we love her. Her name is a character in itself. All Dickens's names are. It means freshness and spring-time and guileless dressiness. And so Dolly Varden is made the presiding genius of the dry-goods world to-day.

She comes in with the spring, as she should, when city folk search the highways for fresh fabrics and millinery as naturally as they would look for arbutus and apple-blossoms in the country. And, truly, it would be hard for forest, meadow or garden to rival the gayly-patterned goods that fill our great shops. Huge nosegays of garden flowers, delicate wild-wood blossoms, birds afloat in branches, birds darting through

space, and butterflies dizzy with the nectar of roses. All these have the dress goods, and more: pastoral scenes, a lady under a tree feeding chickens, and the ever-youthful shepherdess with her crook! Nay, a cottage has been seen with fence and shrubbery complete, all within a yard of calico. Poor Dolly Varden!

What an innovation upon the plain colors and nun-like simplicity of dress that have been in vogue so long! Why, of late, a lady to be gay had but to display a red bow at the neck of her black gown; to be gorgeous she had but to tie a bright sash over the same somber garment. Now the poor thing is dazed with a prodigality of form and color. At every counter, the clerks shake a whole summer of bloom before her eyes. A little spray, a blossom here and there might do. But this!

At first she wanders in a state of bewilderment among the flower-bedizened silks and calicoes, with a shuddering sense of gay upholstery in her soul. But, after all, everybody must have at least one Dolly Varden costume; and so there is a little crowd and a twitter of excitement around these counters continually. Higher up, to where the great brooding elevators flit and settle, you see cruel effigies, dumb lay-figure Dolly Vardens—"ready-made" things that would have unmade poor, simple, real Dolly at a glance. Only lady-woosers have they, but the coquetry of price keeps up the excitement, and murmurs of "lovely!" fill the air.

Besides the charm of novelty which makes the style attractive, they have also a vague home-like suggestion,—perhaps because they have not yet been adopted as street costumes,—and to see all the world buying home-dresses seems to predict a reign of the domestic virtues. Then, undoubtedly, they gain a borrowed grace from their name, a cheerfulness which does not belong altogether to the painted roses and chickens, but to a certain phase of domestic life as drawn for us by the great novelist. Who does not remember with pleasant emotions the jubilant way in which Dickens drew the scenes of domestic life? Mrs. Cratchit sweetened up the apple-sauce, Miss Belinda dusted the hot-plates, Master Bob mashed the potatoes, etc. Or, when Mrs. Whitney tells us how "we girls" made preparations for the party, it was like a merry-go-round, and so much better than the dull vapidity of fashionable calls, that every woman longed for an *art kitchen* and a rolling-pin at once.

The other day, at Stewart's, an old lady, who sat rather insecurely on one of the rotary seats near us, was caressingly fingering some red, red roses—calico ones, on a yellow calico ground—and saying to a matronly woman who accompanied her: "Exactly like the dress I wore the night I danced with the General"—but here the reminiscence was interrupted by the clerk, who said these Dolly Vardens were of the very newest pattern.

"Dolly Vardens and the newest pattern are they?"

Well, well!" and the old lady nodded her head slowly as if she could give testimony on that subject. But she knew, as we all do, that it wouldn't be worth while, for if Fashion should declare that black was white the world would become color-blind.

What of it? The Dolly Vardens are not a whit the less new and stylish to-day because they were new and stylish in the days of our great-grandmothers.

#### Traveling Dresses.

"SEND us," writes Country Cousin, "something for a traveling dress which will be becoming, useful, and cool. Do not send us that bluish drab shiny poplin, which makes every one look like an elephant, or anything with a woolly feeling, which will be so detestable of a hot day in the cars."

Then we go to one of our great shops and get a Japanese silk called "Tussor," a most desirable fabric in soft buff, or durable brown. It costs two-and-a-half dollars a yard, but will take one to California and back handsomely, and then wash like a piece of linen. It never wears out, nor fades, nor grows rough. Water does not injure it, nor does usage crumple it, or "custom stale its infinite variety." Also, there are China silks at one dollar a yard—not so durable, but very good; and a lovely material, called "Linen Bastiste," of delicate shades, and with a satin stripe (still of linen) running through it—very elegant and durable and cool. But these dresses only answer for short journeys and sunny days, while the "Tussor" is a joy forever. For foreign traveling, where the climate is cooler than ours, alpaca, serge, and black silk suits are the most convenient, as they bear the dust and rain with equanimity, but here they are too warm for our hot, dry atmosphere and crowded cars. If a lady is going only for a day's journey something which will wash is the most desirable—some luxurious ladies even traveling in white *figue*. Brown and yellow linen, so much worn last summer, has the disadvantage of wrinkling and losing its shape, so that a lady arrives at her journey's end in a faded condition, rather like a yesterday's bouquet.

#### Bonnets, etc.

OF bonnets every charming thing imaginable can be said. They are larger, softer, more becoming than they have been for years. The refined straw, trimmed with a ribbon and a bunch of flowers; the stately Leghorn, with its feathers and buff ribbon; the coquettish lilac *cripe* with a wreath of violets—all are fine.

The round hats of Leghorn with a wide brim and drooping feather find much favor; they are more becoming than the high, somewhat brazen hats of last summer, and they really shade the face from the sun. They are inconvenient for driving, and must then give place to those of stiffer brim. The most marked of all the spring fashions is a costume composed of two colors,—sometimes strongly contrasting, as

buff over purple, or more frequently two shades of the same color. At the opera, at dinner, or in the evening, these dresses are beautiful; but a quiet taste pronounces them too striking for the street.

The fashion in jewelry is curiously changeable. A modern writer says that "Any woman who would wear a false diamond would steal one." The earring, bracelet, the pin, the ring, should always be real; but one can afford an occasional lapse into gilt in ponderous articles, like the chatelaine—which is very fashionable just now, and becoming to slender waists.

What do you say to a lady's locket which gives you one of *Æsop's* fables? On a gold ground is the traditional fox in oxydized silver, looking at the unattainable grapes, also in silver. These lockets are new and pretty. The charmingly minute, truthful, artistic Japanese work in gold of different tints, begins to be very much worn.

The passion for brilliant enamels and gold orna-

ments has driven out the classic cameos. The coral ornaments are so disproportionately expensive and so little ornamental that they are not much worn. Ball & Black have a very beautiful necklace made of gold solid links an inch long, but loose and pliant; almond-shaped drops hang from these, united by small chains. They are of different colored golds, or set with turquoise, garnet, and pearls. In fact, the work of the American goldworkers is becoming more and more tasteful. Besides it wears well, which cannot be said of the jewelry of the Italian goldsmiths, with the single exception of Castellani, whose work is always genuine.

In the matter of parasols (that finishing touch to the toilet), we have some charming novelties. Little ruffled sunshades of the color of the dress, white muslin and lace covers, and the long parasol affixed to a cane we have had before; but there is another and prettier still, which reminds one of a fluted dahlia, pride of the autumnal garden.

## CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

### Turner's "Slave Ship."

Our art field for the past month is as chequered as usual, but more than usually rich in matters of interest. The critics—to say nothing of the artistic and social quidnuncs who judge little and gossip much—are enjoying a first-class sensation in the exhibition, at Mr. Johnston's gallery on Fifth avenue, of Turner's famous painting, "The Slave Ship." Such an uncommonly rich bone of critical controversy is too good to waste: it is rarely that we in Gotham get a chance to squabble over a noted work of a great master; and Mr. Johnston's acquisition bids fair to prove the direful spring of woes unnumbered by the discussion and contention it will excite in our social and esthetic coteries. In such controversies it is generally pleasanter to contemplate the warring element, *Lucretius-like*, from the firm ground of a discreet reticence. It was a principle, however, in the old Greek republics, that in times of civil discord every good citizen must take sides, and neutrality be held the worst of treason to the state. So the artistic reviewer, it might be urged, is bound in every emergency, and on the shortest notice, to have an opinion, and, what is more, to state it; and even the crudest or most erroneous judgment, honestly urged, may be more honorable than the safer but less manly device of sitting on the fence.

Be it stated, then, modestly but pretty decidedly, that we strongly object to the principle—admitting the existence of such a thing—on which "The Slave" with so much of Turner's later work, seems to have been painted. It is a first axiom in painting, one might think, that the delineation shall look like the thing delineated, and act on the mind of the beholder by direct resemblance, not by an incoherent and arbitrary suggestion. We by no means overlook

the so often urged remark, that the perceptive soul sees in a given object or scene much which is invisible to the duller sense, and neglects much which the superficial or grosser taste finds all-important. We have no intention of urging the claims of a coarse or mechanical realism as against the higher value of refined and imaginative art. Doubtless a really noble art will select its elements for delineation, neglecting or passing over with the vaguest hints the trivial and unessential, emphasizing and raising to the highest planes of thought the vital factors of the scene or the emotion. But this it must do always under the self-evident limitation and guiding law of *resemblance*. It is *not* free to neglect the most palpable features of the object imitated, or to substitute a fanciful conglomerates of detail or indication drawn from some purely *a priori* and extraneous principle. The art which can reconcile these conflicting necessities—can be at once suggestive, large, imaginative, ideal, yet healthily and normally true to fact—is good art, and will last. That which deals with natural objects as mere hints on which to build a structure of whim, a fanciful combination, an independent totality of contrasts or color harmonies, however striking or original in themselves, is to our poor thinking bad art, and all the *Raskins* in the Four Kingdoms won't drive it out of us.

Turner in the present work, though in less measure than in the "Steamers off Shore," and the like pictorial fantasies, seems to adopt for painting the principle of Mr. Haweis in regard to music, that it may raise in the mind emotions like the emotions excited by natural events or objects, but can never describe them. In looking at this gorgeous but bewildering mass of streaks and splashes and blotches, purple and crimson, green and azure and golden, it is hard to conceive that Turner for a moment thought

that he was painting anything which should *look like* a slave-ship, or a sea, or even clouds and sunset. His first thought probably was to get a grand color-symphony, noble and harmonious by some imaginative law of its own, and borrowing only an adventitious value from its power to call up thoughts or emotions which, properly utilized by a very creative spirit, might suggest the reminiscence of ships and waves and clouds and drowning men. Agreeing with Mr. Haweis that music has a law of its own, and works by other methods than definite statement and minute description, we must maintain that painting is a very different thing. Fine and in many senses suggestive as are many traits of this work, grand as is its rugged vigor of conception viewed as a poem, or a creative thought in color, a sound criticism will deny it rank as *good painting* and deprecate the fascination of a school which would set the artist a-wandering in limitless fields of multichromatic speculation or invention.

#### Church's "Parthenon."

In curious contrast with the above is Mr. Church's "Parthenon," belonging to Mr. Jessup, and recently on exhibition at Goupil's. The picture has the transcendent merit, not always to be found in this artist's works, of utter simplicity and unity in composition. It has often been a fault of Mr. Church's paintings that he has crowded them, especially in the foreground, with a mass of bewildering detail, and drawn off that attention which should have been concentrated on the relations of the whole to tempt it with the moss on a tree-trunk, the articulation of a leaf, or the dazzling plumage of a tropic bird. To this fault his treatment of the "Parthenon" offers a direct contrast. It is not easy to define precisely how far he has been seconded by the choice and nature of his subject. It might seem difficult for any one with eyes in his head, and the first rudiments of drawing in his mind, to utterly spoil the Parthenon, yet sad experience teaches that where-as a bungler or a fool can spoil anything, it is only the sagacious artist who can seize and perpetuate the finest aspect of even an intrinsically beautiful object. Under Mr. Church's skillful-treatment the beautiful building stands alone, full in the observer's sight, unaided and unruined by any surrounding object, blushing warmly in the last rays of the setting sun, and sharply defined against the wondrous sky of Attica, the noblest relic of ancient art, in itself the record, the suggestion, and the monument of classic antiquity. The artist has ingeniously aided local definition and opened the way to endless suggestive trains of thought by the introduction, in the near foreground, of a shattered column of the Propylæa, justifying by the indication thus afforded the cool afternoon shadow which fills his foreground and sets off the brilliancy of the illuminated building, yet in no sense drawing off eye or mind from the central object of interest. The brilliance and absolute purity of the aerial tone, and the purple shadows which

cling in the ravines in the distant range of Hymettus, just seen over the level surface of the Acropolis, are subordinate yet indispensable elements in the poetic significance of the whole. The slight anachronism of throwing a late *after-sunset* glow on the columns at mid-afternoon, may be pardoned in view of its value in the coloring and its propriety in the delineation of a building itself the personified evening and afterglow of Grecian history.

#### Thomas Moran's "Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone."

Mr. Thomas Moran's picture of the Yellowstone Cañon is the most remarkable work of art which has been exhibited in this country for a long time. The interesting region which forms the theme of the painting has been minutely described in our columns. The artist has taken his position on the right bank of the cañon, about two miles below the so-called Wyoming Lower Falls, looking up toward the cataract and having at the right, and much nearer the spectator, a curious mass of cathedral-shaped cliffs. This, as we learn from the picture, as also from the explanation of Mr. Moran, and other gentlemen familiar with the country, is based on a substructure of lava and basalt, with superimposed strata of cretaceous formation, largely due to the hot springs. The combination of these two elements, with the "weathering off" due to time and climatic influence, has produced the most fantastic groups of wild and beautiful bluffs, buttresses and pinnacles, all bearing more or less resemblance to human architecture, and almost all magnificently stained and tinted with the iron oxides and sulphur, washed out by the rain in the disintegration of the soil. The same disintegration also sends down from the peaks masses, or rather floods, of pulverized drift, glowing with all the hues of red and yellow of the original rock, sweeping in long river-like avalanches down the steep ravines, and lodging and curdling like snow-wreaths in the ledges and crannies of the firmer basalt. The right hand portion of Mr. Moran's picture, therefore, is one mass of luminous color—any skepticism as to which must give way before the distinct assertion of Prof. Hayden that the painting is, in this regard, as also in its definition of geologic forms, strictly true to nature.

Passing from the warm light of this portion, the eye rests with more repose on the cooler middle ground of the picture,—the cañon with the fall,—whose grand rocky walls are thrown into moderate shadow by a passing cloud; and hence reaches the right bank of the cañon (the left to the spectator) which repeats, though less gorgeously, the features of the right. On the high plateau, which lies far above and beyond the cañon, may be seen the jets of steam from the famous geysers, and still farther, on the extreme horizon, the snow-capped summits of Les Trois Têtes and their attendant range of Rocky Mountains.

In the great size of his picture (about twelve feet

by seven), the startling character of the geologic forms, the brilliant colors he has had to deal with, and in the manifold planes of distance presented by the view, all needing clear definition yet gradation, and all threatening to claim special and undue attention while requiring to be subordinated and harmonized to the whole—the artist has had a task of no common magnitude. A patent obstacle to the unity of the work, also, is the independent and, so to speak, rival significance and importance of the splendid mass of rock-work at the right, and the cañon proper with its waterfall. It is a favorite theory with some art critics that too great grandeur of subject in landscape painting may be as fatal to success as tameness or insignificance of theme, crushing and bewildering the artist by its splendor or variety, and calling unwelcome attention from its own wealth and immensity to his poverty and littleness of description. In the present work the artist has had not merely one but two such subjects to deal with—the superb cliffs with their exceptional coloring, and the equally superb waterfall, one of the most striking cataracts on this our continent of magnificent objects and colossal proportions. By his masterly arrangement, his ingenious combination and subordination of details, and his boldness yet harmony in coloring, he has blended the two to an impressive and artistic whole, and gone far to demonstrate his own theory, that any, the most imposing of Nature's works is legitimate matter for judicious delineation.

The perfect success which Mr. Moran has achieved in this wonderful painting is due to a happy and, we believe, unique combination of gifts and acquirements. It is evident that the painter of this picture possesses in a high degree the poetic instinct, as well as entire familiarity with nature. He not only understands the methods of art but the processes and work of nature, so far as the faithful interpreter of natural scenery must know them. In all the rush of enthusiasm and glow of artistic power, he seems never to forget the faithful manipulation by which absolute truth is caught and fixed in the splendor of picturesque art. It is noble to paint a glorious and inspiring poem; it is satisfying to render nature with firm mastery of technical detail. In "The Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone" Mr. Moran has done both. He has produced a painting which has, we suppose, but a single rival in American landscape art; in certain elements of greatness it will be acknowledged to excel even this, and it is not likely soon to be surpassed by the work of any hand save, perhaps, that of Thomas Moran himself.

#### Some of the Pictures at the Academy.

The spring exhibition of the Academy of Design seems to our perhaps erroneous recollection to be at least equal to the average of later years, and perhaps perceptibly above it. The absence of many well-known names, and the mediocrity of the works

by which others are represented, may, perhaps, be explained by the growing custom on the part of many of the artists of selling their best pictures direct from the studio, so that the walls of the Academy cannot at any given date be considered as offering a fair view of the state of art in our city, for the period. In the exhibition of this year, as so often before, we notice much of good tendency, of tender, delicate, or humorous appreciation and original thought, struggling with incomplete mastery of technical methods, with deficient clearness of conception and firmness of grasp.

Our limits allow only the hastiest hint at a few representative pictures, without even the pretence of exhaustive analysis of single works or complete review of the whole field. Perhaps the most noticeable landscapes are those of L. C. Tiffany and R. S. Gifford. Tiffany's bit of Oriental scenery, with mosques and minarets in the middle distance, and groups of figures in the foreground, is a promising piece of work. In skillful composition and firmness of touch it is highly meritorious, while in purity of tone and breadth and boldness of contrast and shadow it leaves us still much to hope from that progress in which we are glad to feel that this conscientious young artist is steadily advancing. His Moorish water-carriers, relieved, according to his favorite device, against a bit of illuminated wall, shows some very spirited handling, especially in the force and richness of light in the painting of the masonry, and the almost dramatic vigor of the standing figure detached *en silhouette* against it; but the group is not on the whole well managed, and needs distincter definition in details, and better management of shadow.

R. Swain Gifford's Gibraltar is simple and strong; it surpasses Colman's picture on the same subject in the more skillful management of the foreground, especially in the avoidance of the error so usual with Colman of large unoccupied masses of tame color,—but is not so mellow and warm in effect of light as its predecessor.

S. R. Gifford's "Venice" aims at the hottest and most brilliant atmospheric tint, but falls on the other side from excess and monotony in tone. It is at once dry and feverish, and the buildings, in shadow, lack body and the requisite coolness to properly harmonize with and offset the intensity of his evening sky.

Anton Braith's "Storm in the Mountains" is an admirable bit of work, by a Munich artist, bold, simple, vigorous, and effective. We have rarely seen so good cattle painting on the Academy walls, and the picture may rank as one of the best, if not the very best, of the collection.

Bristol's "June Afternoon" is tenderly and thoughtfully painted, but a little conventional, and Shattuck's "Midsummer" is hard and set in drawing and color, and tedious, not to say virulent, in its scenery.

Eastman Johnson's "Drummer Boy" is a spirited group, but unnecessarily thin in color and hot and

dry  
man  
pictu  
Gu  
can  
but i  
fallen  
cloth  
pler  
may  
Hu  
traits  
Drap  
down  
later  
W  
trait  
and s  
of Co  
ed hi  
the n  
perm  
the f  
the g  
the s  
body.  
Bal  
which  
in dr  
exqui  
which  
manag  
cence.  
Bris  
admir  
effecti  
breaki  
We  
but ap  
rious  
Charle  
be ima  
over w  
and sp  
  
THE  
feature  
combin  
opera  
of the  
enlight  
of a du  
hard to  
has not  
expecta  
artists,  
ly, at p  
requisit  
method



dry in tone, even for a noonday battle-field, and both man and boy have a little air of standing for their pictures.

Guy's "Tangled Skein" is carefully—almost too carefully—manipulated, and admirable in chiaroscuro, but in the attempt at richness of color the artist has fallen into the morbid, and would have done well to clothe his female figure in something cooler and simpler than flame-color, however suggestive the garment may be in the thought and the situation.

Huntington has some good—if conventional—portraits, and Fagnani a characteristic picture of Dr. Draper. Page's heads have a good deal of hard, downright force of characterization, but are, after his later wont, unpleasantly raw and thin in color.

William Hunt's "Boy and Butterfly," and portrait of a young girl, curiously suggest, in breadth and simplicity of treatment, the better French school of Couture and his imitators, on which he has modeled himself. We have already so cordially recognized the merit in Mr. Hunt's paintings that we may be permitted critically to suggest that the flesh tint in the first picture is muddy and unnatural, and the girl's head, by deficient relief, lies flat against the sky, at unreconcilable distance in the rear of her body.

Baker's portraits of young girls and children, of which there are two in the exhibition, are a little set in drawing, but fresh and pure in flesh-tint, and exquisite for the clearness and serenity of expression which this artist, more than any of our portraitists, manages to throw into the eyes of youth and innocence.

Bricher's "Turn of Tide" is cheap in method, but admirable for a certain dramatic knack in catching effective *motif*, and his skill in drawing the long breaking curl and swing of incoming waves.

We are forced to pass by with, at present, hasty but approving mention, the works of several meritorious artists, such as Messrs. Blashfield, Julian Scott, Charles H. Miller, and Humphrey Moore; nor let it be imagined that in citing these we exclude others, over whose pictures we should like to linger did time and space permit.

#### The Great Quartette.

THE musical field for the month has presented no feature of exceptional interest but the long-expected combination of four noted artists in the Parepa-Rosa opera troupe. Recognizing as we do the great merits of the manager, either from the point of view of an enlightened enterprise and self-interest, or from that of a due regard to the claims of public taste, it is still hard to shut our eyes to the fact that the engagement has not completely satisfied the perhaps overstrained expectations formed of it in advance. No one of the artists, be it said gently and respectfully, yet decidedly, at present unites in full measure the three great requisites of finished and satisfactory art—*i. e.*, organ, method, and dramatic feeling. Noble as are the

merits of the *prime donne* in the two latter regards, the unremitting labor of a very arduous season has not been without perceptible effect on their voices; and we must wait till the repose of the summer holidays shall have restored that strength and clearness of organ which is indispensable for the full illustration of their other indisputable and almost exceptional powers. Of Mr. Santley we have so often spoken before, that it is hardly necessary to do more here than simply to hint that if his dramatic fervor were on a level with his exquisite skill and taste in musical execution, he might seek his equal on the lyric stage. Mr. Wachtel has delighted us—as, for aught that now appears, he seems likely to delight our grandchildren—with the magnetic vigor of his delivery and the unequalled power of his wonderful tenor. But every representation has gone further to show, that in the more intellectual regards which alone must enter into our judgment of art, simply as such, Mr. Wachtel is not a finished nor even a correct artist. Admitting—as how can we do otherwise?—that the only proper standard by which to judge a performer, with a view to sincere praise or reproof, must have regard to the labor, patience, taste, judgment, and fine perception which he has brought to the study of his profession, the famous German tenor, with all his magnificent wealth of organ, can not justly claim rank as a great artist. The distinction is not one universally recognized nor admitted, but we believe it essential, and we are not likely to be tempted or frightened from our opinion by any the most startling or explosive utterances at unimaginable distances above the line.

But, all deductions made—as made they certainly must be,—the representations in which the quartette have been concerned have offered many rare and delightful features. No one, after all, can sing "Il balen" like Santley, or "Di quella pira" like Wachtel, nor are we likely soon to hear any one who can give the pathos of the "letter aria" or the stern despair of Arucena with greater breadth, dignity, and simplicity of method than Parepa and Phillips. In the general mounting and direction of the representations, too, Mr. Rosa has shown praiseworthy energy and discretion. Believing, as we do, that the opera of the future is to depend less on startling or exceptional merit of individual performers than on the sympathetic relation and harmony of all,—on good chorus, thorough drill, rich and appropriate *mise-en-scène*; in short, on general soundness and symmetry of all essential elements, we hail Mr. Rosa's efforts this winter as rightly anticipating what, we feel sure, will be the taste of the coming public.

We are grateful, too, to him for restoring to our stage an artist (Miss Phillips) who has been too long absent, and for whom discreet music-lovers feel an esteem in which personal regard and respect largely blend with artistic approval. Miss Phillips's career illustrates a phase of artistic life which we are tempted to consider as peculiarly American. Commencing her life-work, as many of our readers will remember, in

early youth, almost childhood, Miss Phillips has gone steadily onward, in face of more than usual embarrassment, bravely, honorably, kindly, and generously winning her way to her present high position both in professional and private life, untouched by any shadow of reproach, unspoiled by praise, and careless of the smaller devices which are conventionally supposed essential to artistic recognition and applause. Hosts of personal friends delight to sympathize in the pleasure of her success, and to honor in her a noble form of the representative American woman, who cares little to discuss in print or on platforms the great things she *may* do some day, but bravely goes to work and does them.

#### The Metric System.

A MOVEMENT now slowly but surely gaining ground among statisticians and men of science, is that which tends to the unification of weights and measures all over the civilized world, and—presumably—the adoption of the French metric system. "What," the gentle reader may ask, "is the metric system?" Briefly this. The circumference of our earth, measured on a meridian of longitude, is, in very rough figures, about 24,000 miles—a quadrant, therefore, or distance from pole to equator, 6,000. These 6,000 miles contain, evidently, some 30,000,000 feet, of which one ten-millionth part would be three feet—one yard. Accurately calculated, this quantity is 39.37 inches, and has been adopted since the beginning of this century by the French and several other European governments as the basis of their system of measures, under the name of *metre*. Let us, for convenience' sake, call this metre forty inches, and see what further comes of it. A hundredth part of it, the *centimetre*, is just about four-tenths of an inch, and is used in France for all smaller calculations in the fine arts and manufactures; while scientific men, with their minute computations, are familiar with a tenth of this—the *millimetre* and its decimal subdivisions. Railroad men and surveyors use a thousand such *metres* under the Greek title of *kilometre*, a little over 3,000 feet, or six-tenths of one mile. These are the familiar units of length; now for measures. Let the reader be good enough to take—or imagine—a little cubical box, one *centimetre* (.4 inch) in cube, filled with distilled water at the temperature at which it reaches its maximum density. The weight of such water gives the unit of weight, the *gramme*—about  $15\frac{1}{4}$  of our grains. By the same consistent system of Greek and Latin nomenclature, a hundredth part of one of these *grammes* gives the *centigramme*, for chemical analysis, druggists' work, etc.; and a thousand *grammes* gives the *kilogramme*—or rather more than two of our pounds—for the grocers' sugar and butter, and the manufacturers' heavy materials. Next for liquid measures. Take, as just now, a thousand of these little *gramme* boxes, piled solid, or, what is better, the space they would occupy, and we have a new cube—one *decimetre* in length, breadth, etc., whose contents in

distilled water evidently weigh the *kilogramme* aforesaid. The capacity of this box, however—as nearly as possible sixty-four cubic inches—makes the French *litre*, or unit of fluid measure—a liberal English quart. If we are doing a wholesale business in fluids, we may need the *hectolitre*, or hundred-quart measure. For dry measure we take a cubical box just one *metre* each way, and have the *stere*, roughly stated at thirty-five cubic feet. Marketing, evidently, would be best done by the *decistere*, or  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet cubic. Housekeepers, who know better than we how much space a peck of peas or tomatoes takes up, will please make their own calculations. And finally, when the farmer wishes to buy land he takes a ten-metre pole, and the square of which this forms the side is his *are*—about 120 square yards. One hundred of these *ares* give him his ordinary unit of measure, the *hectare*, or two and a half acres.

All this is a little complicated, and needs some figuring, but, apparently, we have got to come to it some day, and might as well begin now. Our young friends—and some older ones—will find it worth while to cipher it out for themselves a bit, over the parlor fire. It will be noticed that the Greek terms run *up*, in multiples, and the Latin ones *down*, in fractions, and that we make no mention of intermediate terms—*decagrammes*, *hectometres*, etc., not actually much used, if at all. Some practical and evident conclusions will strike even a hasty observation. We shall have, when that time comes, much the same fluid measure as before, and a quart of beer on the new system will not go much further in a circle of thirsty toppers than of old. Anxious fathers of families will consent rather more readily to new silk dresses for mamma and the girls, when dimensions are stated metrically and not in yards, but will puzzle somewhat over the increased bills. Mamma will count up the family consumption in flour, butter, and tea with mild and pleased surprise when she buys by *kilogrammes*, and find her mistake when she comes to that remorseless monitor, the pass-book. Johnny will get fearfully bothered in telling the carpenter the length of his sled or his rabbit-hutch in centimetres, but will console himself in being able to tie on the bobs of his kite-tail just one decimetre apart. And so on through all the usages of domestic or commercial life—there will be for a time much surprise, and growling, and confusion—many old notions will be wiped out, many old practices subverted—much thinking and calculation and reshaping of mental habit and process necessitated. But it will all come right after a while, and the school-boy of the future—to say nothing of his elders—serene in his new decimal system, will stand by the grave of his old *Cobburn's Arithmetic*, and murmur the mystic but now half-forgotten formula—"Five and a half yards one rod; sixty-three gallons one hoghead; twelve drachms one ounce," with a tender complacency not unmingled with compassion.

It would be interesting, if our space permitted,

to say a word about the amazing care and pains with which the French engineers and astronomers measured that famous base-line from Dunkirk to Barcelona, traveling straight onward till they had raised or dropped a given star by a given number of degrees, and then, by examining the distance traversed, computing the distance from pole to equator. But all this can be found—to say nothing of other scientific works—in the excellent translation of Arago's *Popular Astronomy*. Much might be said, too, about the immense gain in facility of commercial transactions to be reached by adopting the new system all over the world, as also about the patent objections and difficulties which it presents. All this, with the history of the movement, so far, the States which have already become *metric*, and the like interesting matter, will be found admirably set forth in President Barnard's Address to the Convocation of the University of New York, recently published by the Trustees of Columbia College, and to that we earnestly refer all our intelligent readers.

#### "The Masque of the Gods."

THE chief merit of this poem seems to us to be the idea of it. It was a very happy thought, worthy of a poet, when Mr. Taylor conceived the plan of bringing thus together the various national deities that have been worshiped among men, and making them the persons of a drama. A stricter literary conscience, and, we must say, too, a more dominant moral sense, joined to such genius as Mr. Taylor possesses, would have inspired a great poem on a theme so great. There was place, however, for a more severe and more generous culture also than it has been Mr. Taylor's fortune, in the extremely Ulyssean life that he has led, to acquire. Milton's learning would all of it have found its use in enriching the treatment of a subject like this, which, we insist, it is very high merit in Mr. Taylor merely to have chosen. Milton's disciplined art, too—what a fine field of exercise it would have enjoyed in ordering the wealth of illustrative material that his learning would have levied from every tributary realm of history! But above all, what a living coal of fire his noble Hebrew conscience would have laid on the lips of his genius to kindle its speech! How the masking gods would have fled in a magnificent rout of dismay before "Jehovah thundering out of Zion," when He appeared in Milton's poem.

There is a most disheartening contrast between the total impression made by Mr. Taylor's purposeless poem and that made, for instance, by Milton's Hymn on the Nativity. Mr. Taylor touches no strain that reminds one, except by the difference, of such poetry as this:—

The oracles are dumb;  
No voice or hideous hum

Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving:

Apollo from his shrine

Can no more divine

With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving:

No nightly trance, or breathed spell,

Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

Compare with a mood of music, of meaning, and of moral majesty like that, the fantastic pirouetting, Goethean movement of verse which follows, from Mr. Taylor's poem. The Caverns speak:—

With murmurs, vibrations,  
With rustlings and whispers,  
And voices of darkness,

We breathe as of old.  
Through the roots of the mountains,  
Under beds of the rivers,  
We wander and deepen  
In silence and cold.

But the language of terror,  
Foreboding, or promise,  
The mystical secrets

That made us sublime,  
Have died in our keeping:  
Our speech is confusion:  
We mark but the empty  
Rotations of time.

The immense gulf between Milton and Mr. Taylor here, is of course in part due to a difference in endowment of genius. But it is still more due to a difference of moral inspiration. Milton knew no better than Mr. Taylor knows that it was Christianity that dissolved the spell of old religions, and disenchanted the oracular caverns. But Milton believed it better, and rejoiced in it more. Milton could never, in a poem of his, have suffered Jehovah to be jostled among the vulgar rout of demon gods, as if Jehovah, too, was one of the dispossessed divinities. His art would probably have saved him from so fatal an artistic mistake. But his conscience would have prompted his art, if his art had offered to forget. Mr. Taylor's art forgot, and his conscience was not present to prompt him. He furnishes one more instance, where instances were already but too plentiful, of the need that literature has of moral convictions.

The poem is devoid of interest. It is mainly barren of ornament. It has no action, no progress, no *dénouement*, no motive and no meaning. It is called a mask, but it is the dimmest possible illusion of drama. It is rather a phantasmagoria. We say that it has no meaning. But it does vaguely imply a dilute and insipid paganized Parkerism in religion. We say that it moves toward no goal. But it does offer us something in the way of a dreary theological prospect. The "gods many" that mask here, the Hebrew Elohim and Immanuel among them, are adumbrations, it would seem, of a deity, who is dramatized in the poem only as a Voice from Space, to be hereafter completely revealed. It is a "forn and wild" anticipation, having in it neither the comfort of piety, nor the beauty of poetry. It has not even the certainty of science—or at least we suppose not.

## ETCHINGS.

## Blue Ribbons.

Oh, the ribbon that tied up my golden hair  
Came slipping, sliding, falling down,  
As I ran o'er the fields, and my cousin Clare  
Sang "Love, for that ribbon I'd give thee a crown."

"Then why don't you take it?" I answered him  
back,

And I laughed in his face as I glanced around,  
When such a misfortune befell, for, alack!  
My bonnie blue ribbon dropped off on the ground.



"I will then, my darling"—he laughed in his joy  
Till the woods his gay laughter re-echoed again;  
"A forfeit I'll have," said this impudent boy,  
As he swung my blue ribbon around on his cane.

"Then why don't you take it?" I answered him  
back;

"You'll have to run fast, Sir, in spite of your  
charms!"

When such a misfortune befell, for, alack,  
I tripped on a stone and fell into his arms!



"I will then, my darling." He bent down his head;

But I pulled all my golden hair over my eyes;

"These sunny rays dazzle my sight so," he said,

"That I can't find the rosebud, nor tell where it  
lies.

"But here's a blue ribbon I found on the way;

So I'll tie up the sunbeams, and give you a kiss

To pay for my trouble; but frown, or say nay,

And I'll give you another, as hearty as—this!"

